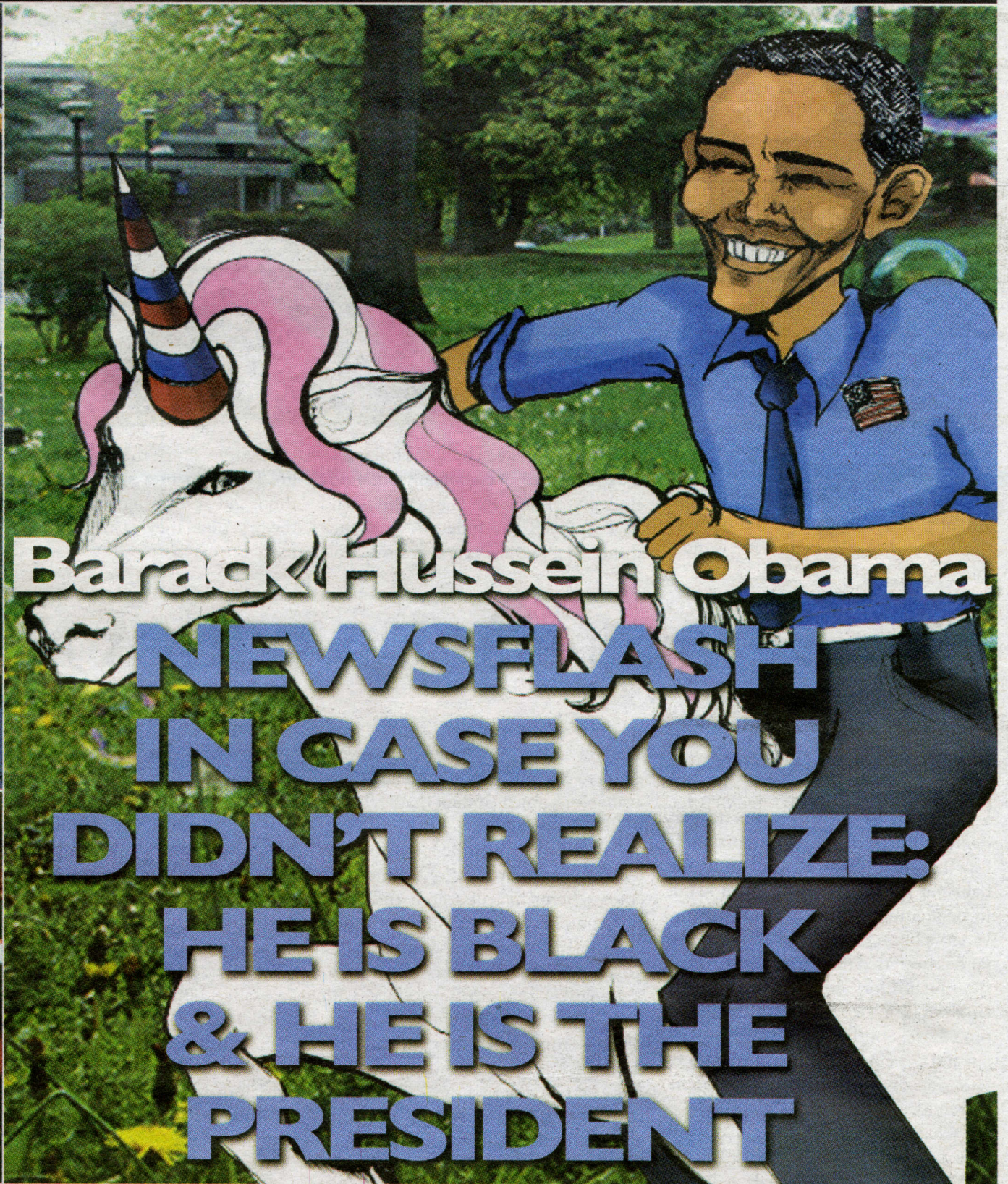
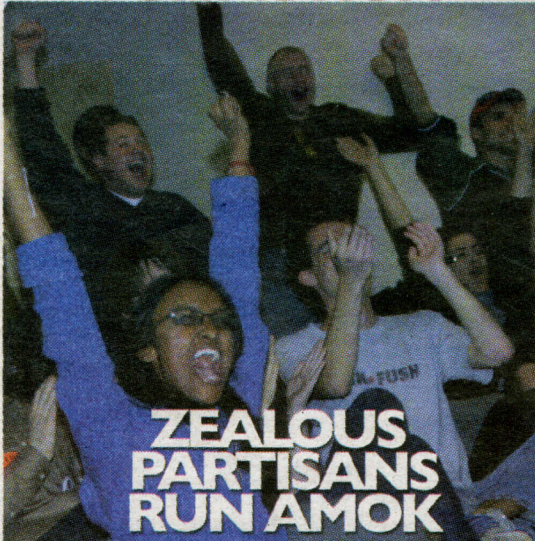
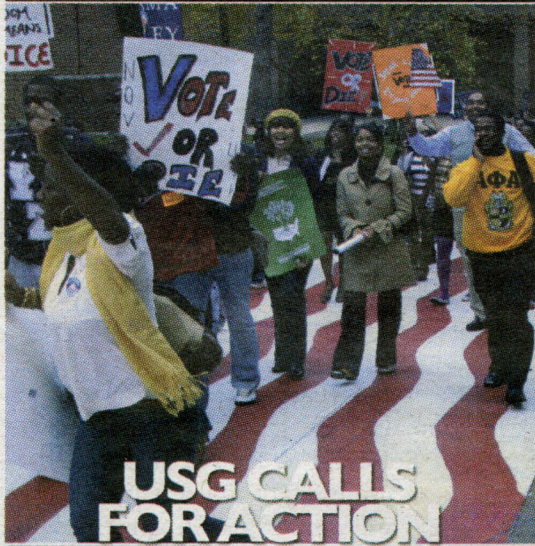


THE STONY BROOK PRESS

VOL XXX ISSUE 5

"GO EAT SOME VITAMINS!"

NOVEMBER 12, 2008



SO MUCH DEMOCRACY
I ALMOST FORGOT TO VOTE

Depression, Too, Is a Thing With Feathers

By Jen Hand

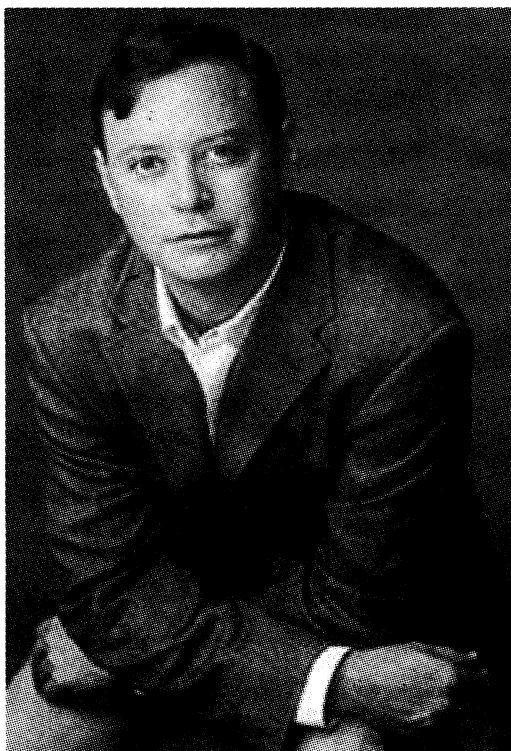
Getting close with a goat in a marriage bed followed by a ritualistic sacrifice is how the natives of Khmer Rouge deal with depression. The western world does things a bit differently. At least that is what Andrew Solomon, author of *The Noonday Demon: An Atlas of Depression*, wants us to believe. On Tuesday, October 28 Solomon visited Stony Brook as a guest lecturer for the Tenth Annual George Goodman Memorial Symposium. He says that he had two objectives in writing *The Noonday Demon*: to break down the idea of depression into an issue poignant to all cultures and socioeconomic classes, as well as to write in a plain language that covered the disease from all perspectives: philosophic, scientific, etc, that everyone can relate to.

Indeed, Solomon knows firsthand what it is like to battle depression. In 1994, he first suffered from episodes after coming to terms with his mother's death, a failed relationship, and a cross-Atlantic move. He says, "It was difficult to do everything I would have wanted

to do...[I] felt overwhelmed, exhausted...everything was burdensome and difficult." Eventually anxiety set in and he thought "how can I even continue being alive when I feel like this...I couldn't [even] say what I was terrified about." Episodes like these are typical to depression and can last indefinitely.

However, *The Noonday Demon* is not exclusively about Solomon's experiences over the last decade and a half. Instead he relates stories of others in the midst of recovery. Such as Laura Anderson, who says, "I looked at photos today and they seem like snapshots of somebody else's life...I miss the Laura who would have enjoyed the blue sky and sunshine...depression is like a slow, slow

way of being dead." Frank suffered from depression for ten years, enduring medication, therapy and electroshock therapy until he happened upon cingulotomy, an invasive procedure that uses incisions in the brain to dissolve depression. Before surgery he said, "[it is] the last thing I'm going to try. If it doesn't work I have a plan to end it all." He is now happily married with two kids. An-



other, after shock therapy, said, "All my life I've been in a small room with a thousand screaming children and for the first time, they've just left the building."

Depression, as defined by Solomon, is the "junction of genetic vulnerability and external stimuli." Essentially, it is an illness of how a person feels. So do what makes you happy. One woman went through various medication, electroshock treatment and years of therapy before she realized that she could win the fight by making thousands of little knit teddy bears. Solomon recommends starting treatment at the first sign of depression and continuing regardless of sustained mood improvement. Stopping treatment often leads to a catastrophic collapse, where a patient will resume therapy again only to end it once he or she feels better and then will have another breakdown. Such behavior causes a certain level of toxicity to the brain that makes recovery even more difficult.

Solomon addressed the fact that many are hesitant to get help because they are afraid that treatment will change who they really are. His best advice is to give it a try; if you notice a change and prefer who you were before, then stop going to therapy and taking your meds. You'll probably relapse.

Library Shakes It Up With A New Website!

By Sarah Asselta

On August 20, a group of 17 students, librarians and instructors came together to discuss online searching habits in what is ultimately turning out to be a complete overhaul of the university's library website. "The input so far has been that the current website has too much information, too much text, and it's a little overwhelming," said Darren Chase, Southampton Head Librarian and director of the website redesign. "It's out of touch with how people search for information."

Chase said that the listed links in all their excess, including Library Catalog, STARS, Databases, E-Journals, E-Books and Texts, Reference, Research and Reserves, make a simple search difficult to begin, something to which Google and Yahoo! users are not accustomed.

"We're going to give them something they can focus on – a search interface central to the website, not as an afterthought or an array of interfaces," Chase said. "Then on other pages, in-

stead of breaking the information into discreet areas by content type, we're going to categorize by subject and make available as much content that's relevant to them as possible."

While the revamped website will feature Stony Brook's red and white color scheme, it will search and function similarly to SUNY Buffalo's library website in format and design. While looking at Buffalo's library site, searching begins at a central interface, with five simple tabs to personalize content search. Stony Brook has adopted this design feature for its own search bar. For example, the first tab, called, "Articles+," will search for sources similar to Google's variety. The second tab will be called "Catalog," eliminating the confusion to someone who might not know what is meant by "STARS." The term "Catalog" is simple and straight forward, which is the overall new approach to the entire redesign.

Simple searches with maximum results is what internet users in 2008 are familiar with. This means making as much relative content available while performing minimum navigation. Ac-

cording to Chase, the focus group responded favorably to "searching by subject." The function worked efficiently on Buffalo's library website. For example, clicking "Political Science" displays top resources, encyclopedias, videos and articles. Among the results include International Political Science Abstracts, Government Periodicals, Historical Stats of the U.S., LexisNexis Congressional – essentially high-quality, easily accessible information. On Stony Brook's current library website, the user is already three clicks deep in searching for "Neoclassicism" in the JSTOR database under the Art History link.

In going forward, the team has already acquired Drupal, a content management system that will allow for the website's new dynamic platform. Drupal will allow the site to host multimedia content and make webpage editing quick and efficient. Comprised of static HTML, the current library website makes changing and updating website information tedious and inconsistent, because a librarian would have to go through each page individually to make the change, like when fixing a dead link.

In implementing a website that is user-friendly in design and navigation, the university library is attempting to lure students back to library resources. Ideally, it would lessen the impulse to use Google or Wikipedia when researching, the benefit of which is increased use of reliable, quality research. "Wikipedia's information is something you have to scrutinize," Chase said. "It just makes sense that that's what students would use because it's easy and it's what they have been doing until they're trained to do something different." The first step would be a website that functions with the ease and simplicity of top online aggregators.

"We have to appreciate that a lot of research happens online, outside the library when students can't go into the Central Reading Room to ask questions," said Chase. "We want students to be able to interact with our resources and services as effectively as possible."

The new website is looking to debut for the 2009 spring semester.

Foley Defeats Trunzo; Trunzo is Old

By Najib Aminy

As Barack Obama closed in on the 2008 Presidential election, Brian X. Foley (D) defeated New York State's 36-year-incumbent, Senator Caesar Trunzo (R) in the Third State District. Foley's win over Trunzo secured a Democratic majority in the state senate leaving Democrats in complete control of New York State for the first time in forty years. Foley, the former Brookhaven Supervisor, ousted Trunzo, receiving 61% of the vote.

"I've seen better days," said an exhausted Nate Marks, spokesman of the Trunzo campaign. The Republicans not only lost the Presidential election, but also lost a significant amount of seats in

both the Senate and the House of Representatives. With a Democratic-run New York government, Marks said that it is too early to speculate what will happen to New York and its residents. Fighting what he called "an uphill battle," Marks said that Trunzo may look to relax after his loss, adding that Trunzo has served 45 years in public office.

In his concession speech, Trunzo pointed to Long Island Universities hurting his campaign due in part to their large efforts of registering student voters who, according to Trunzo, practiced line voting. Nate Marks, a spokesman for the Trunzo campaign, said that he felt many voters were "swept up with the whole Obama change thing and ended up voting Democrat all across the board." Trunzo said he felt that many of these student-

registered voters were drones voting democrat and not looking into the issues.

With 40,000 newly registered voters in the third district alone, Marks said that it will be interesting to see what will happen to policies such as higher education. "The Republican party showed that they did a lot for education here in New York. Senator Trunzo was an original supporter for TAP and fought for a better education system."

Calling it a great race, Ibrahim Khan, spokesman for the Foley campaign, said that morale was high for any democrat. "There was a lot of focus on changing the White House. We focused on changing the State House, its programs and policies, on helping working families and not corporations," said Khan.

With a Democratic government running New York State, the current financial situation plaguing New York and SUNY may be altered as well. "The days where higher education is the first thing that is cut is now over. Gone are the days of the antics of the Republican party," said an enthusiastic Khan.

In response to hearing about Trunzo's comments about students voting blindly, Khan said that many of the supporters he was working with were actually college students and knew about what was going on.

Current State Senator Trunzo will convene with the New York Legislature on November 18 at Governor Paterson's request to deal with the worsening New York State budget scenario. Foley is to be sworn in to duty in January.

With Pending Cuts, USG Rallies

By Laura Cooper Esq.

Stony Brook University is in the midst of receiving potentially the greatest budget cuts in its 51-year history. These cuts will affect students' classes, facilities and professors and for some students, may result in late graduation. The Undergraduate Student Government, headed by President Jeffrey Akita, is planning a rally to inform students of what they could stand to lose at the hands of Albany's mammoth budget cuts to SUNY.

The rally is to take place Wednesday, November 19 during campus life-time, and its main goals, according to Akita, are to "educate the students and to have them know where their money is going."

"We really can't do anything after they announce the cuts but assemble and protest," said Akita. "These cuts will result in a huge drop off in the quality of campus service and our education."

The budget cuts in their entirety are to be announced on Tuesday, November 18, one day before the rally. These cuts are to serve as an impetus to students when they realize what is at risk to be lost.

"As President, I don't think it's fair if any student or parent has to come up with the new cost of tuition and residency because of the greed in Albany," Akita said, "You just don't wake up with a deficit."

The New York State budget has

been cut drastically since this summer and further cuts have put the University's budget in danger of a greater impact on class sizes and major availability. Since then, it seems, Albany is looking to put education—specifically the SUNY system—on the chopping block. This, a drastic turnaround from former Governor Spitzer's plans to enhance SUNY to make it tantamount to that of California's state school system.

One of the proposed avenues to ease students' suffering caused by the cuts is a tuition hike. This hike, built on a tiered system, aims to drive up the price of tuition at SUNY schools slowly around the state.

Akita is an advocate of the hikes, stating that he believes this will, "Help alleviate some of the problem," adding that, "Stony Brook has delegates up at SUNY Central, and they're doing every-

thing they can up there in regards to the tuition situation."

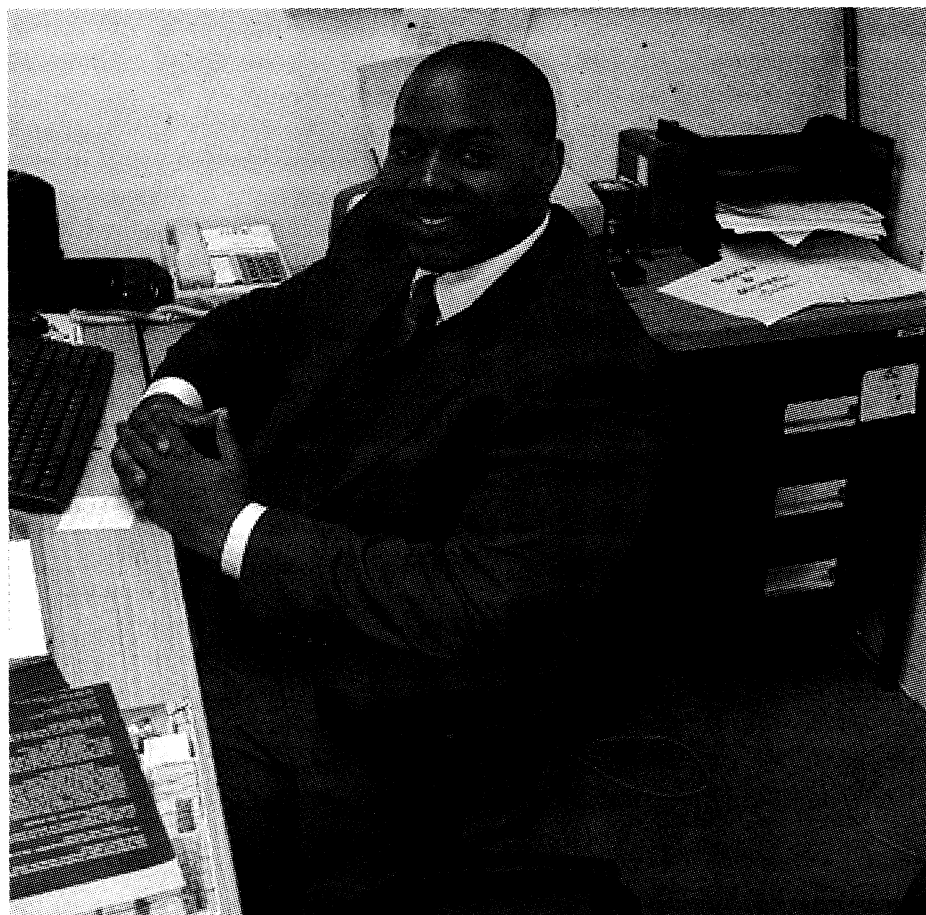
Akita believes that unless action is taken, it is unclear how much the budget could continue to be cut. With Stony Brook already under a hiring freeze, meaning no new professors are being hired, it is unclear if the cuts mean that professors will be laid off and whether departments will shrink as a result.

"People need to take off their blindfolds and see what's happening," said Akita. "An array of problems face us. Scholarships and loans could be affected; so could class sizes and professor availability, which could lead to late graduation. It's hard to pinpoint just one problem."

The USG is also sponsoring a personal letter writing campaign to Albany that begins during the rally. Though Akita believes the movement will start small, he thinks people will. "come out of their rooms when they hear the anger in our voices."

The letter campaign, which will run from November 19 until March, consists of the USG providing students with the chance to write their own personal letters about how the cut will affect their places at the University, directly to Albany. The pick up and drop off points for these letters is at the USG office in the Student Activities Center.

"I want students to sit back and think of a class meant for 25 students, with 100 students," said Akita, "I want that to really sink into their hearts and minds."



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

editorials

Make Sure The New Albany Brings Us New Policies

So another Election Day has come and passed, and it seems that a lot of people are excited. Rightfully so, too. After eight years of a Republican Executive Branch, we finally have a new party in the White House. In addition to this transfer of power in Washington, we have a new party ruling in Albany. For the first time in over forty years, Democrats hold the New York State Senate and Governorship.

However, with this change comes a new opportunity for us at SUNY. Whether or not you voted to put the Democrats into power in Albany, you now have a responsibility as a SUNY student to hold them accountable for alleviating the oncoming budget crises in the state's higher-education system. We

devote two articles in this issue alone to the single race between Caesar Trunzo and Brian Foley (one of the few races the State Senate majority hinged upon.) A few of our editors have had the pleasure of meeting the newly elected Senator Foley, and he seems like someone who has our interests at heart. Despite this, though, we need to hold him and the rest of the State Senate accountable.

So get out there and write letters. Start and sign petitions. Call your districts' State Senators. Call Governor Patterson if you're feeling bold. Pester, bother and annoy them for as long as it takes. Make sure that they know that they won't get your vote next Election Day if they gamble away our higher education's future.

Perhaps you guys don't realize the gravity of what awaits you if these budget cuts really hit us hard. Tuition here may increase every year from now on. Many of us will have to spend an extra semester or year here due to the decreasing classes and faculties. The USG is holding a protest here on campus on November 19. For once, we applaud the USG for at least making it appear like they have our student body's futures in mind. So get out, join the protest, and make sure that the new Democrats in power know that even though we're excited to see them in office now, they still have to do SUNY a solid and keep our educations on track.

The SSK Countdown Returns!

Hello, intrepid readers, and welcome back to the "Shirley Strum Kenny Fourteen Years, Fourteen Moments Countdown!" We were lazy last week and didn't feature a SSK Moment, so we're gonna make up for it now by providing you with two head-shaking, bewildering examples of leadership by President Kenny. We now present moments eleven and ten.

First, we jump back a few years to 2005. Many of our editors here were incoming freshmen, eager to get their first public glimpse into our University President's leadership skills. Well, what were we greeted with? A whole big to-do and campaign focused on, as President

Kenny put it, "Beautifying the Campus." Not only was the insane amount of focus the University was putting on this campaign kind of baffling (they were sending notifications home touting the whole "Beautify The Campus" movement and hanging banners all over the place) but it also completely shocked many of us when we heard Kenny's budget for the next year devoted somewhere between five and ten million dollars to the concept.

Now, granted, the University wasn't facing the same budget crises in 2005 that it is staring at now. However, despite all this blustering and the millions of dollars poured into the project, Stony

Brook remained rather same-y for the next three years. With the exception of the expensive traffic circle installed near Tabler (something very few would claim is "beautifying") and the fountain installed outside the Wang Center, Stony Brook received few noticeable upgrades to its aesthetic appeal. And isn't that what the whole huge campaign of "Beautifying the Campus" was all about? Noticeable upgrades to cheer up students as they walk around campus? Oh, well. At least they planted some odd medley of greenery around the Javits Lecture Hall this year.



E-mail your letters to sbpressnews@gmail.com

Next, we stick with monetary mishaps since it has been a common theme these past few months with the budget crises. Looking back to the past ten months, we focus on Shirley's newest obsession – the proposed Recreation Center. Much like her "Beautify The Campus" initiative from three years ago, Shirley seems com-

pletely hell bent on getting this done. When discussing the project in Albany earlier this March, Shirley referred to a "recreation center arms-race" with other prominent universities around the nation. What the hell? A rec. center arms-race? What does that even mean? If the University of Maryland gets a new state-of-the-

art rec. center and we don't, is our university's safety endangered? Whatever.

However, the real kicker from this whole thing: It is going to cost us a projected 37.5 million dollars. Let us repeat that. 37.5 million dollars. In the middle of a fucking budget crisis. Wow.



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ON US AND WHATNOT, SO WE WANNA HEAR IT!
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Roth Opens for Nom Noms -- Deliciousness Ensues

By Natalie Crnosija

Roth Food Court, the long-awaited, oft-fantasized over Disneyland of collegiate cuisine, opened on October 27 to a crowd of sweatpants-wearing, Stony Brook University gourmands. The chant of "Wendy's, Wendy's and Wendy's" filled the air as the door opened to the artfully minimalistic cafeteria. The subdued palate of grays and browns upon the wall were well married with the autumnal orange of the outside foliage, which expectantly peered into the wide window of the dining area. They too seemed to be looking for that crimson-haired coquette, purveying her plastic trays of deep-fried highway food to the masses.

With a smile and quadruple bypass guaranteed, the Wendy's sign attracted a Leviathan-like line. The other establishments encased in the utilitarian compound; Mama Leone's, Seawolves Subs and the International Market.

After waiting in the Wendy's long enough to chew off one's own hand, needing only a bun to put it on, the familiar "Old Fashioned" menu delivers Wendy's, as expected. A Frostie remains Frostie-ish, like an ice cream substitute for infants except it is being consumed by people who are old enough to vote and take organic chemistry. The french fries are an improvement upon the limp and sweaty Stony Brook fry and the burgers and assorted special combos are made to order and fresh and hot...like many a Stony Brook

burger. The difference? The fixed cheer of Wendy smiling up at the devourer of the fried meat and other products is on the container, on the wrapper, on the chalice of high-fructose beverage.

The neighboring Mama Leone's is an Italian food place. And by Italian food, I mean American Italian food. And by American Italian food, I mean pizza. Pizza, pizza, pizza...in all its permutations. Pizza, calzones and strombolis, mamma mia... There was a clear lacking of pizza on this campus. A need had to be filled. The calzones are little more than glorified Hot Pockets, filled

with your choice of meat, vegetables, sausage or cheese. The hot bun of Neo-Neopolitan cuisine would have been passible, had it not tasted overwhelmingly of raw flour and hot, grainy semolina.

A student, who stood in the Wendy's line was asked why he was in the Wendy's line when there were other, shorter lines, said, "A sub is a sub." Like a nouveau Godot, he waited for Wendy on the line as the Seawolves Sub Line advanced. Seawolves Sub, the product of a shotgun marriage between Wolfie's and the SAC's Toasty Sub, is nestled in

the middle of the food spectrum at Stony Brook. Not wonderful, not terrible, but the middle, where most students gain the "Freshman 15." A notable standout is the delightful eggplant hero, prepared on a toasted hero roll, with crisp, fried eggplant and warm marinara sauce. Perhaps it is wise that the caloric count for the menu is absent from the counter.

If one were looking for the "healthy food," meaning the relatively unhomogenized, un-dyed, un-fried and non-creamed portion of the structurally unstable Stony Brook Food Pyramid, one would hop on the expedient International Market line. The proteins, ranging from roast chicken to chicken marsala to beef stew, are solidly flavorful as anyone would find at a wedding reception buffet. The sides, pirated from the Boston Market repertoire, are somewhat less satisfactory. The aberration which was dubiously dubbed "macaroni and cheese," is composed of stiff macaroni and a ladleful of liquid cheese. Meal points are better spent on fresh salad and cooked vegetables, rare in Stony Brook and full of vitamins and nutrients which are lacking in all the other foods students eat on campus.

Upon leaving the cafeteria, where deep-fat fryers gurgled up grease and soda flows like the Bethesda Fountain, the true merit of the Roth Food Court is realized—it's location. Food is easily accessible from the Academic Mall and from the dorms and when it's 10:43 pm and there remains a calculus test to study for that is when Roth Food Court will gain Le Cirque status in anyone's eyes.

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LOVE WENDY'S !!!!!*



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SB Basketball Player Charged For DWI

By Cindy Liu

Desmond Adedeji, a University of Dayton transfer student expected to start as a basketball center for the Stony Brook University Seawolves this semester, was pulled over on the campus' South Drive and charged with driving while intoxicated on Nov. 9 at 6:15 a.m., according to a Newsday article written the day afterward.

Adedeji, originally from Landover

Hills, MD and a graduate of DeMatha Catholic High School in Washington D.C., is currently a junior at Stony Brook University majoring in Political Science. He played varsity basketball for four years under head coach Mike Jones and won the 2005 Washington Catholic Athletic Conference regular season and tournament championships. Due to the National Collegiate Athletic Association's (NCAA) transfer regulations, Adedeji had to sit out between 2007 and 2008.

According to another Newsday ar-

ticle written on Nov. 11, Stony Brook basketball coach Steve Pikiell said that Adedeji will face a six-game suspension. This suspension is expected to take effect immediately. According to the 2008-2009 schedule, there are a total of 32 games. The seventh game of the season will take place at home on Dec. 5, where Stony Brook will play against Lehigh.

The season will open with Stony Brook vs. Maryland Eastern Shore on Friday, Nov. 14 at 7 p.m.



Obama Wins; Water is Wet

By Alex H. Nagler (D.)

Voting

Stony Brook University students came out in force on Election Day to voice their support for Senator Barack Obama. Of the 2,604 students eligible to vote on campus, 2,051 voted, with an additional 291 students casting affidavit ballots. These numbers, impressive in their own right, were actually down from 2004, when 2,554 of the 2,618 registered voters showed up to vote. This difference was both seen and felt at the time of the polls closing. In 2004, John J. Sarnō, the Coordinator from the Suffolk County Board of Elections had to place an uniformed, armed officer at the end of the line when 9 p.m. struck and turn away people after 9:01 had come. This year, 9 p.m. came and went without anyone on line, so the doors were locked and the ballots counted without any hesitation. Voters were much better organized at pacing the waves for the undulating line to ensure that there was never any major backup.

When the ballots were counted, Barack Obama was seen as the Stony Brook favorite by a landslide. Of the 2,324 ballots cast, 1,778 were cast for Senator Obama. John McCain collected a scant 218 of the votes cast on campus and was collectively outdone by the third party candidates on the ballot, who won a combined 346 votes. Similar margins were seen in down ticket races where Congressman Tim Bishop won 1218 votes to challenger Lee Zeldin's 198, and Assemblyman Englebright won 1250 votes to challenger Bruce Bennet's 174. Stony Brook went three for three in selecting the victors for these contests, as all the major candidates Stony Brook voted for had won.

In an election of major importance to some on campus, Brookhaven Town Supervisor Brian Foley easily defeated incumbent State Senator Caesar Trunzo in the Third District for the seat he had been holding for the past 36 years. Trunzo partially blames his loss on the Foley campaigns ability to involve college students and their tendency to vote down the line of their chosen party. As the head of the College Democrats, you're welcome, Ex-Senator Trunzo.

Monitoring

I spent my Election Day as a poll monitor. I gained certification from the Suffolk County Democratic Party to stand by the polls to make sure that

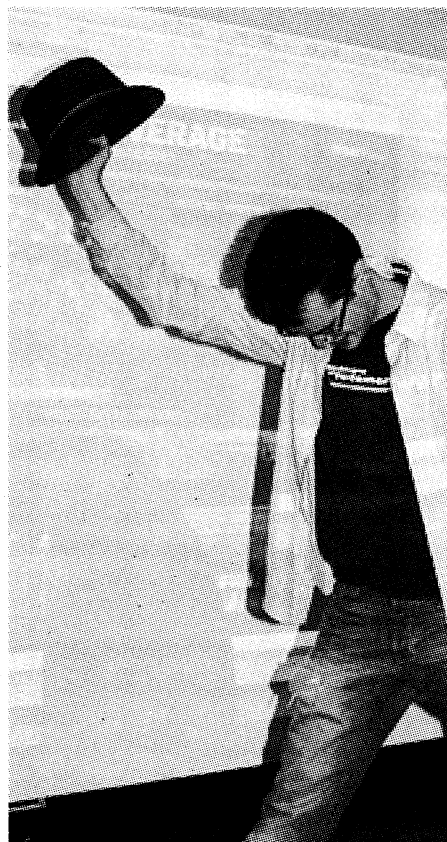
nothing went wrong and that everyone who could legally cast a ballot in this district did indeed vote. Stony Brook is Brookhaven Election District 223, and to be eligible to vote here, you must currently live on campus. If you do not live on campus, or do live on campus and are registered to vote elsewhere, you cannot vote on campus.

Overall, the day went smoothly. The line to vote never exceeded half an hour in length, and it was obvious when classes had let out due to sudden bursts of new participants. Some saw the line as a testament to the machinery of democracy. Others saw it as a nuisance and decided to come back later when things were less hectic. Those manning the polls were incredibly organized, having split the alphabet up into six parts, with one volunteer directing traffic whenever a spot opened up, calling out for people of that lettered last name. The queue for the line was set up to accommodate more voters than it needed and the machines were never so busy as to force those who had signed in to wait for too long. If anything, the biggest problem of the day was NYPIRGs underprinting of "I Voted Today" stickers, which quickly became a hot commodity due to their brief appearance and subsequent disappearance. Various Deans checked in throughout the day to see how voting was going and to speak with Sarno about any potential problems that could arise in the evening.

Surprisingly, a Republican poll watcher never showed up. The monitoring was left to two, sometimes three people appointed by the Suffolk County Democratic Party. The longstanding fear throughout the day was that a Republican lawyer was going to show up at 4 or 5 pm and start challenging the validity of anyone whose name was spelled wrong in the book or had moved to a different dormitory than the one in which they were registered. That never happened. Everything went smoothly; whether or not all of the affidavit ballots cast throughout the day will be counted remains to be seen. Those can be challenged after their casting, leaving the individual to fend for themselves without attorneys present.

Watching

After 6 pm, the tide had slowed down and, remarkably, the first polls in some locations had closed. The networks were unable to call anything, and CNN's "holograms" were sputtering as they tried to contact the campaign headquarters to engage in some Star Wars style wizardry. But the sheer fact that polls had closed was enough to put



a knot in anyone's stomach who was the anticipating results. The Honors College, Women In Science and Engineering (WISE), and University Scholars all had reserved the SAC Auditorium for a watch party for any interested students who weren't interested enough to go to the Pro-McCain party held by the Enduring Freedom Alliance and the Patriot in Ballroom B or the Pro-Obama party held by the College Democrats in the Tabler Arts Center.

I left the polling place at 7:30, vowing to return by 9:00 to make sure I got the numbers before I went and did anything else. Meeting up with Adam Peck, Secretary of the College Democrats and Chairman of Stony Brook for Barack Obama, I took the soda he had purchased with his Brian Foley GOTV money and headed back to Tabler to set things up. I was still nervous.

My nerves eventually subsided after the state of Pennsylvania was quickly called for Barack Obama, destroying any hopes of John McCain winning the state and mounting an electoral comeback through there. Subsidized nerves gave way to cheers as Barack Obama was declared the winner in Ohio at 9:30pm, but a feeling of careful anxiety held on, realizing that there was still an hour and a half to go before California called in and before the networks could call the election for Obama.

So what did we do to pass the time? We sang, we laughed, we watched commercials Adam had put together for the College Democrats that are now on the air at SBU-TV.

Then, at 10:59:50, we counted backwards. Sure enough, as soon as we hit zero, MSNBC cued the music and the graphics and allowed Keith Olbermann to say the one thing he had wanted to say since this entire thing began: "NBC News projects that Barack Obama will be the 44th President of the United States." We cheered, we cried, we hugged. I fell to my knees in a pose reminiscent of someone winning some sort of sports contest. It was over. It was actually over. We had champagne to pop, but we had been kindly asked by the TAC staff not to drink in the building, and, as I value my job there, we didn't.

Celebrating

Yes, I will admit to blasting Parliament's "Chocolate City" and Queen's "We Are The Champions." Yes, I will admit to pulling up the image of "Look At This Fucking Candidate" and leading a group recitation of it. Yes, I will admit to running around Tabler Quad with my arms spread out like a fighter jet, propping up my button-down shirt going "Pew pew pew." Yes, I will admit to declaring after party in my suite in part to annoy my suitemates who were lamenting their loss over at the Patriot Party. But I don't care. We won.

The Stony Brook College Democrats won every race they were affiliated with this election season. Steve Englebright is still our Assemblyman and Tim Bishop is still our Congressman. Brian Foley is going to the State Senate to participate in a Democratic majority for the first time in 40 years. And of course, and most importantly, Barack Obama and his lovely family are going to the White House.

So then we went to Toscanini to have a party. I won't go into it any further than the fact champagne goes right through me and I missed my first class due to a headache. There are photos on Facebook if you must pry.

The College Democrats worked hard to make sure that things turned out the way they did. We canvassed for Foley, distributed literature to every registered voter on campus for Englebright, and headed to Pennsylvania for Obama. Our voter registration drive was gigantic, winning the New York College Democrats wide contest for new voters. Our outreach was substantial, hitting every voter on campus. Our victory was well deserved.

Congratulations and thank you to everyone involved. We couldn't have done it without you.

Risk: The Foreign Language Edition

By Natalie Crnosija

In September 2008, the U.S. Army reported that, in spite of their efforts to recruit speakers and students of strategically important languages, the number of bilingual soldiers remains low, due in part to the uncertainty of a clear trajectory for language learning. The Army's announcement reflected the general sentiment that language learning within the United States was on the downturn, including language programs at the nation's universities.

Strategic languages, which include Arabic, Farsi, Chinese, Hindi and Russian, are languages of foreign countries whose potential threats to United States are viewed as elevated by the Defense Department.

In 2006, in reaction to the failure of the Defense Department to prevent the attacks of September 11, President Bush proposed the National Security Language Initiative (NSLI). This initiative planned to "further strengthen national security and prosperity in the twenty-first century through education...programs from kindergarten through university and into the workforce," according to Nina Powell, the Assistant Secretary of State for Education and Cultural Affairs in 2006 in the NSLI Brief.

The program, for which President Bush requested \$114 million, is under the control of the President, the Secretaries of State, Education and Defense and the Director of National Intelligence. Three years later, the Department of Defense's success in accomplishing the goals set out by the

President have not been realized.

The failure of NSLI was most tangible in Afghanistan and Iraq, conflict zones where having a Farsi or Arabic-speaking soldier is a sizable asset. Though there are Iraqi and Afghan civilian interpreters being used on the ground by U.S. Army sources, their skill levels vary.

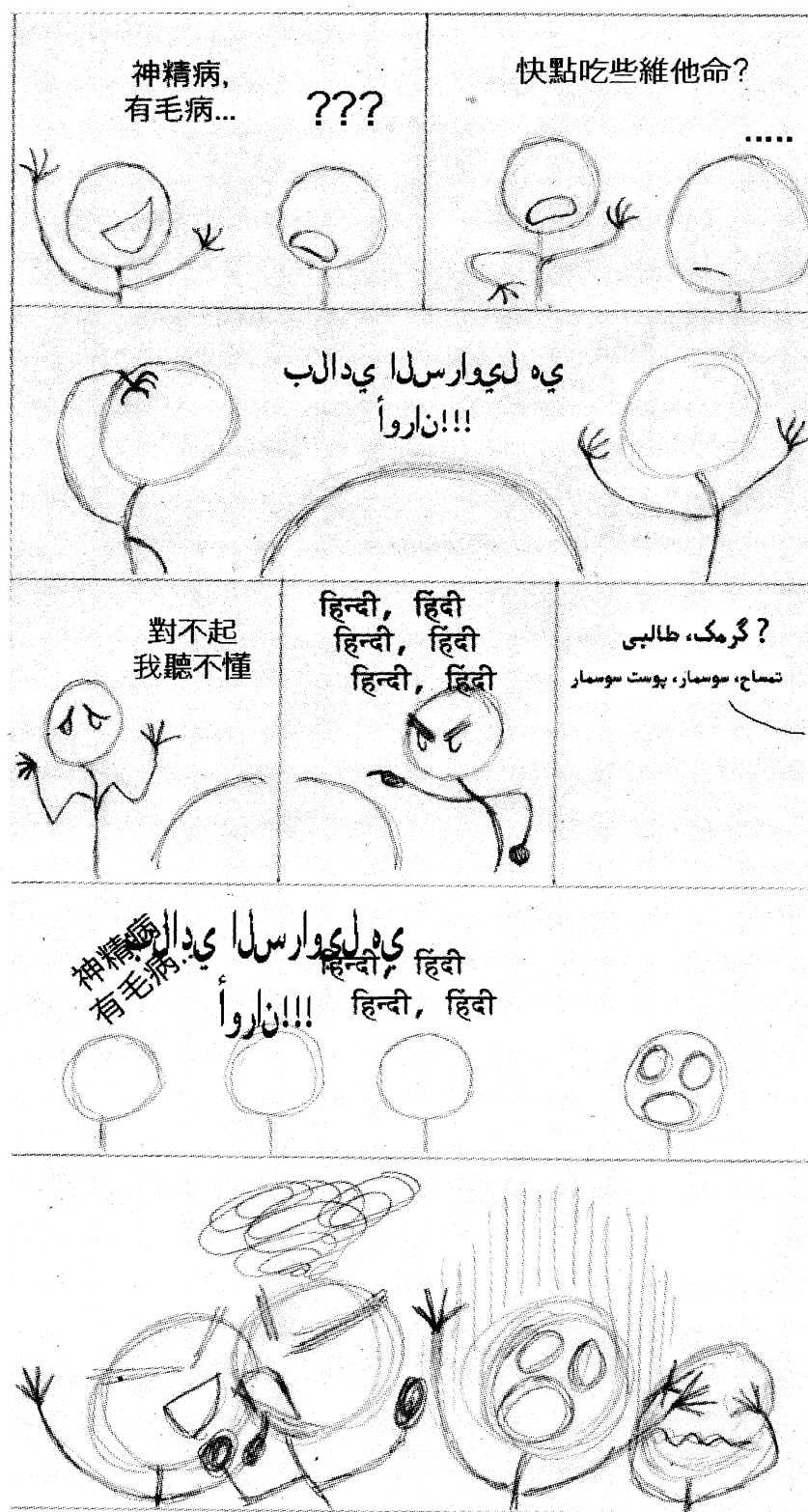
Given the new economic strains on the United States government, the continuation of such a far-reaching NSLI program – where success is difficult to quantify in a short period of time – may be called into question.

Presently, the grants that have already been given have not been disturbed. Stony Brook University has received two grants for expanding their language programs.

"The European Studies Department's Slavic Language Program received a \$1 million grant from the State Department to fund the Study Abroad Program in St. Petersburg, Russia," said Professor Nicolas Rzhevsky, the European Studies Chair.

The Asian Studies Department received a multi-million dollar grant to increase the number of Asian Language courses offered. Presently, among the above-mentioned strategic languages, Hindi and Chinese are offered through the Asian Studies Department and Arabic is offered through the Linguistics Department.

With budget cuts on the horizon, cuts were made in the European Studies Department. "Overall, we'll be okay," said Rzhevsky. "We teach 12% of all Humanities students with 5% of the faculty."



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The 1908 Messina Earthquake

By Robert Venosa

It is odd that the first instance in which I heard Shirley Strum Kenny speak was at a lecture on the Messina Earthquake of 1908 at a function hosted by the Center for Italian Studies. It is odder yet to have heard a Southern twinge in her voice, which I had not expected. The lectures lasted nearly four hours with a short intermission. While the event was billed as starting at 8:30 a.m., it did not start for nearly an hour after that. But that was fine by my standards, because I could observe the conversations of the finest imports Italy has to offer – and by imports, I mean people. There were governmental representatives and learned professors crowding the room. The captivatingly beautiful daughter of who I assume was one of the presenting professors also helped smooth the initial delay.

The 1908 Messina Earthquake, as I learned, was Italy's greatest modern natural disaster, claiming nearly 200,000 lives in Messina, Sicily and Reggio, across the Straits of Messina in Calabria. Prior to this presentation, I had assumed the only two active volcanoes in Italy that caused devastation and death were Mount Aetna, in Sicily and Mount Vesuvius, near Naples. But that is just a bit of my ignorance seeping through – embarrassingly so, as I consider myself a history buff. But learning is a constant process, and I certainly gained a treasure trove of knowledge.

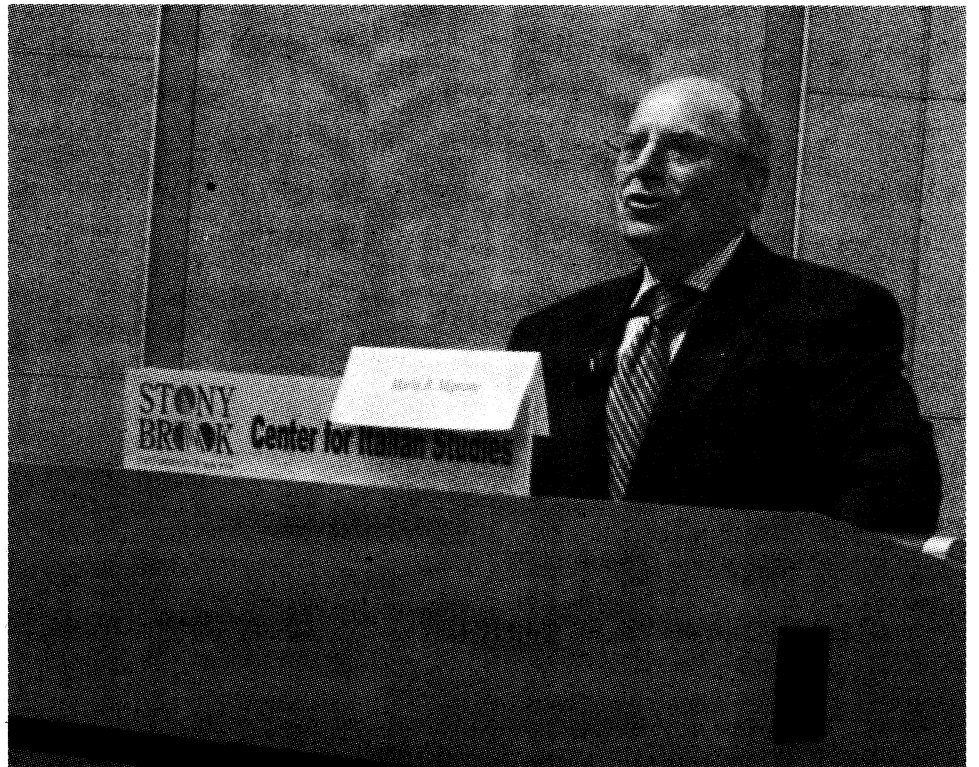
Professor Mario Mignone, chair of

the Center for Italian Studies, made the opening remarks. "There are times when Mother Nature shows its worst, but that is when man shows his best," said Mignone, in reference to the earthquake. He then went on to thank President Kenny for her immense help and support in funding the expansion of the Center for Italian Studies during her tenure, such as the most recent development, the establishment of Stony Brook in Florence. While I am intrinsically inclined to be critical or suspicious of anything President Kenny has laid her hands on, I have to admit that her involvement in the Center for Italian Studies, from what I understand, has borne mostly positive results.

Although New York State Senator La Valle was unable to attend as scheduled, his brother was present. He talked about their grandparents, master cabinet makers who hailed from Sicily, who had come to the United States because of the 1908 earthquake.

In reference to the current plans for the construction of a bridge across the Straits of Messina, Professor Mignone spoke about how Professor Marcello Saija, of the University of Messina, also present, was opposed to that planned bridge. He argued that the bridge was a travesty on both aesthetic grounds and as an affront to the historical memory of the region, which would be marred by the planned bridge.

"It is important to remember this event not only for the dead, but also because, in many ways, it made Messina as it is today," said Professor Saija. He



then proceeded to call Stony Brook his "second home", because of the Italian-American academic community here, and called Professor Mignone his "brother" because of the close bond they have forged over time.

Santi Formica, Vice-President of the Sicilian Regional Assembly, spoke about how the best kind of investment a nation can make is a cultural one. Investing in resources, projects, and lecture series about Italian culture in other nations instills pride and knowledge of Italian culture in Italians and others abroad.

Francesco Talo, the Italian Consul General of New York, remarked that natural disasters, being unavoidable, must be taken as they are. While the occurrence of a natural disaster such as the 1908 Messina Earthquake (and the subsequent tidal wave), which killed hundreds of thousands and leveled 91 percent of the buildings in the region, can be interpreted in a religious, naturalistic, or fatalistic light, we must study these disasters, lest we not know what is in store for us in the future. The 1908 earthquake provided a seminal example of how individuals and institutions interact in a disaster, and examining the event has given Italians and others around the world greater insight into how better to deal with natural disasters.

In the aftermath of the Messina earthquake, there was an unprecedented display of international solidarity, especially from the United States and Russia. President Theodore Roosevelt showed that American power, as exemplified by the Great White Fleet,

which played a critical role in the aid effort in Messina, was not solely for the exercise of brute strength – it was also a conduit for American humanitarianism and generosity.

The Italian-American community in New York City, in a show of solidarity and empathy with its countrymen back in Sicily and the mainland stricken by the disaster, pooled together over \$90,000 for the relief fund. While this may not seem like a lot, consider that in the early twentieth century, there were only 150,000 Italian-Americans in the city; furthermore, consider that they were predominantly poor laborers. This fundraising was in addition to the \$500,000 appropriated by the United States Congress to rebuild Messina and Reggio.

Prompted by the near-absolute destruction caused by the 1908 earthquake, Sicilian and Italian cities near fault lines have taken seriously the need to construct sturdier, more earthquake-resistant buildings. Similarly, Italy has become a premier center of art and architecture restoration in the world; art damaged in floods in Venice and Florence has needed expert restoration, as has architecture devastated by earthquakes in the south and Sicily.

Largely because of the 1908 earthquake, Italy today has one of the most well organized disaster response and relief infrastructures. This fact goes against the stereotypical image of Italians being laid back and disorganized. After the 2004 Asian Tsunami, Italian relief teams outperformed the other European relief teams by getting to the victims much more rapidly.



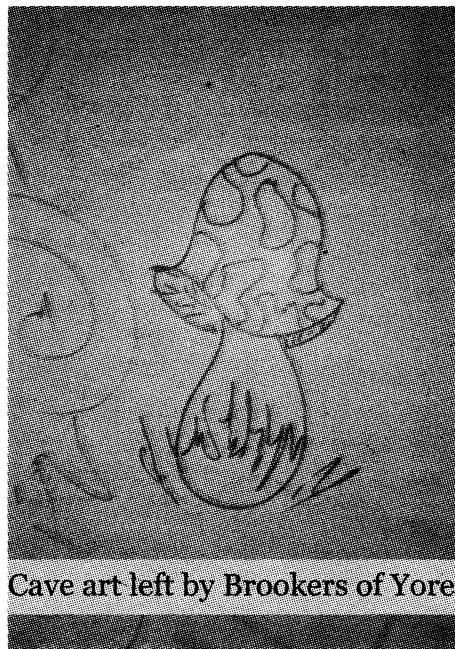
Oh, Subterranean World!

By Alexander Moreno

"Gorbachev's not downstairs. He's at Tunnel."

There is a smell of subtle chemical fumes and an ash grey color to the paint underneath pipes, grating and graffiti. Rumors of cameras and trip wires to scare off would-be travelers keep this spot quiet and seldom traveled. The floor is stained with trails of a rust-colored brown that go for yards across the ground. Tags that cover everything from incoherent ramblings to drawings of angry faces, happy faces, chicken scratch handwriting and bubble letters, are visible on the walls. The hums and murmurs of machinations creep in and out as pressure generators and steam valves click on and off in their automatic cycles. These are the maintenance tunnels beneath Stony Brook's Computer Science buildings and Javits Lecture Hall that stretch across the full distance of the campus.

Attracting explorers of all kinds, the tunnels are one of a number of locales that freshman will no doubt hear about in conversations and rumor somewhere between ripping off their essays from Wikipedia and mixing uppers and downers at those parties where they shouldn't be. The tunnels themselves are active steam tunnels with similar likes across Long Island, with almost identical architecture found at most American campuses. Colleges typically



Cave art left by Brookers of Yore

have subterranean steam tunnels installed for the needs of each building, with pipes and cables that serve the heating and electrical applications.

"They're pretty cool, very industrial," said Gabriel Panadero, a student

who recounted several excursions he took into the steam tunnels. He described them as, "not terribly well-kept with spare parts from machines scattered around," and doors found, "hanging off their hinges leaned against their frames." He also stated that there are, "lots and lots and lots of asbestos," all over them.

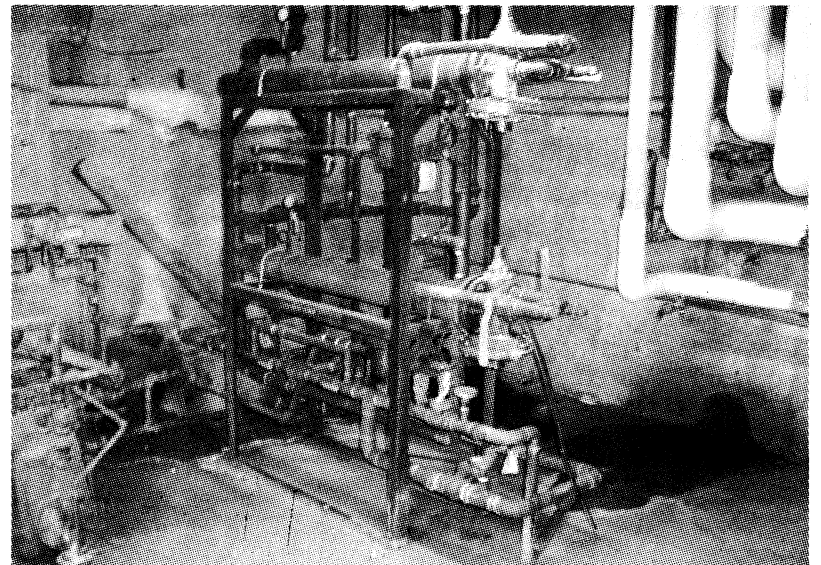
A surprising wealth of graffiti is dotted around the tunnels and their entrances. For those with an appreciation of graffiti artwork there is a decent showcase of tags around the tunnel sites, depicting everything from amateur graphs, to more daring large scale pieces.

Ryan Walsh, a junior, explained the tunnel graffiti: "Tons of people wrote on this one door. It had drawings of curved bricks to give it a three dimensional illusion, and had 'Welcome to the tunnel, you're going to die' written on it. He described a lot of the graffiti as 'conversational' with the appearance that people had returned to reply to previous artist's work and back and forth in what he called, 'Weird, existential shit.'

Their forms and functions are strictly to keep the campus functioning and to provide the resources it needs to operate. The allure of the tunnels is an aesthetic one. They stretch for very long distances across the campus, lined with the same repetitive patterns of pipes and winding cables with loads of, "WARNING HIGH VOLTAGE," and, "CAUTION HOT SURFACE," signs hanging off the deadly things you're not supposed to touch or inhale. Upon entering, one encounters a post reading "STOP. CAUTION: Asbestos materials present. Before entering or doing any work in this area... contact 'Environmental Health and Safety Department,' then states a phone number that curiously is not in service and has long since been disconnected. On a sidenote, with a little luck and a crowbar, you can get yourself more impressive room decorations than those posters they peddle to you trainspotters at the SAC. Who doesn't want large industrial signage to greet guests?

Darryl Shampine, director of Stony Brook's West Campus custodial department, was contacted with regard to tunnel activity, asbestos and safety. He has yet to answer his phone.

Upon hearing about the tunnels, students care a lot less about what



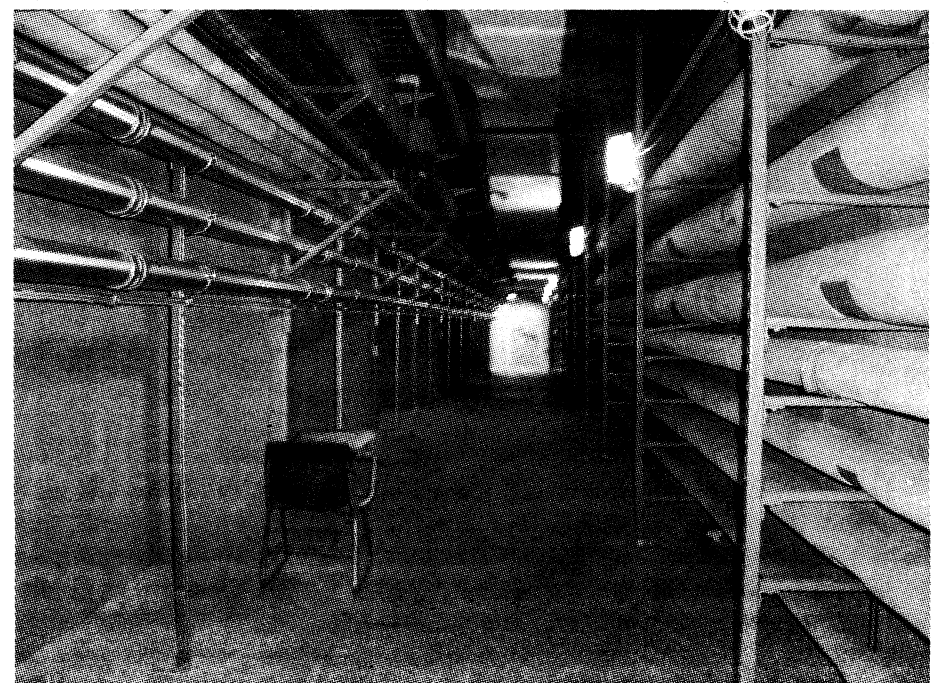
they're for and much more about where the entrances are, which no, I will not tell you. Go out and find out for yourself. It is not that hard; there are no trip wires, lasers or night vision surveillance cameras. So if the phrase, "Lots and lots and lots of asbestos," doesn't scare you, then grow a pair, ask around, and see where your curiosity takes you (always within campus rules and local law enforcement guidelines, of course).

Miscellaneous Bamboo

There are plenty of other unique locales on Stony Brook's campus. Spots like the bamboo forest and adjoining woods and pits are some you may end up hearing about. Tabler resident Amanda Yu, 18, described the bamboo forest as, "One of Stony Brook's few true hidden gems." It is a spot that, though much smaller than it used to be after years of abuse, is still able to preserve its own "aesthetic beauty". Located on the

border of the West Apartments and Roosevelt Quad, the dense thicket of bamboo stalks sits in a quiet wooded area adjacent to pits and hills that also may serve your explorative impulses. Along with the woods are some other curious sites. The Engineering department has a model lunar lander that sits on the road between the SAC and the Tabler Steps. The roof of the Earth and Space Science Center is home to the campus's high-powered reflection telescope. Linking Tabler and Roosevelt quads is a shortcut spot known to students as the "rape path." The name has since become a joke; there are no documented rapes or robberies that have occurred on the wooded path.

As with any exploring, be careful, research, and be mindful that not all spots are going to grant you permission to enter. So keep a lookout, and, as always, "Fuck da police."



The Death of LRN

By Laura Cooper, Ph D

When the freshman learning communities program was established at Stony Brook University ten years ago, it was a pioneering program that eventually led to the instatement of programs like it at over 500 colleges and universities across the country. Last November, however, Stony Brook's learning communities program was cancelled quietly, and seemingly without any clear reason.

The learning communities program was for incoming freshmen designed to enhance the "freshman experience." Learning communities aimed to create "clusters," or a group of 30 students per subject area, who were in the same DEC classes and met for a mandatory LRN class twice a week. The program's goal was to group these students under communities of ideas, business, technology and science. They would have one class where students would convene to work on their homework together and further explore the material involved in

their said "community."

When David Maynard, the past head of the learning community at the time, heard the program was going to be terminated, the group collected statements from 50 past LRN students about their experiences in the program. It was then submitted to President Kenny and the Provost in the hopes of saving the program that at its peak had one-third of incoming freshman interested in the program that, due to budget concerns, only had 300 spots.

"We never got a response," said Maynard who now runs the University Scholars Program. "We never heard from anyone."

The University saved roughly \$150,000 by canceling the Learning Communities Program, a "tiny chunk" of the University budget from the state. According to Maynard, he was told that another reason that the program was to be cancelled was "so that everyone could have the same freshman experience."

"I truly believe the Learning Communities Program is an asset to incom-

ing freshman at Stony Brook University," wrote 2007 alumna and Columbia graduate student Zehra Bandealy in a letter to Dr. Kenny. "It is a great stepping stone for students to move from their high school experience to the college experience."

The freshman experience at Stony Brook now includes only freshman seminar classes taught by teaching assistants or students who get paid as little as \$1,000 or in some cases, nothing at all. These classes are meant to group students together, but seem to fail to bridge the gap from high school and college, and make students more comfortable with the campus community. Learning communities students incorporated their "seminar" into their LRN cluster class. Now the seminar, viewed by many as unnecessary, is mandatory for all incoming freshmen.

"The learning communities program had a high degree of satisfaction," said Professor Maynard. "Almost all the students who signed up for our first semester of LRN classes continued for the second semester even though it was op-

tional."

Certain colleges on campus have picked up the slack left by the cancellation of this program and have crafted "clusters" for freshmen within their college. For example the College of Business's "Business Leaders" groups incoming students in their core classes together such as BUS 115, WRT 102, JRN 103 and BUS 101.

"The clusters create a cohort of learners," according to Professor Maynard. "The connection is important and this connection has a direct connection at retention at the University in years following the freshman year."

While Maynard believes the termination was "partly a budget matter," it is unclear what exactly happened to the learning communities program. At the meeting where the program was chosen to be cut, a learning communities professor stood up and brought up how great a loss losing the LRN program would be to the undergraduate community. Dr. Kenny it seemed, according to Dr. Maynard, "had no idea what the program was."

Mining for A Minor

By Natalie Crnosija

I looked at the website and there was nothing. It was a course requirements page as empty as the ice fields of Siberia. Where was it? Where was the Russian Language Minor? I shook my fists and shouted in the Slavic mother tongue, "Где? Где? Где!?"

The page read, "The minor in Russian requires 18 credits in RUS/HUR courses above the intermediate level, nine of which must be in upper division RUS/HUR courses. Students should consult with the undergraduate director in planning a minor concentration."

The Director: Professor Timothy Westphalen. I would find Professor Westphalen and do my Slavic forbearers a solid by receiving a degree in their language. I only needed a guide, one to show the path. I put on my boots for the weary trudge across campus where I would find what I sought and push through the cold and wild plains.

Some majors seem impossible – hundreds of credits waiting to be puzzle-pieced into a schedule, the labs, the lectures, the recitations fitting into crossword shapes across a day. Many students opt for the Five Year Plan,

which is as militaristic as the Stalinist brand. For some, it is almost as frustrating having a minor. Of the 74 minors at Stony Brook University, many are scattered across departments, seldom offered due to low interest. Often, they are hidden in plain sight. This is the case of many Humanities minors whose deceptively light 18-22 credit load belies the difficulty in actually completing the degree.

Like dyeing a pysanky egg correctly, all the elements must come together to complete a minor. The class must be offered. The class must not be cancelled due to enrollment. It must actually fit into the checkerboarded scheme of the day and not clash with any required classes for a major. If all factors are present, a beautiful, colorful egg, displaying skill and intelligence is produced. If there is failure, the colors meld, the wax globs-up and all you've got to show for it are hands covered in poisonous dye.

After the grueling journey, I entered the marbled halls of the Humanities Building, stately and quiet like the Tsarist Palace. Hesitantly, I knocked on Professor Westphalen's door with the cherished hope of finding the answer that I sought, through struggle and sacrifice and Roth Quad.

Professor Westphalen welcomed me into his office, lined with the works of Tolstoy, Chekhov and Dostoyevsky. My questions were answered easily. "The Russian Minor is actually very

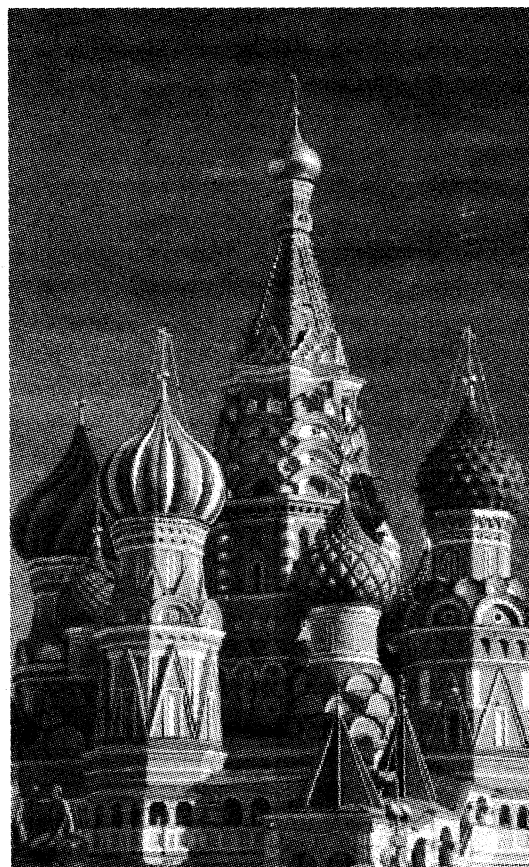
flexible," Westphalen said. "There are a number of classes you can take apart from the language courses which fulfill the requirements. There are only three mandatory classes: HUR 249 Russia Today, HUR 141, 142 Introduction to Russian Literature I, II."

"A great number of the credits can be completed by going to St. Petersburg," Westphalen said.

I was surprised and excited and Ahh, St. Petersburg – the canals, the white nights, the Winter Palace. I thought on how much I love Russian class, the Cyrillic, the writing, speaking and reading and had a revelation in my leaving.

My minor was a major part of my life and was not something to put on the back of the troika to complete when I had spare time. Just as a major is understood as a major undertaking, so should a minor.

On the march back to my room, I whistled Prokofiev and thought of the classes I would be excited to take rather than what I had to begrudgingly fulfill to get another star on my lapel.



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

E-mail *The Press* at
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Club Spotlight: Stony Brook Free Thinkers

By Jon Singer

Practically all of the members of the Stony Brook Free Thinkers are atheists (there's one deist), but they still have praise for a dead man: Socrates. Bi-weekly meetings of the SBU Free Thinkers follow the Socratic method style of discussion, forums with unreal moderators because technically the club isn't real yet.

Set to apply for USG funding at the next possible opportunity, the free thought club at Stony Brook runs around 20 members deep. They meet in Union room 247, the room adjacent to where Muslim students pray. Vice President Mike Carley says his group has a good relationship with the Muslim students. But while members admit that one who believes in God would be excluded "by default" at one of their meetings, any and all Stony Brook students are welcome to attend, just like a meeting of the School's Intervarsity Christian Fellowship.

"It's more a philosophy club than anything else," says Carley. He says that meetings strive to be self-moderating, which is easy when most, if not all, members share the same viewpoints. But that wasn't necessarily the case on one particular Friday when the issue at hand wasn't debating the existence of

God, but what to do with the world's energy resources. Debates are simple: whoever last spoke calls on the next person. After one person suggested that Australians could extract usable energy from very hot rocks in the Outback, an-

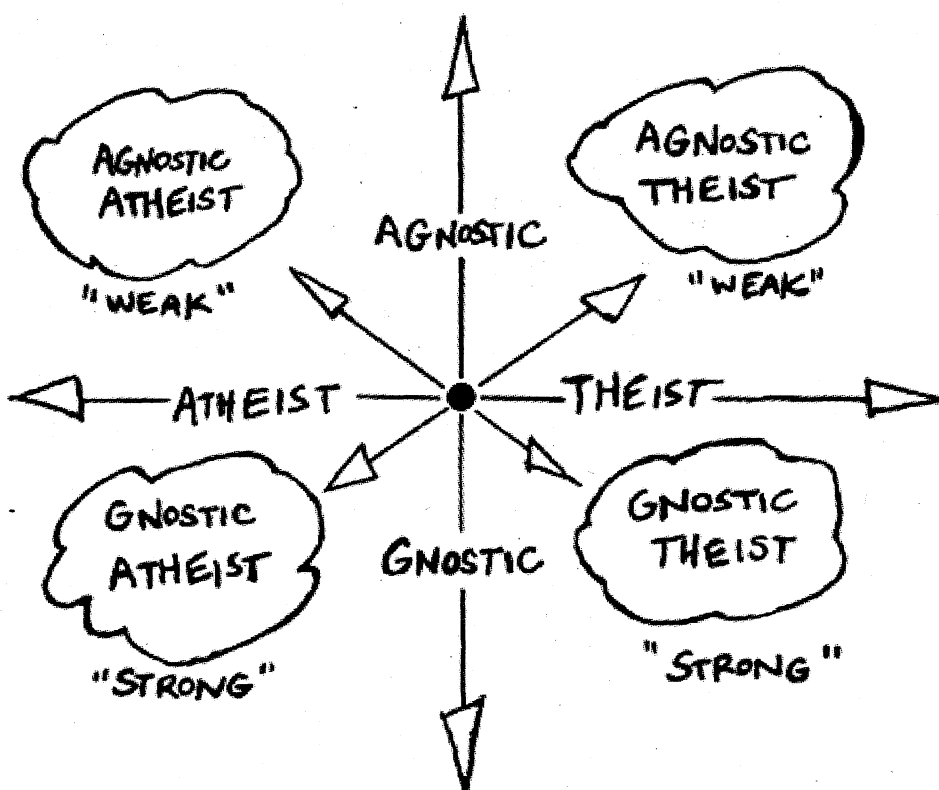
like humans can (and then perhaps believe in a God). "It was far too esoteric," says Carley. If the club ever does make it to having USG recognition, they plan to use their money to place a massive piece of paper in front of the SAC for people

committing deadly sins on a weekly basis. "Letting women have rights," jokes one member, is a sin that he commits, along with not following the Sabbath and to some extent, gluttony. The members went out to Wendy's after the Friday meeting.

"So many people find atheism so offensive," says Free Thinker Alicia Kanauer. As a new club, SBU Free Thinkers has yet to be ostracized, although some being has been taking down the club's flyers, which were put up in bathroom stalls and stairwells around campus. "No God? No Problem," said one flyer.

But members say that the most heated debate so far was over gun control, followed by the debate over drugs. Vice President Carley himself is "straight edge," meaning that he doesn't drink, smoke or do drugs. While he obviously didn't go straight edge to please anyone but himself, twice a week he engages in what he calls "discussions of morality." With some more money, SBU Free Thinkers plan to take a trip into New York City to hand out donated coats to homeless people, not homeless people in a shelter, but literally random homeless people living on the street. That eliminates the chance of a conflict of interest because churches run many homeless shelters, but the government runs some other shelters.

The debate goes on...



other member offered a suggestion that was closer to home: putting solar panels on the roofs of SBU buildings.

The meeting before that asked if computers would ever be able to emote

to write constitutional amendments and new legislation.

Those actions would create new and interesting sins, but atheist members of the SBU Free Thinkers admit to

Go-Go Pat Lays Down The Line

By Howie Newsberkman

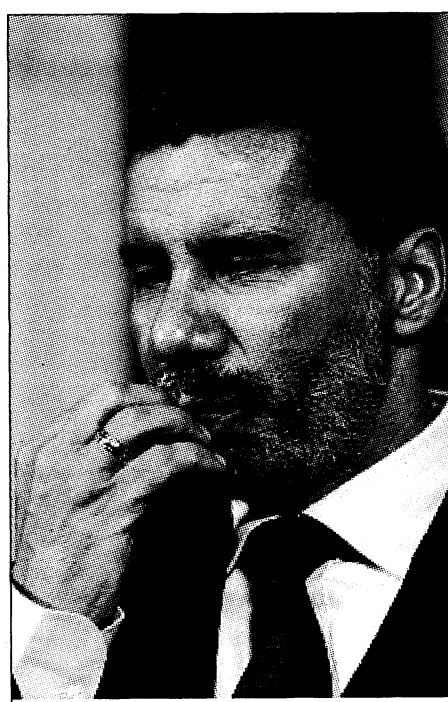
Gov. David Paterson is facing a ton of adversity these days. On top of being both blind and black, he is also married. On top of that, he experimented with coke, like the President-elect of the United States of America, who is also black...pause...not. He is only half black, but apparently that means he is black. The fact that they are both black and experimented with cocaine is just a coincidence.

While many hockey enthusiasts remember November 12 as the day the New York Islanders tied the Detroit Red Wings 1-1 to end their ten game losing streak, higher education enthusiast will remember the date as Black Wednesday. It is not because Gov. Paterson is black;

please note this is just a coincidence. Rather it is because the Governor has said that he plans to cut school aid by more than half and increase SUNY tuition by fourteen percent.

A fourteen percent hike for SUNY equates to \$600 and would increase Stony Brook's tuition to \$4,950, fifty dollars below the Tuition Assistance Program limit. A spokesman of Gov. Paterson and the Stony Brook administration could not be reached before the time of publication.

The possibility of an increase in the gas tax was touched upon as well, but Paterson said he would try to avoid this, according to *The Associated Press*. The New York State Legislature is to convene with Gov. Paterson on November 18 to discuss his new proposals and to deal with the fiscal situation looming over SUNY's future.



"Are these my fingers?"

Please note that *Newsday* ran a headline titled, "Paterson Eyes Public College Tuition Increases." We at *The Stony Brook Press* hold the honorable Governor David Alexander Paterson in the highest regard and find a cruel headline poking fun at his disability sophomoric, immature and unprofessional.

Governor Paterson is one of the few prominent blind political figures in America. And he is black. This is just a coincidence.

Extreme Technologies: Becoming Superman

By Liz Kaufman

Remember when you were five and your mom told you that people can't really fly? That it's all just part of TV? Well, it was just like her telling you "If you keep playing with it, it will fall off."

Some people get their kicks from drunkenly playing Magic: the Gathering. Hundreds, on the other hand, prefer jumping out of balloons and planes at 37,000 feet in a suit specially designed for flying. This extreme technology sport, "SkyFlying," lets you have the ability to blast through the sky at 220MPH, feeling the -50 degree Fahrenheit wind lashing across your face. Sure, it may not be as fun as Magic on a Friday night, but it is one of the most interesting of the new extreme sports out there.

Enter the world of being a "bird-man."

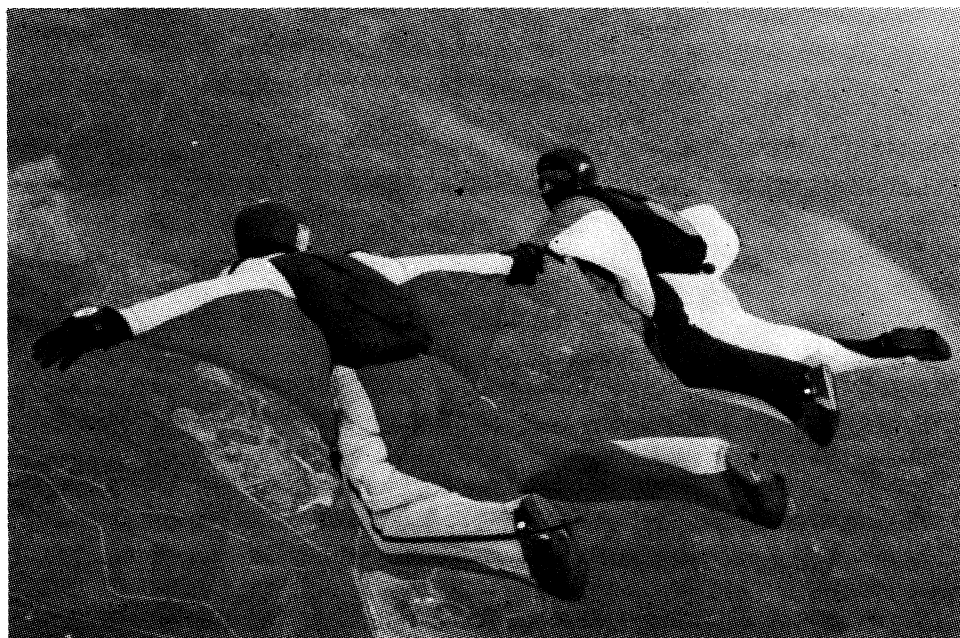
Wing suits have been around for decades. Like all cool extreme sports that seem brand new today, it was developed from trial and error and a history of innovation. Between 1930 and 1961, 72 of the 75 original "Birdmen" died while testing their inventions. These original suits were made of canvas, wood, silk, steel and, surprisingly, even whale bone. Needless to say, with the 72 originals perishing, they weren't very reliable.

Patrick de Gayardon, a French skydiver, developed a new wing suit that

surpassed all others in the early 1990s. Unfortunately, he too died in 1998, while testing a new design in Hawaii. Because of his modifications, however, he allowed for the future Birdmen to change the sport forever.

Soon enough, BirdMan Inc. was formed by Jari Kuosma of Finland and Robert Pecnik of Croatia. They're responsible for the first ever suit that was accessible and safe for all skydivers. BirdMan is also responsible for the creation of instructor programs, which is estimated to have saved countless deaths related to the sport.

Since the instructor program began, there has been a decline in death rates, and the sport has gained tremendous popularity. To date, how-



hear each other talk due to less noise. Fliers jump from both cliffs and airplanes, and can "fly" for miles, much like a bat or bird. The Flyer can reach 90MPH without any wind assistance. Departing from airplanes depends on the type of plane and special training, hence the need for instructors.

On July 31, 2003, Felix Baumgartner, a skydiver from Austria, flew across the English Channel wearing a small carbon wing fiber on his back at a twenty-mile-long freefall descent reaching a top speed of 220MPH. He was sponsored by Red Bull for this event and I'll bet they couldn't be happier that their statement, "it gives you wings," finally made sense.

Many college students often say how much they want to go skydiving for a birthday, as part of study

abroad or "Just because." How can you too obtain the ultimate rush of flying and being a "Birdman," falling through the sky without a parachute for many miles, instead of just a simple, possibly deadly, jump with a parachute? Sadly, it's not something you can dive right into (pun intended). Those wishing to wear these suits in the U.S. need to go 200 jumps with a skydiving/wingsuit instructor or 500 jumps without one. Once ordered, suits take six to nine weeks to be shipped, depending on whether or not you want a custom color. You could also rent one at any skydiving school you visit.

If you want to see some amazing footage of these suits in action, visit www.bird-man.com, the only current distributor of these suits in the U.S. You can also check out YouTube videos.

ever, there are only eight suits available, starting at about \$776 US. They are still experimental.

After spending about ten minutes for a Flyer to be locked in his suit, consisting of booties, swoop handles, and zippers, they are ready to go. Due to its nature, SkyFlying is considered more dangerous than "regular" skydiving, though technically classified as a division of the sport. The body is more restricted, but this also allows for acrobatics. Some "teams" are being formed to develop formations, acrobatics (i.e. rolls, twists, and other plane maneuvers), and backflying.

To sum up the basic mechanics, the Wingsuit wearer enters freefall, wearing both the wingsuit and a parachute. A fall is, on average, 50-60MPH and can double freefall time, but the fall is still slower than a parachute jump. This means that fliers can actually



ASIAN AMERICAN E-ZINE

CASB's Cultural Carnival with ASA, JCA, SASA & VSA

by Kai Lee Huang

One... two... the moment was here... THREE! My hands dashed straight towards the scrumptious egg tart before me. Egg tarts are comprised of the following ingredients: egg yolks, sugar, flour and more sugar. I tried to pry the egg tart from its aluminum cage, but to no avail, the egg tart was firmly stuck to the foil. Surprised at this unforeseen obstacle, I desperately shoved the egg tart into my face; hoping that I could consume the tart egg tart before anyone else. Crusts of egg tart rained down upon the table, but I paid no heed at the crumbs. Then to my dismay, the person on my right raised his arms in triumph, he finished it. I was still chewing. This was the egg tart eating competition and the start of a fun filled night. While I wiped the flakes of egg tart from my mouth, I made my way to the food table. I walked away from it with a cup of ginger ale and a generous portion of food in the other.

CASB's Cultural Carnival, co-sponsored by ASA, JCA, SASA and VSA, was a spectacular event full of games, raffles, tickets and of course, plenty of nourishment. Attendees could exchange their SAC tickets for game tickets. Tickets could then be spent like money where patrons could have Henna done, have their picture taken while wearing an elaborate kimono and lastly, win bags of goldfish.

Many of my friends opted for unique and complex designs when they had their Henna done. One person had a cobra done on his right arm while another person had Chinese symbols done on his left arm. The photo shoots were mainly dominated by women as male attendees were reluctant to don the kimono.

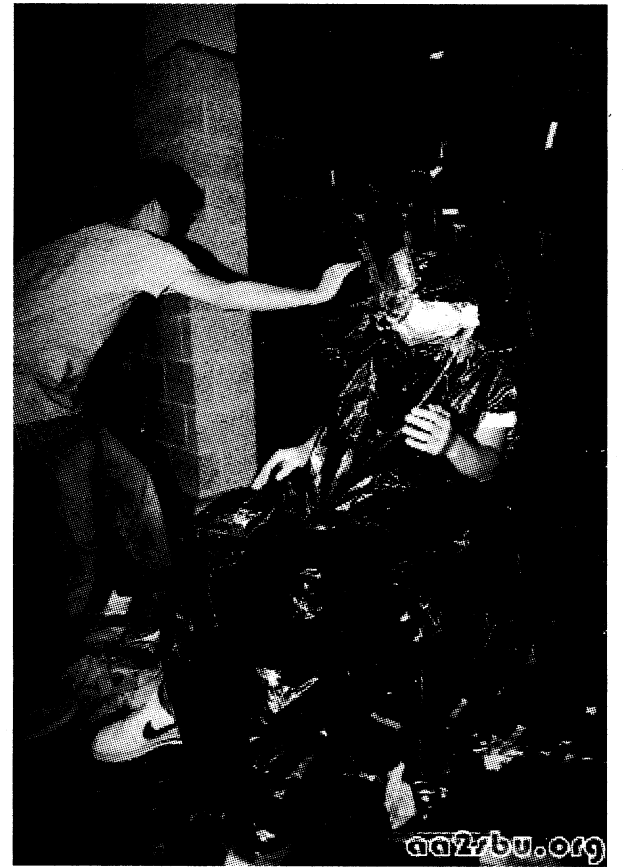
Nevertheless, many of the guys present preferred to learn how to fling deadly paper shurikens. To be fair, the patrons weren't able to make full use of the dynamics of the shurikens but a Japanese attendant showed me how to use it correctly. He explained that it's all in the wrist not the arm. Just as quickly as he explained it, he flicked a paper shuriken at the wall. Where it made a loud snap and fell to the floor. It is worth mentioning that I spent a good portion of the night learning how to properly use one. Who doesn't want to be proficient with a shuriken?

Another game that was challenging was transporting Jello cups with chopsticks. Sounds easy right? For the price of one ticket, any customer could face another competitor in a race to bring all the Jello cups to the other side. The most challenging part of the competition was of course, picking up the cups without it slipping away. My friend and I happened to compete against one another. She was

graceful with her chopsticks but she was no match for me. I taunted her and unloaded my final jello cup just as she was bringing her last Jello cup over.

I tried my luck at the goldfish table. Clients exchanged their tickets for 3 ping pong balls. In front of the customers were a series of cups. Everyone who wanted a goldfish had to successfully toss a ping pong ball into a cup. At first this appeared easy but of course there had to be a catch! Some of the cups were empty and some had marbles inside. Customers could only win a goldfish only if their balls landed in a cup with marbles. Empty weren't counted as a win. This was a game of skill and luck. Despite the overwhelming odds, I put my skill to good use and walked away with three goldfish.

CASB's Cultural Carnival was a well organized event that drew many students out for a fun night. From the guess the number of fortune cookies in a container to lion dancing, the event was a total suc-



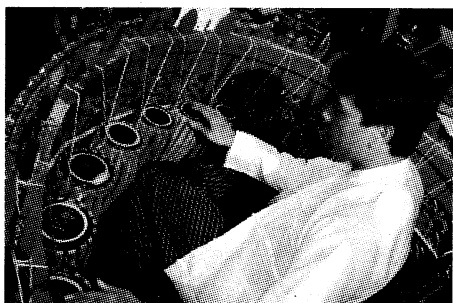
cess and I can confidently say that many students will look forward to the Cultural Carnival next year.

Upcoming Events at Stony Brook

Nov 16th: Music and Dance from Myanmar/Burma

Date: Sunday, November 16th
Time: 6:00 pm
Place: Wang Center Theatre
Tickets: \$10 students & seniors; \$15 general admission; \$25 VIP

The Charles B. Wang Center is proud to bring Kyaw Kyaw Naing, his family and friends, and the culture of Burma to Long Island on Sunday, November 16, 2008, 6pm. Naing is a master of the pat waing, a traditional Burmese drum-circle instrument comprised of 21 separately tuned drums surrounded by a horseshoe-shaped shell made of elaborately carved wood and decorated with gold leaf. The performance also features the dance and songs of Burma and concludes with a flavorful sampling of traditional Burmese cuisine.



Nov 20th: CASB's Singing Contest



Date: Thursday, November 20th
Time: 7-30-11:00 pm
Place: SAC Auditorium

CASB, the Chinese Student Association at Stony Brook is holding its annual singing contest. CASB holds tryouts for its singing contest and the result makes choosing a winner extremely difficult. In years past there have been singing contest winners who have gone on to win recording contracts. It is an event well worth attending. There will be free food, drinks and t-shirt giveaways too!

Contact CASB at:
stonycasb@gmail.com
stonycasb.blogspot.com

Nov 21st: ASA's Asian Night

Date: Thursday, November 21st
Time: 8 PM
Place: SAC Auditorium

Unlike other Asian clubs sponsored activities, Asian Night does not highlight any one culture but a blend of Asia, America and anything in between. From step dances to traditional dances, skits that concentrate on the Asian American experience, and the ever popular fashion show, Asian Night is a mixture of the new and the traditional, the insightful to the facetious. ASA, the Asian Students Association, graces the campus with this event designed to not only unify the Asian community but beyond as this event is not for Asians only, but to entertain and be entertained, since the performers themselves garner enjoyment in the process. - Stephen Yeung



Interested in writing? editing? photography? Join the Asian American E-Zine. Email us at aaezine@yahoo.com for more info or come to our weekly meetings.

Don't want a long term commitment? The next issue of Asian American Journal is coming up and they are currently accepting submissions of stories, op-ed, art, poetry, comics, articles, photography... anything you want! This is your chance to get published.

Email AAJ at aajsbu@gmail.com
www.aa2sbu.org/aaezine



MY LIFE AS A SEX WRITER W/ DICK DELICIOUS

It was a week into my job hunt and I was growing positively frustrated at what seemed like a fleeting prospect of finding work at a sex rag. Early on, I decided that sleazy online publications were my ticket to becoming gainfully employed in the porn industry. So, for many long hours, I found myself slumped over my laptop, where I sent out e-mails like crazy. A heaping list of online magazines that specialized in adult film reviews and other racy content made their way into my crosshairs. During the wait, my attention span was cut in half and I contemplated throwing in the towel. But, without warning, the opportunity fairy decided to pay me a visit.

Apparently, monicasreviews.com was interested in hiring yours truly. Monica seemed like she'd be a cool employer. She was a punky editor whose publication specialized in pay site reviews. Well, when it came to discussing the terms of my employment, she asked me how much I would ultimately charge. Considering that I would be assigned to watch full-length pornos and generate content tailored to fit a 450 plus word-count per review, I decided that my going rate would be ten dead presidents for every article written. It seemed fair to me. Monica, however, could not afford the payout. So, we left on good terms and I continued my quest, newly motivated and way horny to boot.

After more searching I discovered the Sex Herald, a large online publication with offices in Manhattan. I contacted Jessica, the editor of said publication, and she got back to me after only a few short hours. Sanford, the publisher, also contacted me and requested some sample work. I whipped up a fairly good review on a little film called *Teen Fuck Holes 7*, starring my favorite starlet, Veronique Vega. I attached the file to an e-mail, clicked 'send' and waited anxiously for a reply. As it happened, they both loved the critique and I got the gig. Bing, bong, bing. I was now officially part of the sex industry and I was positively thrilled that my writing found a home.

Sanford sent me a contract to fill out along with additional paperwork. One sheet in the mess of files asked me to list my favorite genres along with ones that I would never jerk off to. In

the process I ended up learning a lot about myself and my kinks. This portion of my contract solidified the fact that yes, I am a pig. So, the terms of my employment were pretty straightforward. The position I attained wasn't going to pay, but I was to keep all of the

were all pretty cool people. Two of the reviewers were gay. So, when Jessica gave them a bundle of porn to divvy up they scanned the stack of beat flicks and feverishly tore through the DVD shrink-wrap like a pack of wolves that had just been tossed a bloody rib eye.

small item that he carelessly dropped on the table. The lighting at the bar was so poor that I couldn't make out what this thing was at first. It danced like a top and shimmered. It nearly bounced into my basket of seafood, but once it laid flat I noticed that it was a very large cock ring. Sanford smirked and told my shocked coworker that he had a big mouth then he asked, "Hey dipshit, can you fill that?" Fucking crazy.

So, there I was with a dozen adult films in my possession, I was a little weirded out and full on calamari and good beer. It was funny, everyone else had brought knapsacks to carry their smut back home with them and I didn't think to do so. I asked our waiter if he had any bags behind the bar. He did, and to my dismay he handed me one that was clear and plastic. Naturally, I was a little embarrassed, considering that I had \$350 in pornography tucked away in a see-through bag that I had to lug around the busy Manhattan streets.

When I got back to Pennsylvania Station my train had just reached the tracks and I ran like a madman to catch it. All the while the many eyes of those people I nearly knocked over while trying to reach my track platform locked on the contents of my bag of shame.

I pushed my way inside the train and was nudged in the back by some kid with a huge duffle bag. The flicks in my bag nearly spilled onto the floor. The person who accidentally hit me offered me an apology and when I turned around to face him I realized that he and I went to high school together. Great.

Holy shit, I thought. My former classmate looked at me funny during the whole ride and I could see why. It was a bad scene, man. He hadn't seen me in years, I was sweaty and out of breath from all of that running and I looked like the biggest pervert on the fucking planet with all of that smut in my possession. What were the odds? That train ride home was an interesting one; there was no doubt about that. The silence was stifling and you could tell that my dear high school buddy, a doctor to be, thought that I was pure scum.

But, at least I had embarked on the job of my wet dreams. All was right with the world.

SexHerald.com Volume 6 - Issue 2

Infidelity: Moving On and Opening Up

Object of My Affection

Non-Prescription Male Enhancement Pills: They Don't Do What You Want Them To!

ISSN #1933-4247

films I reviewed plus, I would be awarded a byline. Not too shabby.

A few weeks later my editor told me that there was going to be a film review team meeting in Manhattan. I was set to meet Jessica, my fellow staff, and Sanford. The whole thing was great. I took the train into the city to sit in at a magazine meeting, how fucking cool is that?

The meeting was at some gay bar that was ranked number one in the big city. It was a beautiful establishment. The meals and drinks were all paid for, courtesy of Sanford. So I decided to go all out. I ordered a basket of fried calamari and some imported beer priced at nine dollars a bottle. I met my editor and the rest of the review team. They

The infamous and elusive Sanford, who some of the Herald staffers had yet to meet, arrived late to the show. This Sanford is a pretty creepy dude. After he got settled and ordered a vodka double he started asking me lots of questions. His acute paranoia came through strong during our chat. He asked me what I was into, sex-wise, whether or not I engaged in fucking and how good a writer I thought I was. After introducing some questions of my own, Sanford was convinced that I was a cop. The whole thing seemed nuts.

At this point, one of the staffers made an off-color comment at Sanford's expense. Outraged, my publisher reached into his pocket and produced a

Student Faculty Staff Retreat Demystified

By Alex Nagler & Tia Mansouri

The Student Faculty Staff Retreat is a tradition nearly half as old as Stony Brook, dating back to 1984. The Retreat has been instrumental in implementing a variety of important changes that have benefited the University; developments include Alternative Spring Break, the marching band, and possibly the most important of all the implemented changes, Campus Lifetime. Each Retreat is themed to try to enact the most focused change, with the 2008 theme being Enhancing Undergraduate Involvement.

This year, *The Press* sent two intrepid editors, Alex Nagler and Tia Mansouri, to infiltrate the Retreat and try to figure out what really goes on in during this supposed academic getaway. After somehow gaining acceptance to the lofty halls of the Seawolf Bohemian Grove located at Glen Cove Mansion, Friday November 7, the two ambled on to the compact coach bus and went where no *Press* Staffer had gone before.

Upon arrival, they were greeted by something that did actually seem academic in nature. There were scheduled talks on what made an educated person, break off groups discussing the various

aspects of the National Survey of Student Engagement (NSSE), and working lunches. President Kenny even made an appearance, giving a special talk about the impact the event has had over the years and what we can hope to gain from not only the weekend, but continually working to advance our undergraduate educational experience.

The NSSE, pronounced "Nessie" by all those in attendance is a nation-wide survey with one branch conducted by the SUNY system to gauge the involvement and experiences of the various campuses. Stony Brook took the data provided and compared it to 11 other American Association of Universities members, the elite 62 member organization of research universities that Stony Brook is a member of, that were large public research universities. It also compared them to 11 other universities that were similar to Stony Brook in terms of the applicant profiles. The results, divided between freshmen and senior respondents, were statistically negligible with the exception of categories dealing with overall satisfaction. Being the Princeton Review's "Third Unhappiest University," this develop-

ment should be no surprise to regular readers. If you want to listen to a company called the Princeton Review, that is.

However, the satisfaction questions yielded an interesting result: students who were engaged in educated conversations with people of different ethnicities and backgrounds were some of the happiest respondents. Multiculturalism seemed to breed happiness in these situations, which is a good thing, as Stony Brook is certainly filled with diversity.

After the findings were presented certain faculty and staff members debated the validity of the survey, in one of the more heated discussions of the weekend. One argument was that since the average grade of those who responded to the survey was a C, it therefore comes as no surprise that self-selected underachievers, upset with the university due to their grades, would give dissatisfied responses. "For all we know," one professor argued, "we could be comparing the disgruntled C students of Stony Brook to the satisfied A students of Indiana."

From there, what it means to be an educated person was discussed, and we all agreed: we don't know. Reading every book in a library doesn't make an individual an educated person. President Kenny mused that nothing learned is everything wasted, restating the importance of her undergraduate education in journalism and how sometimes becoming an academic administrator occurs through a series of happy accidents.

All seemed merely academic at first, but then the clock struck 8:30, the designated relaxation period. The reporters wondered: What would it be made up of? Would there be beer? And what

was the mysterious shuffle board everyone kept referencing? While the Glen Cove Mansion boasts walking trails, a fitness center, indoor pool and jacuzzi, massage sessions and various room amenities, most recreational activity happened on the second floor, past the double staircase, in what was known as "The Pub." Quickly, the reporters trekked up to said Pub, waiting to see what madness would unfold. What they were greeted with was shocking: professors and administrators acting human.

Gone were the ivory towers, off were the neckties. Books were replaced with shuffleboard pucks, spreadsheets with billiards balls, and test tubes with Jenga blocks. It was strange, but not entirely unwelcome to refer to various Deans, whose letters of recommendation could make or break a graduate school application, by their first names. Team building activities allowed all those in attendance to establish rapports where normally there would be none. The College Bowl, enthusiastically hosted by Alex, grouped students, faculty and staff together to answer trivia questions. Amidst Alex's various references to Legends of the Hidden Temple and everyone coming to the firm conclusion that Professor Kerber should try to become Jeopardy champion, the game was just one example of how the weekend created new connections and relationships. In all, the Retreat was what its name implied - a chance to get away from the Stony Brook societal norms and act human. Oh, and Tia came within 15 points of linguistics professor Mark Aranoff at Scrabble.

Overall, the Retreat was a grand old time for those who participated, allowing students to get off campus for a day, play some games, and contribute to the future of the University. It's recommended for anyone who wants to potentially enact systematic change from within, and even if that's not your bag, there was nary a Chartwells label to be seen on any of the food.



Microcastle Review Gives 'Em The Business

By Josh Ginsberg

By mid-2008, there were three albums I was anxious for, the follow-ups to the previous year's *Strawberry Jam*, by Animal Collective, *Friend Opportunity*, by Deerhoof, and *Cryptograms*, by Deerhunter. In the advent of Deerhunter leader Bradford Cox's side-project Atlas Sound's debut, and amidst rumors of Deerhunter's dissolution, I expected that the Deerhunter album would be the record that wasn't released of the three. Ultimately, the Animal Collective album got pushed back, I stopped caring about Deerhoof and Deerhunter got back together. I'd read about the forthcoming LP, the questionably titled *Microcastle*, and I imagined an album of unsettling, delay-drenched sound-scapes, lengthy forays into ambient music and the melodramatic angst of the notoriously flamboyant Cox. When the album leaked this summer I was shocked to find that the epic, difficult album that I was anticipating had not been made after all. Instead, I sat at my computer shocked by the clarity of the upbeat, hi-fi, pop that *Microcastle* was.

After the brief, euphoric build of the album's first track, at that time titled "Intro," but released as "Cover Me (Slowly)," came what may have become my favorite Deerhunter track of all time, "Agoraphobia." I didn't realize it at the time, but guitarist Lockett Pundt sang lead vocals for the first time on "Agoraphobia." Pundt was the composer of my previous favorite Deerhunter song, the Cox sung "Strange Lights." Pundt's voice goes well with Cox's on *Microcastle*. Both voices are airy and

light, with Cox's intoxicated emoting and histrionics of old replaced with an icy cool. The vague, bobbing of "Agoraphobia" gives way to another candidate for the best Deerhunter song, "Never Stops," which along with the later track,

The title track sounds at first like a bleary-eyed, late night, country song, vaguely reminiscent of Yo La Tengo's "Green Arrow." Cox's ethereal vocals sound the way a wistful exhalation of smoke looks. The song gradually

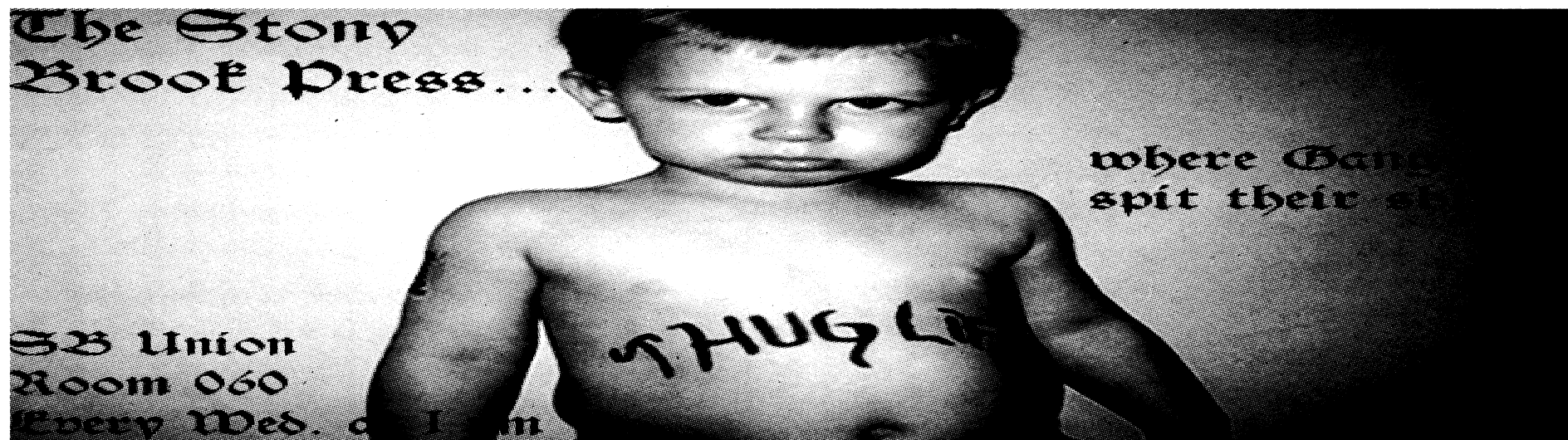
out more than any song the band had ever released. The song's warm summer feel is countered with Cox's vocal ennui. The deliberate, modestly spaced guitar jam that ensues keeps the good vibrations going and at the five minute and nine seconds mark, one of the band's three guitarists starts playing the catchiest riff Deerhunter ever wrote. After the nearly six minute long "Nothing Ever Happened," "Saved By Old Times," a warped, rural jaunt, equipped with an almost beefy/garage-y guitar line gives way to a sound collage courtesy of one of the members of fellow Atlanta indie rock bands, Black Lips. The album closes in a stately manner. Penultimate track, "Neither Of Us, Uncertainly" is another highlight on an album loaded with them and is Pundt's second go as lead singer. Tremolo-laced, swirling guitars create a slightly dizzying, sonic pasture, evocative of orchestral music. The album's closer "Twilight At Carbon Lake" rips off a classic fifties progression and adapts it to the bands shoegazey aesthetic. With the addition of some more guitar tracks and distortion, Deerhunter start a slow-burning fire which eventually explodes, incinerating the dark, packed venue in which I imagine them playing their ghostly melodies, to a crowd of slowly swaying indie-kids. While *Microcastle* didn't serve as the revelatory album of space-guitar, mood music I was hoping for, it some how managed to be a far more palatable album than I had expected, merging muscular rock seamlessly with waif-ish, after hours pop. The jury isn't in yet on album of the year, but right now *Microcastle* seems like its ass is goin' be locked up.



"Nothing Ever Happened," suggest that an integral part of *Microcastle* is a straight up (albeit indie) rock album. The songs get more and more drifts as the first half of the album concludes, with songs like "Microcastle," "Calvary Scars," "Green Jacket" and "Activa," which, in sharp contrast with *Cryptogram*'s spacey songs, are very brief.

morphs into a driving song, but the chord changes still suggest something old, placid and American. It's a weird feeling to get from a band notoriously known for having their former guitarist suck Cox off (lolz, no pun intended) during a live show.

"Nothing Ever Happened" is surely the album's greatest triumph, rocking



Now In Theatres

"Pump It" Feat. Kill-y You



Zack and Miri Start A Family And Live Politically Correct Lives



The Dark Knight



Role Models: The George W. Bush Story



Arts'n'Chaos

By Jon Singer

Chaos of sorts overran room 4232 of the Staller Center on Monday. Chaos that was extracted from a simple assignment given by Professor Grady Gerbracht: "Make a gesture that is enacted multiple times and has a significance the audience can understand."

Some gestures lasted a few minutes. Others, like Andrew Broussard's praise for "The Prophet Fourier" and "The Church of Mathematics and Science," took place over the course of the three-hour class. At half past each hour from four to seven, Broussard walked to the corner of the room and prayed to the chalkboard.

Written on the board were math equations, but Stephanie Concepcion couldn't see them. She willingly kept her eyes shut for the duration of class, missing her classmates' pieces of performance art. "As chaotic as it is, it's definitely a fun one," said professor Gerbracht, referring to past years of madness that included a student wearing nothing but post-it notes.

It became art when that student encouraged her classmates to peel off the post-its at will.

This year featured the opposite, with David Giacofei turning his this time clothed body into a canvas, handing out washable markers for artists to write on him. One person wrote, "Thug Life." Another wrote "Welcome to Thunderdome," while someone else drew a smiling dinosaur on the canvas' arm. "To me, this is more of a self commentary for each person," said Giaofei. Then there were the expletives that people wrote. "I didn't lay down any boundaries," he said before walking out of class with "B——" written on the back of his shirt.

Another student, whose name will also be censored, performed a monologue recalling a time when her character performed sexual favors for concert tickets and over \$78 worth of lingerie. She even started off her performance naked and then proceeded to dress up in what looked like an expensive pair of women's underwear.

Some looked away at the student's exposed breasts, while Concepcion, still in character, didn't see them at all. "Performance art doesn't work for blind people," she said. "It's unfair and discriminatory."

Things were dangerous when Heather Hall presented her piece. Dressed in fashion that one described

as suitable for Greenwich Village, she was strung up like a marionette with tape over her mouth and strategically placed strings scattered throughout her performance. Some signs read, "You are ugly," "Bikini body" and "Perfection." The danger came when the performer held up a pair of scissors, encouraging her classmates to set her free. But with the support of her classmates, the blind artist was able to participate without any tragic cutting incident. "Everyone is equal in the eyes of mathematics," said Broussard, as he helped Concepcion cut a string.

Then there was Chris Sorto, who performed by shaving his face, brushing his teeth and going to bed. He remained asleep for a good portion of class, sleeping on a table in front of the chalkboard that Broussard would pray to (he went as far as getting on his knees and praying). "There is always a sleeper," said Professor Gerbracht. "This one we get the hygiene ritual beforehand."

"It would have been cool if he shaved his head," said one classmate.

As the most soft-spoken member of Gerbracht's ARS 205 class, Malcolm Carrott worked to offend some while reaming humble to others. He handed out pieces of paper, each with one of

two messages on them: "I'm pretty shy and don't like speaking out in public so I wrote this as opposed to saying it aloud. What is your opinion of me?" versus "I really don't give a fuck what you think and I don't speak in class much because I couldn't care less about your opinion, but I need it for the project. So what do you think of me." Responses ranged from "You're pretty rad" written on the former message, to "Yes I will marry you," on the latter. Broussard's response was "Triangle, square, circle."

Kaoru Kitamura gave each student five seconds to draw what the previous student had drawn (another piece that Concepcion found difficult). Essentially, what started off as a guitar ended up as a smiling face. Sophie Shi stood in a flowerpot and literally watered herself, while "Adie Subliminal" sold medication that she said would cure ugliness, obesity, dullness and stupidity. "Because taking pills is fun," she said, as she downed a pill with a bottle of water.

Then there was the student who acted like a journalist, some sort of reporter for a campus newspaper. "It becomes art when people see their name and work in the paper," he says.

Doctor Atomic: An Opera of Mass Destruction

By Alex Aitch Nagler

When the curtain went down on John Adams' "Doctor Atomic," I found myself unable to applaud the performance I had just witnessed. It was not because it was a poor performance. On the contrary, it was brilliant. Gerald Finley owned the role of J. Robert Oppenheimer, layering his character through a nuanced, bombastic performance. His control was best demonstrated in the first act's final aria, "Batter My Heart," whose lyrics came from the works of poet John Donne.

My inability to applaud did not stem from the staging. It was cinematic in nature, and may mandate multiple viewings to catch all the subtleties director Penny Woodcock has interlaced into the performance because of the use of movable walls as cubicles to show the scientists at work. Those cubicles doubled as a projection surface for the various maps, charts, and images that flashed by as the opera progressed.

It certainly wasn't the fault of the masterful score that John Adams put to-

gether. The orchestra served as its own character, constantly nervous, yet hopeful and determined about the work of the scientists on stage. The various solos given to characters, be they Oppenheimer's evocation of Charles Baudelaire to his wife, Kitty, played by Sasha Cooke, or General Leslie Groves, played by Eric Owens, berating a meteorologist one moment, then discussing his calorie counting efforts the next. There was plenty to do and allow each singer to shine in their own way. The reason I didn't applaud most likely has to do with the fact that from the start of the opera, this was a horror movie whose ending was already known. While the scientists were worried as to whether or not the bomb would go off or what the payload would be or whether the weather would affect it, we knew what was going to happen. We knew what would happen a month later. The bomb itself, or "the gadget" as those who worked on it called it, hung over the second act. The opening scene raised a sculpture of debris over the stage, which remained static until the very end when the whirring, ticking orchestration, the Bhagavad-Gita chanting choir, and

lights marked the birth of the Atomic Era.

But these two things are minor compared to the final thing the audience both saw and heard. As the lights from the explosion fade away, a scrim is lowered in front of the entire cast. This same scrim opened the opera with a projection of the periodic table of elements, one of the few language-less items in existence in the opera. In contrast to the universality of science, humanity was brought to the center. The meek voice of a Japanese woman was heard pleading, "A drink of water, please."

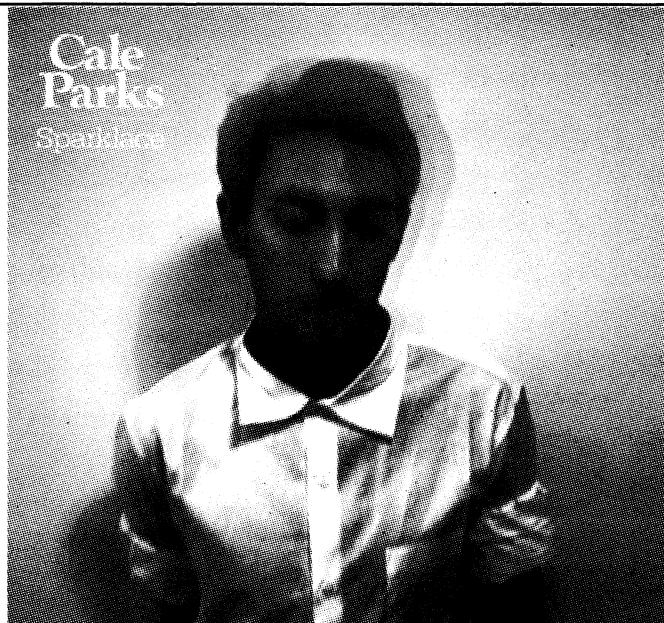
This request, common of the victims of Nagasaki and Hiroshima, was the reason I could not in good conscience applaud. Whether or not that was Adams intent, I do not know. But then the curtain opened and the artists stepped out, and I applauded. These people were not who they pretended to be; they were artists who had just put on a beautiful opera. They deserved applause.



It was da bomb.

arts&entertainment

THE SCENE

Cale Parks - *Sparklace*

By Katie Knowlton

Cale Parks, most well known for his role as multi-instrumentalist for the band Aloha, recently released his second solo album, *Sparklace*. Honestly, I did not know

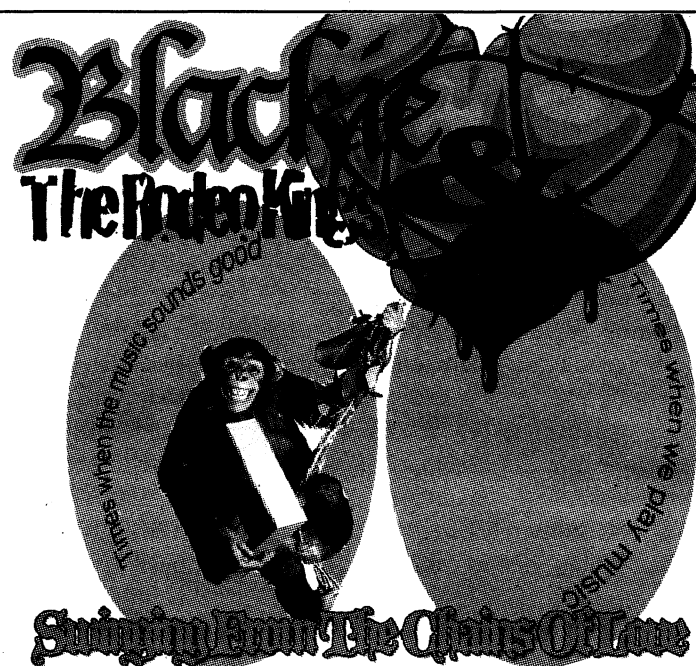
what to expect going into this review. I had never heard of Cale Parks or Aloha, and the only information I had about either was that they were both signed to Polyvinyl records, home of current indie darlings Of Montreal. Maybe being more enveloped in the indie music scene would have given me more context and appreciation of this album, but it really isn't that good.

Sparklace is a mixture of electro and indie-pop, a combination that seems to be quite popular as of late. Almost everything on the album is synthesized; the only live instrumentation comes from drumming and guitar on a handful of the tracks, and Parks' voice, but even that is passed through a number of digital effects. There is not necessarily anything wrong with electro music, there is a lot out there that is quite good, but in this instance it just feels uninspired.

The first two-thirds of the album sound like what would happen if Explosions in the Sky, Cagey House and Zero 7 all had an orgy and managed to conceive a music love child, except someone (probably that klutzy Cagey House) dropped said love child on its head, several times. These tracks are, for the most part, slow and meandering. They just drift along at their own pace, but never really get anywhere. Parks is content to let the same beats and samples play over and over again for three or four minutes without really adding anything to make them interesting. There is no build up, or subtle additions of other instrumentation, just his droning, over produced vocals. All of the songs, save the intro and outro, feature Parks' vocals, albeit in a form far removed from what they sound like in the real world (I assume anyways). They are put through several filters, the most noticeable being extreme reverb and echo. They add a dream like quality to the songs, but it makes it difficult to understand the lyrics, which generally are no more impressive than the tracks mentioned before.

The last third of the album, though, isn't too bad. It almost feels like a different album in comparison to the first section. The pace is much more lively, with a lot of interesting and quick live drumbeats. These driving rhythms provide for a much better base for the samples and synth lines found on this album than the computer-generated beats of the first parts of the album. One song in particular, "A Long Time In The Air," makes the best use of this combination; it ends up sounding a lot like a Police song from the *Synchronicity* era, which is a lot better than sounding like a demented electro love child.

Sparklace, is just another indie-electro-pop record. It has nothing on it that hasn't already been done five thousand times, and generally done better. If you're a fan of Aloha, or Park's first solo album, you'll probably like this. If not, don't waste your money, or time, downloading this.

Blackie and the Rodeo Kings - *Swinging From the Chains of Love*

By Andrew Fraley

Among the boring old worthless solicitations that we here at *The Press* receive on a regular basis, there appeared a true diamond in the rough. In a non-descript CD

sleeve sat a pearl before us swine. Blackie and the Rodeo Kings and their never-before-released album, *Swinging From The Chains Of Love*, are the newest addition to the august *Press* music library. The album is so fresh, it doesn't even have a cover yet! Pictured above is one I made up to give readers an idea of this album's feel, its essence. Plus I needed to fill space.

For those of you who don't know, Blackie and the Rodeo Kings is the hottest band to import from our neighbors to the north. Formed in 1996, they are Canada's biggest super group—besides The New Pornographers, Broken Social Scene, The Arcade Fire, Our Lady Peace, etc.—and have won numerous Canadian accolades over their twelve-year history, such as Juno awards, whatever those are. Old Tom Wilson sure assembled himself a ragtag bunch of champions; these guys totally dominate the Canadian Alternative Country genre.

The band really hit the spotlight when they were one of the featured artists of President George Bush's iPod playlist. They were featured among other great artists, like John Hiatt, a man who sings numerous anti-Bush songs; John Fogerty, the CCR sellout; Stevie Ray Vaughan, that poor dead bastard; and James McMurtry, some other no-name jerk. Ironically, the name of the featured Blackie song is called, "Swinging From the Chains of Love."

This is just further proof Bush's music tastes is as sound as his policies. And yes, that pun was intended. In fact, if you look close enough, you can find correlations between each song and each implemented policy. Van Morrison's "New Biography" was all about Bush's desire to revise his history and wipe away the shame of being America's worst president. Joni Mitchell's "(You're so Square) Baby, I Don't Care" inspired his push for abstinence-only education for schools. And "Swinging From the Chains of Love" was obviously about Bush's anti gay marriage stance. He's trying to protect them from themselves, and the ultimate heartache that being able to marry brings. Bush proves his innovation with remarkable results. And Blackie and the Rodeo Kings were at the forefront of this historic, radical, new policy-making procedure. Kudos to them and their influence over such powerful figures in history!

As for the album itself, I honestly couldn't tell you what it was like. The other staffers kept yelling at me to turn off the music for some reason, and I kept zoning out because the music was mostly unremarkable. I spent the entire time making that silly album cover and didn't even notice when the music had stopped. Well, I guess this music just isn't for everyone.

THE SCENE

Break Ya' Neck! Busta Busts Shit in NYC

By Ilyssa Fuchs

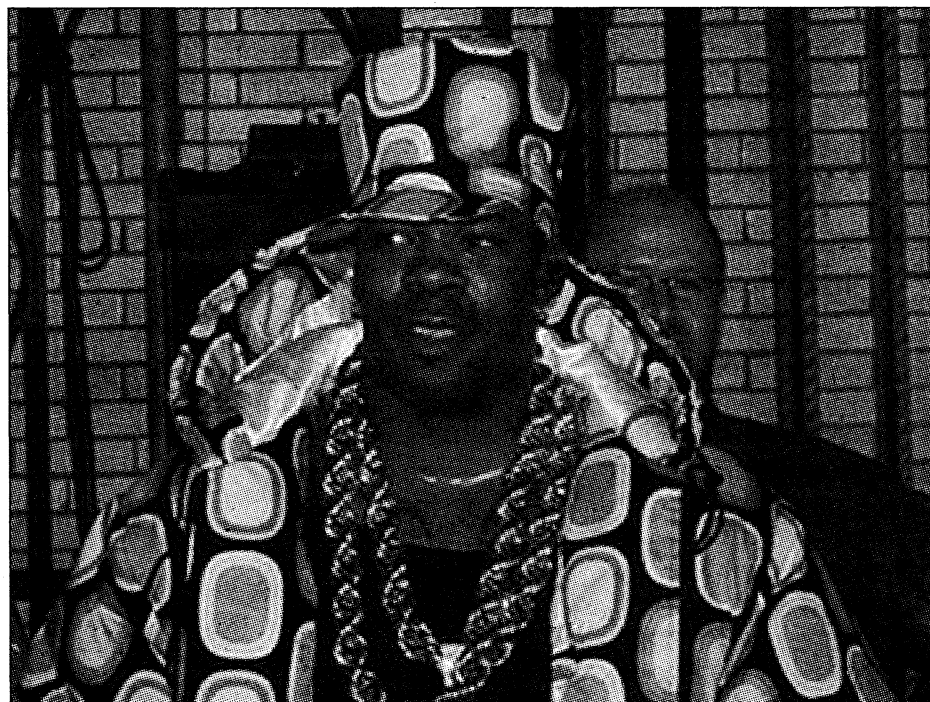
Busta Rhymes is a hip-hop legend. Throughout his career, he has released over seven albums, gone on several world tours and laid down tracks with some of the biggest names in the music game. With all of his popularity, Busta easily could have played Madison Square Garden and quite possibly even sold out the entire stadium, but he didn't. Instead, Busta did a free concert for 200 of his fans at the Knitting Factory on Leonard St. in the Financial District, and I had the great pleasure to be in attendance.

Last week, one of my close friends told me that he had two tickets for an exclusive VIP concert for Busta's true fans. Of course I was excited about the whole event because it isn't too often you get to see a legend in such a small venue. Busta is a real hip-hop artist who plays for the fans.

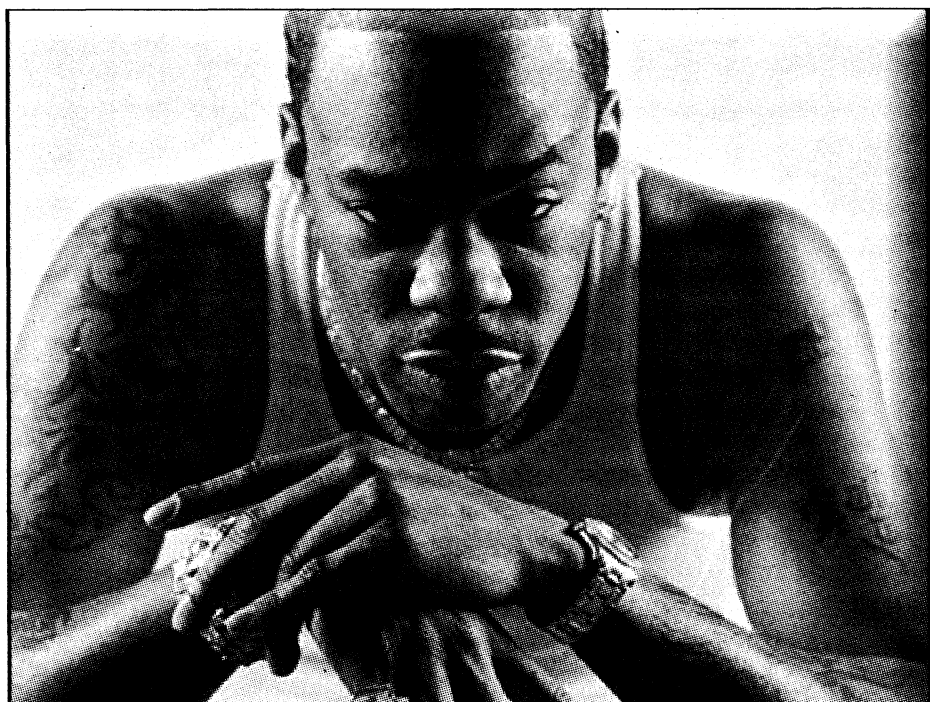
When we arrived at the Knitting Factory, I was surprised at how long the line was, considering we had gotten there early as told. We waited on line for about an hour and bullshitted with the people around us. We even met a chick from Italy who had been living in the US for only five months, but said she wouldn't pass up the chance to see

Busta. Around 8pm, they started letting people into the venue. I had never been to the Knitting Factory before, so I was surprised at how small and personal it actually was. At that point I was really thinking, "Damn, this is a VIP exclusive event and how lucky am I to be one of 200 people seeing Busta tonight, for free!" For about an hour they had a guest DJ playing hip-hop, new and old, and the crowd was loving it. There was a screen up with a number to text if you wanted to put a message up for everyone in the venue to see. Everyone was texting in with things like "Queen's in the building" and their MySpace page URLs. I didn't hesitate to text in "Vote 4 Obama," which got a loud cheer when it came up on the screen. At 10pm, Busta's opening act, Pacific Division, took the stage. Pac Div, as they call themselves, is a group of three young men from Los Angeles; although nobody in the crowd had really heard of them, the repetitive hooks and beats made it easy for them to pick up the lyrics. They performed for about a half hour and then made their exit. At this point, the crowd was getting a bit antsy and everyone was just about ready to see Busta come on and do his thing.

At 11pm on the dot the screen went up, the stage went dark, and when the lights went back up there was Busta and his posse on stage. Busta lit up a giant



No words needed.



Busta, all up in yo' grill

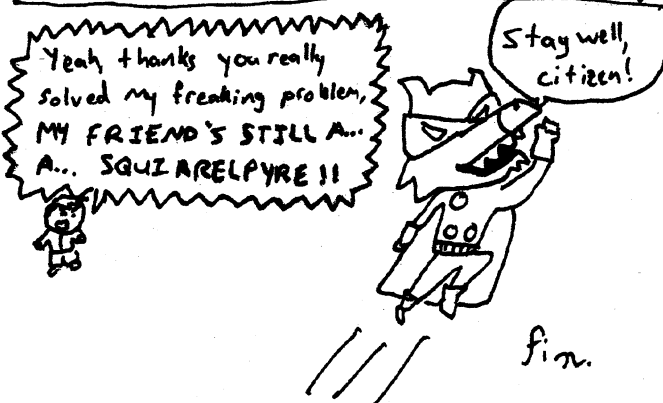
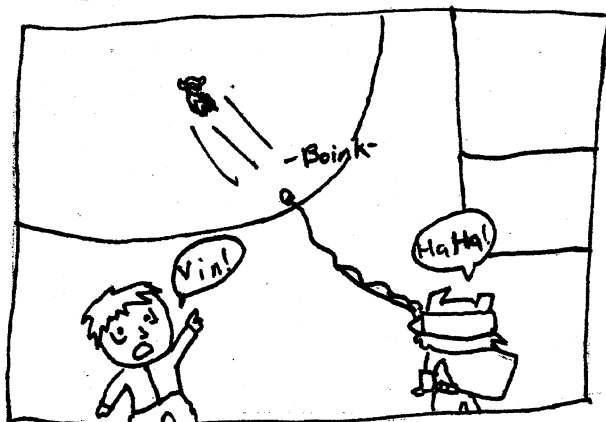
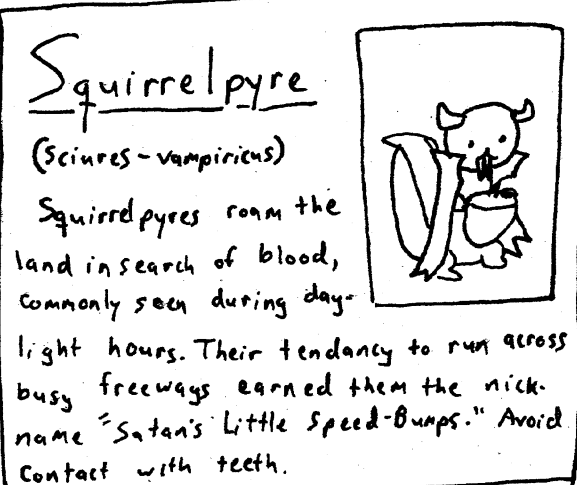
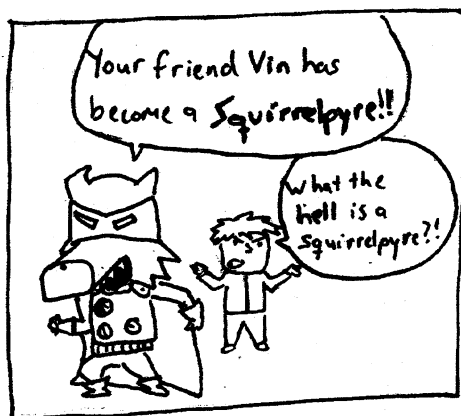
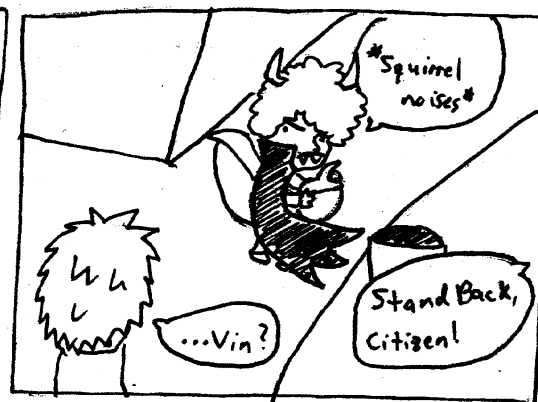
cigar and the audience went wild. Black and white folks alike threw up their hands as Busta started performing his first song. I was so caught up in the music and the action that I couldn't even tell you what he did first. What I can tell you is he is amazing because of his legendary stature and the massive number of tracks he has recorded over his career. He had so many songs to choose from, and he did his best to do as many as possible. He would start a song and then say, "Nah, I really don't feel like doing that one," and then go right into another one. He even took requests from the audience. He did new stuff and old stuff, ranging from "Case of the PTA," the song which made him famous in the mid-90's, "Break Ya Neck," his part of the Ying-Yang twins song "Whistle," "Gimme Some More," "Tear Da Roof Off," "Put Ya Hands Where My Eyes Can See," "Make it Clap," and so many more. His stage presence was incredible, and the way he worked the crowd had everyone sweating. He did Caribbean tunes, "Woo-Hah Got You All in Check," and even brought Q-Tip out on the stage for a guest appearance to perform "Scenario" and "Vibrant Thing." He mentioned how the reason he could do so many songs was because he had hits, even ones people forgot. Between songs, he

got personal with the crowd, made people laugh and even endorsed Senator Obama for President. Of course there was gratuitous use of the N word and even more gratuitous use of marijuana on stage, to which he said, "I don't give a fuck about security," before going right into the next track. Notably, he made a point that real hip-hop artists do not go on stage and rap over their own tracks, they do the tracks live, and anything they can do in the studio, they can do on the stage. He ended the show with what he calls, "The Arab Money Dance," which he claims is now being done in every country all over the world, and told everyone to go out and buy his new album when it drops in February. Overall, I'd have to say Busta was amazing. His energy and the way he worked the crowd is something that only he could accomplish. To step back a second and realize that it's more important to do a small concert for your real fans rather than a large one that makes you a whole lot of money, but is so impersonal. Finally, if you want to see a show that gives you a work out, then Busta is the show to see because he had the crowd going almost non-stop for just about an hour. Kudos Busta Bust!

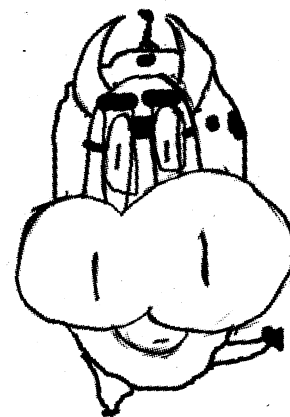
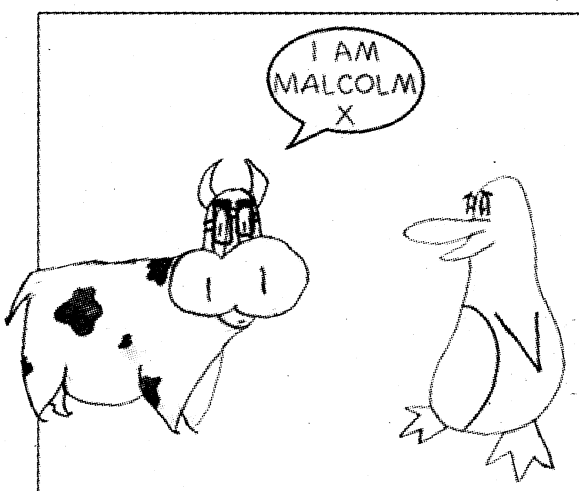
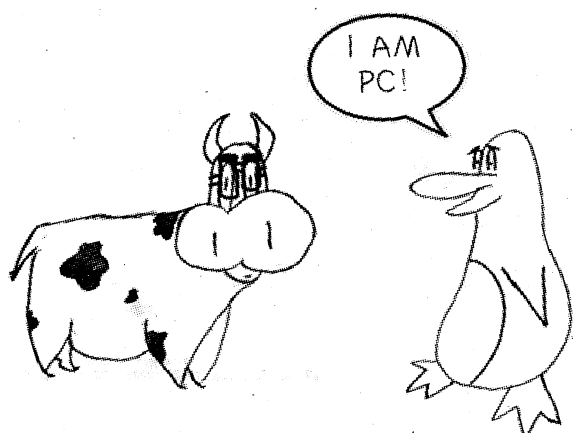
THE COMICS SECTION

The SCARLET SEAWOLF

By: Frank Myles



AVANTGARDE BY WERNER VON BLUR



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Poetical Poesy

Poems by Amyl Nitrate
Mystery man

I wish I had someone to call me darling
When he looks at me and thinks me asleep
To hold my soft brown hand in his hand
As we sit in his Camaro and listen to Radiohead
Or some band like that

I wish I had someone to hold
Someone who sees the beauty in everything
A man man whose heart glows with
Melted bars of color connected
a blend of Persion vibes who
collapse warmly against one another
shoulder to shoulder, those vibes

Enchante!

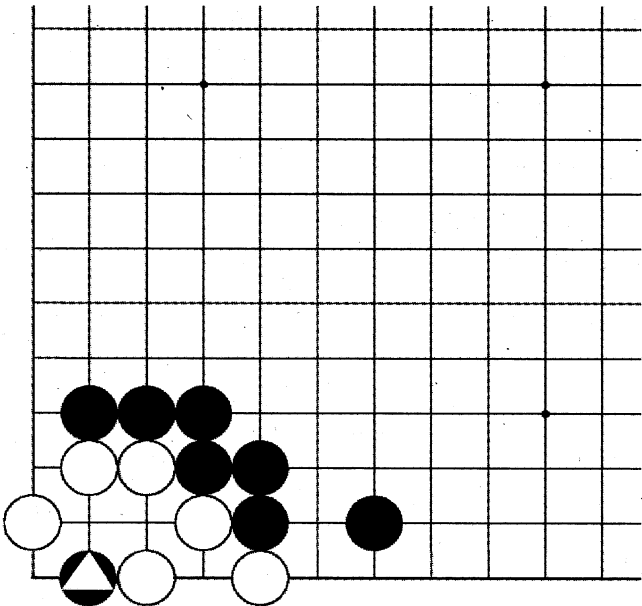
His accent was a fusion of French and Italian
His voice a thousand memories
Spun out to those lost at sea
He could make my heart race faster and harder
Than the blades of a finely made fan

I heard him speak
A Dever cello caught in his throat
A verse spilled forth a clumsy growl
I heard him speak
A handmade Valentine
A crayon cutout design
I heard him speak
An earnest journal scrawl
Strung out strangely in the middle of the night

We sat and stared at each other bewildered

I heard him speak
And fell in love.

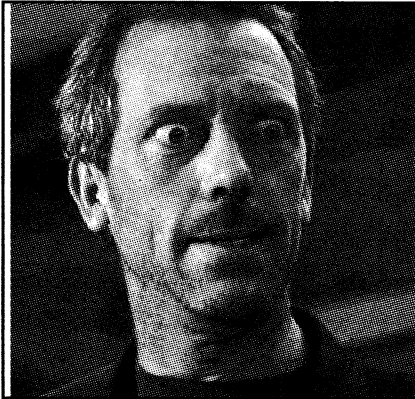
Go For It, Man!



Issue 4 Solution

TOP TEN

Members of Barack Obama's Cabinet



Special Bonus:
Surgeon General
Gregory House,
MD

- 10Secretary of Agriculture:
John Deere
- 9Secretary of the Interior:
Martha Stewart
- 8Secretary of Education:
Mr. Feeny
- 7Secretary of Energy:
Magneto
- 6Secretary of the Treasury:
Scrooge McDuck
- 5Attorney General:
Harvey T. Birdman
- 4Secretary of Defense:
Boba Fett
- 3Secretary of State:
Ben from LOST
- 2Secretary of Homeland Security:
Xena, Warrior Princess
- 1Secretary of Commerce:
Shirley Strum Kenny

The Electric Kool-Aid Suffolk County Republican Committee Fucking Acid Test

By Ross Barkan

So we're speeding down some route on some ashy highway in the carnival cornucopia that is Suffolk County—which highway when?—a drowsy strip of brown and blue and ink jet ether slamming your eyes *yee ha!* my not-long time buddies "Shazam" Sean and "Jailbatin" Joe along for the lollipop sunshine explosion that is—*was*—the Suffolk County Republican Committee!

Ah, so here's the *fantasy*. Big kooks in the journalism department tell me—tell the word *inside of me*—that Election Day is coming up. Electric Elective Erection Election Day, apparently some plutocratical blueberry harvest in which two whitish men in suits - *one maybe black!* - vie to becoming Princes of Our Plato-Raped Republic of sorts. Obama Scott, a chap of mine from Journalism Two-Ten, between peyote bursts of inspiration, volunteers along with Chippendale Mike to cover *the astronomical cosmological astral-antelope-sque Suffolk County Democratic committee*, a daisy chain of liberal groupthink. But wait! I am informed—the *journalism kingpin speaks*—that the Republicans are holding their own mind meld daisy chain fuckapalooza to celebrate the election they are destined to lose! Hurrah! My hand, through the ganja smoke, rises like a planet spinning out of a candy-korn suspended orbit of psychedelic fun time—*like an LSD stormtrooper of funk...* and we're off! reporting for the homoerotic *Statesmen* and the bastion of red light blue light blinking hyper octopus WUSB Ninety POINT ONE FREAKIN EF EM my god sunshine juice dripping all over my reporting suspenders *where to go when to who what everything's spinning rafting on a cosmic inner-tube of Election Day foam...* Tuesday night, let the electro-electo Electrochromatic Election coverage commeeencceeeee....

Trunzo. Yes, Trunzo. Let me say it again. Trunzo. But first I offer this: "Super Joe" Joe, chaperoning our quest for Republican godhead godhood, is rocketing down an electro-pastel waking dream of a place called Amer-ICA. "Shazam Sean" in the back, a bong between his ears, his nose, a glowing day-

glo ladyfriend spread-eagling the window. *Go big or go home, the sages say.* I myself am no longer doodlin', only drinking enough neon tap water jolly juice to send me to the far side of *Planet Election*.

political rat zoo. Yes—the zoo of Trunzo.

They all spitter spatter their throat platters ricocheting down around walls, glue—don't eat that now—the Republicans are in a titter, yes they are! For you

galumphing my triple trumpet heart-beat to a fine lady, crispy cream legs yum yum who has time for Elections anyways??

Scene: *Outside of the ballroom, amongst the crowds*

FINE LOOKIN' LADY: Are you a journalist?

ME: Why yes, yes, I am the most professionalist journalist of all.

FLL: Take me now.

ME: A'ight.

After hours of unrestrained, savage, yet gentle love-making, I left the fine lookin' lady heart-broken' and returned to my masterful duty as a journalist...*float downstream to the source...*

I wade the river of dark suits and *faux* accomplishment to the shiny nugget searing the night sky like a jewel in an Ethiope's ear—rotor runnin' scribblin' notes *hey lady a quote* John McCain? John McCain! He is a president to be, or to not be, well to not be for the temporal drums beat past this day, I ask an oldy folk about the state of the "*media*"...do you believe it portraayayyed the candidates accurately, chief? She, a Soviet princess in the last millennium, now ugly like a pug shitting in a mug pouring it on the rug, *ugly!*—she says "ovvv course" stares at me like a I'm a toy siren plastered on the wall of a clown college on the maize-blanket of Indiana. Prepositions I say, use more!

The journalist today, with their "words," don't they see they're out-moded, we are beyond "words" like the hiss of a tire if only the hiss was a tree and the road was soil and the Super-friends never aired on television...

Trunzo. I have him. Other marmalade journalists talking reaping quaking sonic chitter chat funneling the Main Man "*so how has the campaign been, Mr. Trunzo?*" Don't speak, Trunzo, I will answer for you: not enough tits. Never enough.

Another pause, forgive my intrusion into your psycho-abode. Let me describe the man. Caesar Trunzo. State Senator. Repubadubican. Born: too long ago. Height: short. Weight: somewhere. Eye color: darkness. Super Joe hand me the election guide... it's too late! I need the information, download it to my soul, let me lick it wick it on a candle face, good. I don't even know what this is about



Lawn Gnome Caesar Trunzo receiving an award for being the only Republican old enough to remember the Party's founding in 1854

Joe sez: "If we don't find this place soon we'll all go bar hopping."

I sez: "We's already hoppin', son."

And we find the place. It's the most pseudo-proto-neo fascist progressive castle hotel these pinwheel eyes ever laid eyes upon indeed, glass everywhere, floor everywhere, old man here, white man there, old man there, white man...A-ha! *a black one* but he is out of place! did not the clay media rapping on the doors of perception inform him *The Obama* is of the black as well??? I am enraptured, captured, a superhero muckman on the chase of the babbling

see, Caesar Trunzo, 84 year-old state assemblyman/day-glo juggernaut of justice might not win re-election. Every Aryan and dark-haired pasty man frets the same.

"Wah-Wah what will we do without Trunzo?"

"He can't lose."

"Speed before weed"

What?

And the journalism androids bark down the electro-chutes—find the story they say!—and I choke a few balloon synonyms at the soda cans—oh wait, gotta question *people*—instead

TRUNZO continued on next page

TRUNZO continued from previous page

anymore.

Oh, yes, the interview. First, we need descriptions. Trunzo looks like a lawn gnome idling in aisle nine of Wal-Mart, ears flaring space like propeller blades, nose sagging like a flaccid—okay, too much, but here's a better one. A gnome gave birth to a gnome, squashed him into a ball of puddy, played billiards with him for a year, threw him in a kiln, and snatched him out and hurtled him into a wall. Funny lookin' dude he is.

"So Trunzo how bout the election?"

"Err gruh fufh ddsjaa"

"Urrr...ok how bout the young'ns?"

"Young people???? Ahhhh don't

them vote I say! I will not have young people vote, not in a boat, not in a coat, not wearing red, not wearing blue, not in a tu-tu, not eating ham, not licking spam, not..."

"Yes, I get it, you hate young people."

"You must be at least seventy to vote in my opinion. That's when *real shit* kicks in."

By 11:00 the moon rose waxing white in a chocolate sky and a chocolate man is President in a vanilla house, the irony drips like frosting—shit I'm hungry. Trunzo loses to a man 400 years younger than he, John McCain ditto, except 238, the Republican figures, so ebullient like lamps lined up at Home

Depot if only that Home Depot was an acid party—*huh*—now shuffle outta the place, donuts without their cream filling, Voltron without their robot shits, Jesus without his hocus pocus...*the dream has died*. The—gasp—gasp again—DemoCommunistCrats control the American order. Hammer and sickle, workers' rights, Marx in a thong, red condoms, and no Christmas flashes before the eyes of the deadened Repubs like an egalitarian six-legged mutated troll-fish—nightmare juice crackles in their veins.

Truly a silvery splendidly night of raw, cyclonic awesomeness. And journalism things. The Republican large wigs only provided our parties with free

water and not free food or free drugs so Shazam Sean and Joutstin' Joe Super Joe and I provided all the magic. I will now recap our star-spangled adventure *Wonder Years* style.

The Year was 2008. Man walked on the moon, The Beatles hit American shores, Winnie Cooper didn't put out, Paul was still a Jew, and the world was changing. My dad was mad as hell for some reason. My brother had Down Syndrome. It was all ok, though, because a black person became president.

There is a moral to this story, though. Don't go to 7-11 and try to fit an entire package of *Big League Chew* in your mouth. It hurts me to move.

Game Over, Jack Thompson!

By David Fishman

John Bruce "Jack" Thompson, the name brings a massive amount of disdain and scowls from within the gaming community. This lawyer's eleven-year, one-man tirade against the video game industry has finally come to an end. And a very satisfying end indeed. This leech of the civil court system has finally been denied an avenue for his continued malice against the gaming industry, for his lawsuits have been just that. According to an AP interview, Thompson said, "We intend to hurt Hollywood. We intend to hurt the video game industry. We intend to hurt the sex porn sites". He made this statement back in 1999, and I dare say that I don't believe he has really made an impact other than annoying adults and teenagers who just want to have a good time. Jack's mission against the video game industry began in 1997 with a tragic event that unfolded at Heath High School in West Paducah, Kentucky. On that day, a screwed up 14-year-old boy opened fire on a group of praying students, killing three girls and wounding five others. During the investigation, they discovered that the kid had played and enjoyed games such as Doom, Quake and Castle Wolfenstein, which are prominent first person shooting games. Jack put two and seven 7 together and filed a suit claiming that video games had desensitized the child and made him more prone to violence. The suit was filed in a federal district court and was wisely dismissed for failing to present a legally recognizable claim.

That should have been the last we heard of old Jack Thompson, but when the Columbine school shooting happened two years later, he was back in

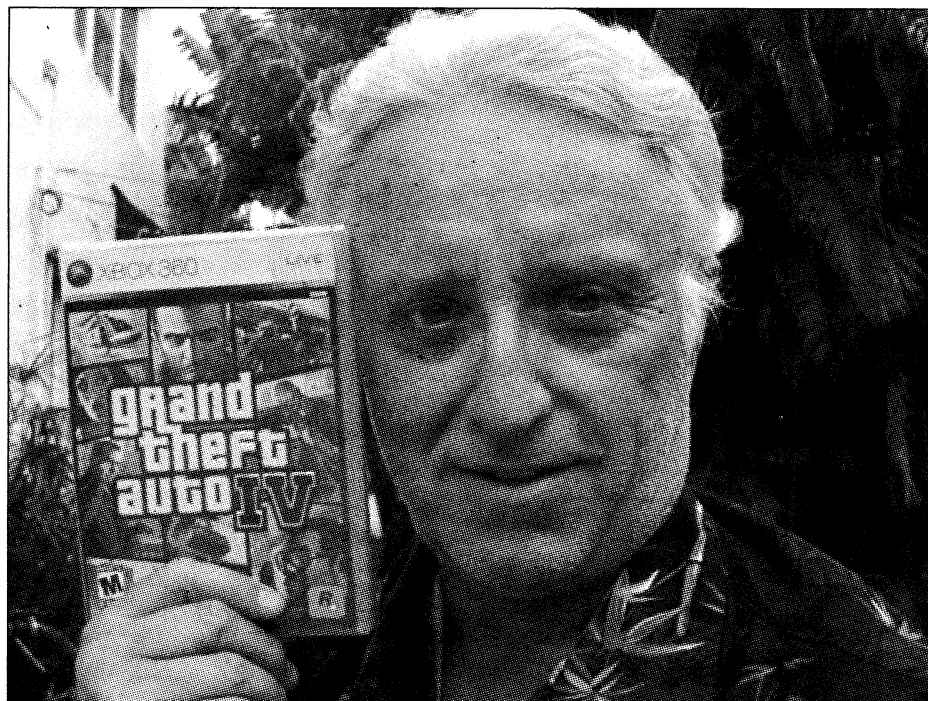
the spotlight. This time Doom 95 and Wolfenstein 3D were linked as causes that had led to the desensitizing of the teens toward violence and allowed them to perpetrate the crime. Jack would continue to spar against various game companies over the years. His most famous adversaries were Take-Two Interactive and Rockstar Entertainment, the publisher and developer of the Grand Theft

Auto Series. that your son trafficks[sic] in is the kind of stuff that most mothers would be ashamed to see their son putting into the hands of other mothers' children, but, hey, your son Strauss has recently assured the world that he is, 'a Boy Scout, everybody knows that.' I'd love to see the merit badges that Scout Troop handed out. Is there a Ted Bundy merit badge? If so, your loving son deserves

false statements. He was also accused of using the court system to humiliate, embarrass, harass or intimidate said people. Jack rebutted, claiming that the complaints violate state religious protections because his advocacy is motivated by his Christian faith. This claim fell on the deaf ears of the judges, who had grown sick of Thompson's accusations against them and his general disregard toward being a decent human being.

Finally, on July 10, 2008, after over a year of disbarment hearings, Judge Dava Tunis recommended his permanent disbarment and to pay a \$43,675.35 fine to the Florida Supreme Court, for making false statements of material fact to courts and repeatedly violating court orders, among other things. The court approved. Jack filed emergency stay of the Florida State Supreme Court's decision with the U.S. District Court, which was smartly denied. On September 25 his disbarment took effect and the gaming community was ecstatic. Twitter ran with a, "Jack Thompson is so Disbarred..." series. My favorite was, "He can't even write on legal pads." Acting crazier than usual and talking about himself in the third person Jack responded to his disbarment stating, "The timing of this disbarment transparently reveals its motivation: This past Friday Thompson filed a federal civil rights action against The Bar, the Supreme Court, and all seven of its Justices. This rush to disbarment is in retribution for the filing of that federal suit. With enemies this foolish, Thompson needs only the loyal friends he has."

All I have to say is GG Jack but now it's Game Over. You get a High Score of -21 for twenty-one years of FAIL in the practice of Law. Good thing you're from Florida. I think it's time to retire.



Haha! You'll have plenty of time to play video games now, Douche-Fag!

Auto Series.

After various lawsuits and campaigns halted the sale of games such as Grand Theft Auto III, Bully, and Manhunt, some people said Jack went too in April 2008, when Jack addressed a letter to the mother of Strauss Zelnick, the Executive Chairman of Take-Two Interactive. Within the extensive letter along with many proverbs and quotes from the Old Testament was one telling section.

"The pornography and violence

one now. It should be red and green, for obvious reasons... Your son claims you raised him to be 'a Boy Scout.' More like the Hitler Youth, I would say."

Thankfully, by the time this letter was sent, Jack was on his way out. In February 2007, the Florida BAR filed disbarment proceedings against him over accusations of professional misconduct. The disbarment proceedings were a culmination of separate grievances filed by people claiming that Thompson had made defamatory and

Make your opinion heard! Write for *The Stony Brook Press*.

Meetings Wednesdays 1pm
Union Building Room 060

11:25 PM Is the New Midnight

By Janna Coronel

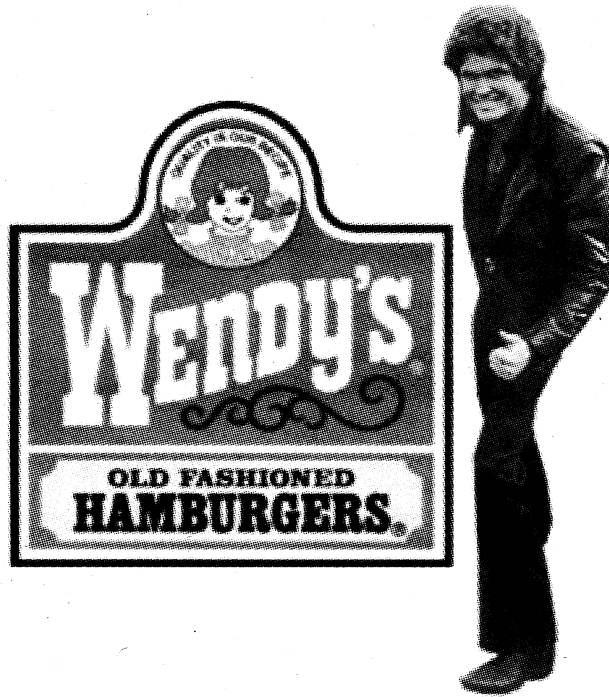
I was very pleased to see that after a year and a half of construction, the new Roth food court was finally open. I went there the other night a little bit after 11:00 P.M. with my boyfriend after we made sure that they were, in fact, open until midnight, to get a coffee and some food from Wendy's. By the time we got coffee and went upstairs to wait in line at Wendy's. It was around 11:25 P.M. After no more than three minutes standing there, Roseann Paruch, the Food Service Director at Roth, decided to cut the line off at a certain point and abruptly confronted us. Apparently, anyone who was behind a guy in a yellow shirt would not be served. Considering Roseann went to the University of Denver for Hotel and Restaurant Management and has been in the food service business for 23 years, I would think that she would have much better people skills. Or is it age that commands respect? I'm trying to figure out how someone who started in corporate dining as a unit manager would behave in such a rude manner. Maybe we have to come to Wendy's wearing suits to warrant some respect. Maybe she has had 23 experiences in one year.

What's wrong with this picture? The last time I checked, when a business says they close at a certain hour, they allow people to come in until that hour. So when I walk into a store more than 30 minutes before closing time, I find it shocking that I don't have the right to order and receive my food. I can speak from experience as well. I work at TCBY in Merrick, and, although I hate it when customers come in minutes before we close, after I've mopped the entire store, I still help them because that's what I'm supposed to do as an employee. I don't know about you, but if I decided to tell people to leave TCBY at 10:30pm (we close at 11:00pm on the

weekends) I would not get a positive response from a single person standing in line.

To add to that, after this lady decides that it's time to change the closing hours, she sends another worker to stand at this "cut-off point" in attempt

tell anyone who is coming that the line is closed. That is proper business. There is a saying, "The customer is always right," and I believe this is true in most cases, especially when we pay a fee that most likely enabled the university to open up this dining hall in the first



We have no idea what is going on in this photo!

to scare us away. I can't think of a less intelligent way to get a point across. Not only are we human beings who deserve respect, but we are college students of high intelligence. It is not smart to take advantage of us because we won't back down.

After being provoked by these people who work at this particular dining hall, there were now many annoyed students. This seems to me a much bigger problem than people innocently lining up at 11:30 P.M. for a place that is supposed to close at midnight. Instead of provoking us and barricading the line, they simply could have come out to the line at midnight, when they close, and

place and pay these people their salaries. I find it appalling that we were treated this way. We are hardworking students who finally have some time at night to get a meal at a place that is "conveniently" open until midnight and are then treated like crap for getting there more than 30 minutes before they close.

Not only do I find what happened wrong by principle, but when I am spoken to without a shred of respect, I don't respond very well. I find it funny that not a single person got off that line the first time we were harassed and told to leave. My boyfriend and I stayed on that line and by the time we got up to the

front, it was just about midnight and we were shut off by another lady, Chrissy Austin, the Assistant Food Service Director, who put the rope in front of us. The fact that Chrissy graduated with a degree in Hotel and Restaurant Management surprises me because she, just like Roseann, would feel it is OK to treat paying customers like this. I guess when she says that she continuously strives to improve and looks forward to providing you with the utmost in customer service, she interprets this a bit differently than the rest of us. Or does that only apply to people over the age of 30? I'm sure that when Chrissy worked at Coco's Water Café in Huntington as the Restaurant Manager, she wouldn't dare treat adults like this. Or maybe she did, and that's why they closed. The guy in the yellow shirt (the "cut-off point" of this line) felt so bad that he offered to get us our food so we could eat. This is when Chrissy decided to hop over the counter and help him. He ordered his food, as well as ours, but she felt it necessary not to allow him to order more than one meal and was giving it to him for free. He said he wanted more food and was denied this. He felt so bad, he gave us his food and went home hungry.

All of this could have been avoided. We still stayed on the line and got up to the front just a few minutes after midnight. There is no need to be nasty and mean to college students when they arrive at Wendy's well before the closing point.

If the employees continue to treat us like this every night we come to order food, it won't get them anywhere. Slowly, students will stop going there and they probably won't last very long. I am completely shocked by the way I was spoken to and something needs to be changed. I will continue to go to Wendy's every night at any point before midnight and still expect to be served.

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Don't be fooled by the fancy costumes and dramatic make up, these dancers were clearly ready to compete. Their team jackets were proudly sported, and the aura of energy and competitive spirit permeated SAC Ballroom A. The 2008 Ballroom Dance Competition was a great success that was overwhelmed by the amount of spectators that came to support this illustrious competition and spectacular showcase. The day began with International style Standard, followed by American style Smooth. The first session was concluded with Open Standard/ Smooth. The results from the first session were as follows:

Silver Standard Overall - Raymond Tseng and Elena Kushins

Silver Smooth Overall - Raymond Tseng and Elena Kushins

The crowd was awe struck by the professional performance of 11 Time United States National Champions Eugene Katsevman and Maria Manusova. The couples Latin performances invited the audience into a trance and energized the competitors for the second part of the days' event: Latin and Rhythm. Stony Brook dancers had a great run, and an outstanding winning Sweep in Latin with results as follows:

Newcomer Rhythm Overall - Julio Romero and Nicole Pacinello

Bronze Latin Overall - David Valdecantos and Nathalie Morales

Bronze Rhythm Overall - David Valdecantos and Nathalie Morales

Silver Rhythm Overall - Elena Kushins and Amy Wallin

Gold Latin Overall - Raymond Tseng and Elena Kushins (first in all categories)

Open Rhythm - Navneet Singh and Hazel Wodehouse

Aside from providing an opportunity for dancers from the region, to showcase their skills, the 2008 Stony Brook Ballroom Dance Competition allowed for the pursuit of these dedicated dancers to continue to learn and appreciate the art of competitive ballroom dance. While the competition was physically trying, the dancers must recuperate quickly, as the next competition at Columbia University is readily approaching.

--SBU Ballroom Dance Team



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Football Stampedes Through Iona

By Najib Aminy

After losing to Gardner-Webb by one point on Saturday, November 1, the Stony Brook Seawolves literally hit the ground running when they faced off against the Iona Gaels winning 68-9. No typo, 68-9.

Led by freshman RB Edwin Gowins (Bellport, NY) and junior RB Conte Cuttino (Uniondale, NY), Seawolves rushed for over 200 yards, breaking school records and earning their names on the pages of Stony Brook athletic history. Adding to the six touchdowns divided equally by Gowins and Cuttino, junior RB Tarrant Anderson (Englewood, NJ) trekked over 100 yards to score two touchdowns.

With light rain sprinkling over the game, Stony Brook QB Dayne Hoffman (Ada, MI) threw for seven attempts and completed three passes. His longest completion was to senior Dwayne Eley (Bowie, MD). When handing off the ball on one of the 63 rushing attempts, Hoffman found himself prey to Iona's sophomore LB Matt Cipoletti (Dix Hills, NY), who recorded the only sack of the game given up by

Stony Brook for a loss of seven yards. Adding to Cipoletti's sack, the Gaels blocked a Luke Gaddis kick and returned the ball for a defensive PAT.

Playing nearly perfectly, the

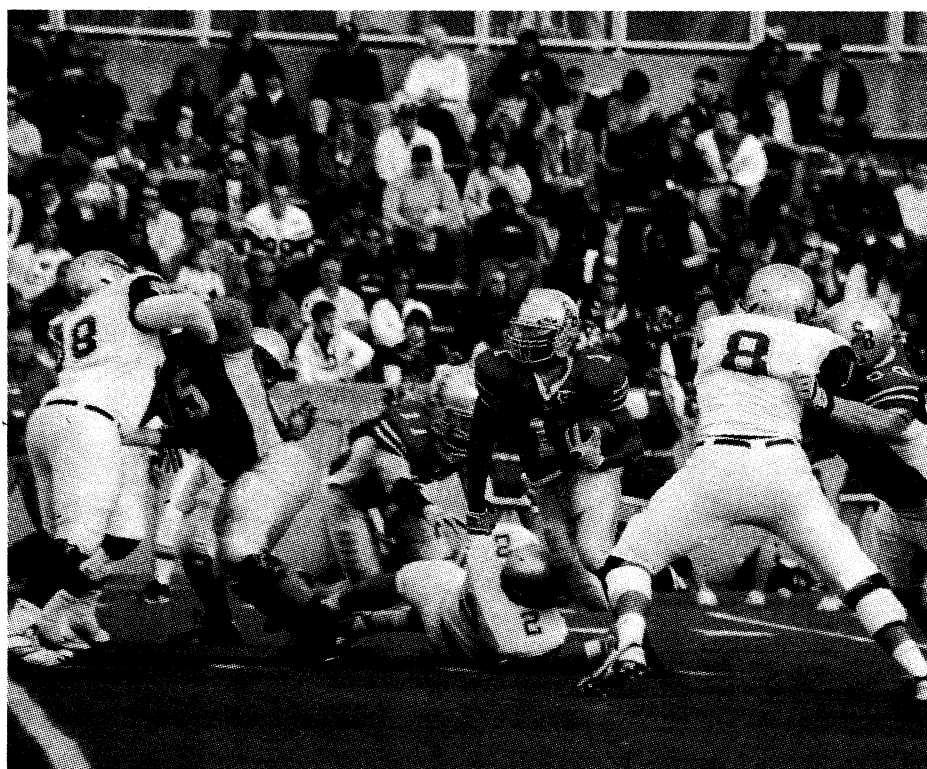
Seawolves let up only one touchdown and allowed 232 all-purpose yards. Though the Gaels threw for twice as many yards, the Seawolves running game alone was almost three times the amount of Iona's of-

fensive effort. Highlighting the defensive effort was senior ILB Paul Ferrari (Novato, CA) who recorded an interception for 42 yards, and junior DB Chris Richards (Quartz Hills, CA), who picked off a pass in

sponded by doubling their offensive score and salvaging something out of their below .500 season. "We had some young kids who had to step up and play, and we have figured out our identity. We made some decisions that we were going to set our personality as an offense with our run game. Over the course of the past couple of weeks we have proven that," said head coach Chuck Priore in a press conference after the game.

Running past Iona, Gowins has landed himself in the Stony Brook record books as the fourth Stony Brook RB to break the 1,000-yard mark. The Seawolves recorded the highest total rushing yards that any Division I team, including schools such as Ohio State and Texas, has gained in 2008.

The Gaels' record decreases to 3-7 while Stony Brook improves their record to 4-6. The Seawolves will play their final home game of the season in a Big South conference game against Virginia Military Institute on Saturday, November 15 at 3:30 pm at LaValle Stadium.



the end zone to halt the Gaels from scoring.

The Seawolves scored 33 unanswered points before the defensive PAT. Following the Gaels' scoring two points, the Seawolves re-

Women's Volleyball Splits Two

By Will Dunn

The Stony Brook women's volleyball went 1-1 this past weekend winning over the University of New Hampshire (3-1) and being swept by Maine (3-0) on Senior Day.

The lady Seawolves easily handled UNH by winning three sets in a row, (25-21, 25-22, 25-18), only dropping the first set (25-18). Senior Hitter Gulce Nazli Dikecligil (Istanbul, Turkey) led the Seawolves with seventeen kills and her powerful spike. Much of Dikecligil's ferocious hits were due in part to placed sets from Kelsey Sullivan (Hamilton, VA) who recorded thirty-eight assists. UNH rode the momentum from the first set into the second, gaining a quick 8-1 lead. But the Seawolves wrestled back catching up slowly and eventually overtaking UNH. Middle Blocker Ash-

ley Headen (Alexandria, VA) put up a great effort on defense, as well as recording eleven kills.

Maine was a more difficult opponent, shutting Stony Brook out (25-17, 25-23, 26-24). Gaining the upper hand

and never letting up, the Seawolves were resilient but did not have enough in the tank. Outplayed in the first set, the second set was tense with a 23-23 tie broken by Black Bears. Though the Seawolves came back to tie up the set

earlier, they could not finish Maine off. The final set couldn't have been any more exciting as each side was neck and neck, though the game ended anti-climatically with a Stony Brook attack error.

Junior Michelle Burrola (Glendale, AZ) played well with fifteen digs alongside sophomore Jeanette Gibbs (Port Jefferson Station, NY) who had nine digs. Dikecligil led the team with thirteen kills for the day in addition to Headen who had ten. These two, as well as the rest of the team, always push the team's energy making these Stony Brook Volleyball games so exciting, regardless of the outcome.

The Lady Seawolves' record drops to 12-16 and 3-7 in America East Conference play. The Lady Seawolves will travel to Baltimore to face the University of Maryland: Baltimore County on Friday, November 14.

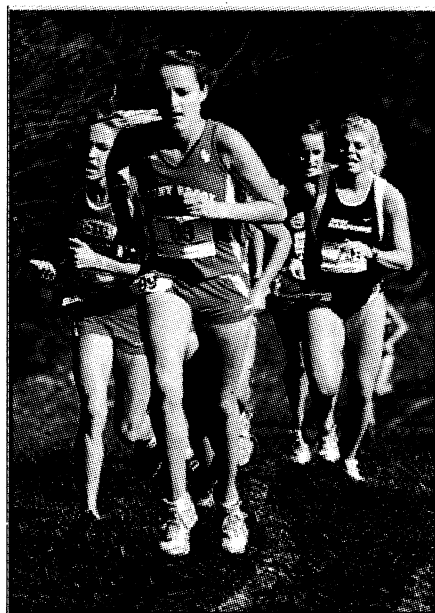


"I Just Kept Running"

By Najib Amīny

Flying under the radar, the Stony Brook Women's Cross Country team brought home their second consecutive America East Championship, while the Men's team placed second for their third consecutive year.

Leading the Seawolves to vic-



tory was sophomore Holly Van Dalen (Wanganui, New Zealand), who completed the 5K-course at Oregon Ridge Park in 17:22.30 at a pace of 5:36 per mile, and finished second

overall. Trailing Van Dalen by eight seconds, junior Laura Huet (Carrickmines, Ireland) outran Boston University's Erin Lagasse by three seconds to clinch the overall third place position. Lucy Van Dalen, sister of Holly, and Hayley Green (Wellington, New Zealand) secured the fifth and sixth spot, respectively, leaving Stony Brook with four out of the top ten positions and three of the top five.

"It was great to defend our title," said head coach Andy Ronan. "Obviously there is much more pressure on a team when they are trying to



defend and what we did today was a fantastic team effort."

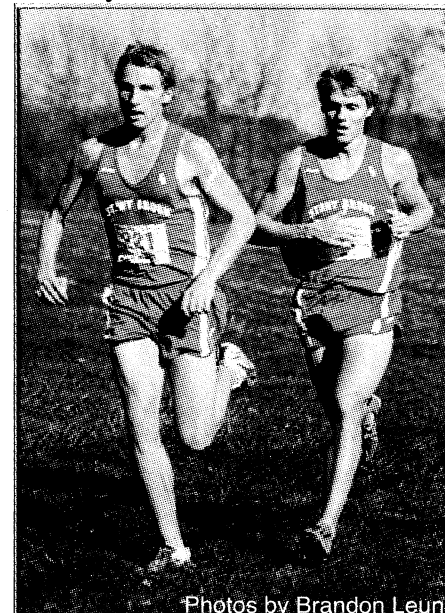
Despite coming in second place for their third consecutive year, sophomore Tim Hodge (Tawa, New Zealand)

completed the 8K course at Oregon Ridge Park in Cockeysville, MD in 25:29.3, running at a pace of 5:08 per mile and winning the America East Individual championship. Teammate junior Alex Felce (Stroud, England) finished seconds after Hodge at 25:31.6, running at a pace of 5:09. The next highest Seawolf was junior Daire Bermingham who finished twelfth, running in at 26:08.1.

Hodge and Felce's performance pleased the Women's America East Conference Coach of the Year. "They took care of the rest of the

field first, and then went head-to-head with each other for the championship. They are best of friends and challenge each other in every race, which is a large part of why they are both so successful," said Coach Ronan.

The Women's team is headed to Van Cortland Park, NY to compete in the NCAA Regionals. Hodge and Fence will compete individually on Saturday, November 15.



Photos by Brandon Leung

Women's Soccer Falls in America East Finals

By Antony Lin

Advancing to the America East Championship final for the first time since 2002, the Stony Brook Seawolves fell just short of title hopes, losing 2-1 to the Boston Terriers. A crowd of over 400 was present at Nickerson Field, along with a large contingent of Stony Brook supporters.

"You have to give credit to Boston University," said Seawolves Head Coach Sue Ryan. "They played a good game. We wish them well representing us as an America East team in the NCAA."

Two minutes into the match, a header from the Terriers lead to a scramble right in front of goal. The Seawolves backline eventually cleared the ball out of danger.

Stony Brook goalkeeper, Marisa Viola, making a total of 11 saves, was tested throughout the match. Her first test came in the 26th minute when an in swinging cross from Jessica Lusinski found Farell McClernon, whose

point-blank sliding shot went right into the hands of Viola.

A minute later, Terriers midfielder, Ma Schumacher-Hodge, fired a tough angle shot, forcing Viola to parry the



ball away.

Boston continued to pressure the backline in the second half. Two minutes into the second half, Corrie Halasz found herself one-on-one with Viola. Viola charged out of the net to deny the Terriers a goal once again.

The Terriers' attack finally paid off in the 72nd minute. Halasz's left-footed shot from nine yards out snuck into the near post to give the home team a 1-0 advantage.

Two minutes later, Boston scored the game-winning goal. Mara Osher's right-footed attempt from 12 yards out found the far upper-90 to make it 2-0.

Stony Brook pulled one back in the 88th minute. An out swinging cross from the right wing by midfielder Holly

Razzaghi found its way to Dominique Adamo. Adamo's left-footed blast from 20 yards out narrowed the lead when it found the lower far right corner.

"We came back and scored in the waning moments of the game," said Coach Ryan. "We were not just going to lie down and take it. That shows a lot about the character of our team."

The loss ended the Seawolves' record-breaking season as Ryan's squad posted 11 total wins and seven conference wins.

Forwards Kate Collins and Trine Allenberg, along with midfielder Brooke Barbuto, collected America East All Tournament honors for the Seawolves.

"You have to give a lot of credit to our seniors [Allenberg and Barbuto]," said Coach Ryan. "They played their heart and soul. I think it is a good sign for our program. I think with this kind of effort and competition in a championship game like this, it shows that we have a bright future."

The Integration Generation

By Jason Wirchin

In the wake of Barack Obama's ascension to the White House, Americans have overwhelmingly redefined presidential standards. By the cast of our ballots, we have transformed the status quo, proved wrong the naysayers, and elected an African-American to our nation's highest office. Candidates need no longer be white to follow in the steps of Lincoln and Roosevelt, and can run for chief executive as people not judged by the color of their skin, but by the strength of their character. Yet just as our President-elect did this November 4, some 60-plus years ago it was another black American who opposed the establishment; who broke a social barrier of his own; who single-handedly answered questions as to whether people of color could perform as well as whites in the same fields. With a spirit of courage and dignity, spoken of here is a man who achieved greatness not because it was easy, but because it was right. His name, respectfully, was Jackie Robinson.

By the dawn of the twentieth century, institutional racism in the United States had grown to debilitating proportions. Large sections of black America, especially in the South, had little room for social mobility and accepted segregation as *the* way of life. The Civil Rights Movement was decades away from gaining steam. Separate facilities for blacks and whites, such as public schools, hospitals, waiting rooms, were commonplace throughout the country. To think that one day an African-American could play in the Major Leagues, let alone run the world's most powerful nation; not only suggested foolish optimism, but blatant ignorance.

During and shortly after World War II, though, happenings overseas began to stir public consciousness. Arguments appearing in the press called for baseball's integration, in part be-

cause of the contradictions of fighting racism abroad, but allowing it here at home. Moreover, baseball plays a central role in defining American identity. The game serves as a mirror image of society at large. Since by the early 1940s, nearly a third of all players were white southerners from Jim Crow Dixie; a fairer reflection of the American populace seemed long overdue. In response to growing tensions from media outlets, team brass, and political groups, Major League officials no

Latino players.

Today we speak of Mr. Robinson as a national hero, a revolutionary spirit, a public superman of sorts. His groundbreaking achievements in the world of sports and contributions to the civil rights struggle are parts of a vital chapter of our country's history. Jackie not only broke the color barrier, he smashed through it. In spite of death threats, hostile teammates, and bigoted fans in nearly every ballpark; Number 42 won the National League Rookie of the Year



longer grappled with the decision of whether to go ahead with integration, but rather when and with whom.

That "when" came in 1947 after Brooklyn Dodgers' president Branch Rickey signed Jackie Robinson to a Major League contract. Making his debut on April 15 of that year, Robinson became the game's first African-American player and opened the doors for other minorities in our national pastime. Three months later, Larry Doby entered the scene with the Cleveland Indians, the first black player to compete in the American League. And by 1949, fellow African-American pioneers, Don Newcombe and Roy Campanella, had joined Jackie on the Dodgers. Around mid-century, the game absorbed its initial group of

Award in '47; was named the NL's Most Valuable Player two years later; appeared in six consecutive All-Star Games from 1949 through 1954; and helped Brooklyn capture its first World Series title in 1955. Once retired, Jackie was inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1962.

And so it is with Robinson's pioneer accomplishments in mind that we turn to Barack Obama's triumphant victory on Election Night. Just as Jackie dared venture where no African-American had trekked before, Senator Obama propelled himself into the political spotlight by declaring his candidacy for President of the United States. Running on a "Change We Can Believe In" platform, he survived what many consider to have been the most competitive pri-

mary season on record; and emerged as the first African-American to head a major-party ticket. As if this accolade had not been momentous enough, within five months Americans had chosen their first black President in resounding fashion.

Our undisputed election of a man, who no more than 40 years ago would have had zero chance of securing Washington's highest office, represents the ultimate watershed in national politics. That a citizen – not a black citizen or a minority citizen, but an American citizen – can serve as Commander-in-Chief regardless of color is a testimony to advancements in race relations and the efforts of activists past. Most importantly, voters revamped the definition of what it means to be a national leader, finally excluding ethnicity as a requirement.

Yet to say that President-elect Obama followed in the footsteps of Jackie Robinson fails to do justice to the former's stunning victory. After all, baseball is still a game. If a player strikes out, his batting average dips. If a team loses, they go home and try again the next day. Held accountable for two wars, a receding economy, health care concerns, and more than 300 million people; the least of the President's worries should be grounding into a double play. The stakes are higher, the job is tougher, and the risks of failure are poles apart.

All task differences aside, both figures' trailblazing ideals, passion for change, and inspirational personas forge their relationship. In 1947, Americans watched longstanding segregation fall to the might of a second-baseman; and in 2008, we challenged century-old stereotypes and confirmed to the world that discrimination will not stand. The events of April 15, 1947, and November 4, 2008, may be decades removed from each other on our calendars, but in our hearts and minds they will always be linked as moments that forever transformed the course of history.

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

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

TheStonyBrookPress.com



And now, *The Press* presents an exclusive, breaking look into the Yankee- C.C. Sabathia negotiations...Transcript by Ross Barkan

Hank: Ok, C.C., that's my final offer.

C.C.: No. That's offensive as hell.

Hank: What? I'm willing to offer you—

C.C.: I'm signing with the Angels or Dodgers. I can't take this.

Hank: Alright, C.C. you win. I will give you 200,000 bottles of Purple Drink. But not a drink higher!

C.C.: First of all, as an African-American male I am offended by that blatant stereotype. I drink from a diverse pool of liquids, including Charbonet and Peruvian wine. I am a highly cultured individual. Your offer of "purple drink," a bootleg composite beverage of sugar and "purple" is outrageous! "Purple" is not an ingredient for a drink. I will gladly partake in grape juice but I will not be swayed by any absurd contract offers.

Hank: In Jarvus's Discount Grocery coupons that are only good for Purple Drink.

C.C.: God damn it, no.

Hank: I don't understand, my dad offered Sheffield Purple Drink...

C.C.: Your father was a horrible individual and so are you.

Hank: I think I know what I can give you.

C.C.: Oh God.

Hank: Hold on.

2 hours pass

Hank: Here, check this out.

C.C.: You just handed me orange R.C. Cola. Orange R.C. Cola. You were gone two motherfucking hours and all you bought was R.C. Cola. Orange! What, because I am



Hank: You drive a hard bargain, big guy. 312,000 Purple Drink.

C.C.: No I want actually money.

Hank: 30 years 400,000 billion dollars.

C.C.: Hmm...

black you assume I enjoy orange soda? Has this stereotype pervaded society so deeply? You would think in an era when we can elect an African-American President, people would not offer me carbonated orange water as a sign of patronizing gratitude!

Hank: Ok, ok. I got it. Stay where you are.



3 hours pass

Hank: Oh boy, that was tough. But here you go.

C.C.: This is the actor who played Kel on Kenan and Kel. What the hell? Why would you do this? What is the fucking point? I'm calling my agent and getting out of here. This is too offensive.

Hank: No, no, he's yours! I'm offering him to you, a real actor. Look he can do all sorts of things. Kel, juggle these cactus shells.

Kel: Ok.

Hank: See, C.C.? He's great!

C.C.: No, you are a racist buffoon.

Kel: Please take me. I have no where else to go.

C.C.: What happened to all that damn money you made from Good Burger?

Kel: PCP

C.C.: Fair enough.

Hank: Fun for the whole family!

C.C.: I hope you die. I sincerely hope you perish from this earth and burn it whatever hellish construct your pagan god can conceive.

Kel: I'm so cold.

Hank: C.C., wait. I'm sorry. How about this, I'll make you a real offer. A good one. One that can set up your family and make your stay in New York wonderful.

C.C.: Ok....

Hank: I'll be back.

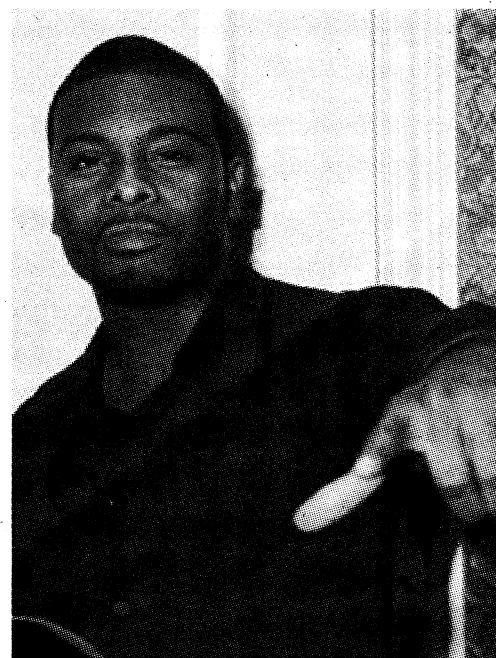
4 hours pass

Hank: This should just about do it.

C.C.: Bernie Mac. You just dropped the corpse of Bernie Mac on your bureau. Why.

Hank: You coloreds love comedy!

C.C. Sabathia kills Hank Steinbrenner. Life is awesome forever. The End.

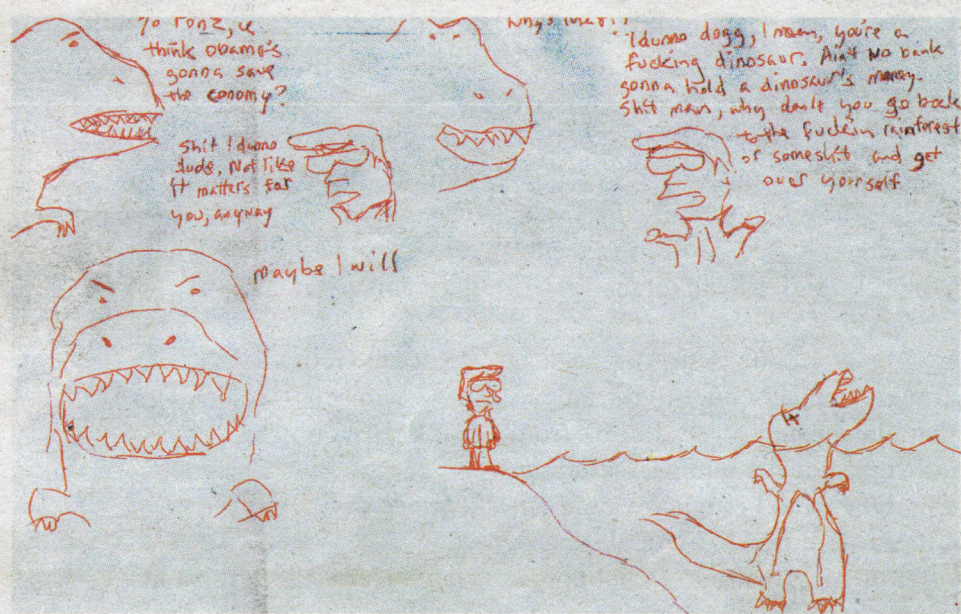


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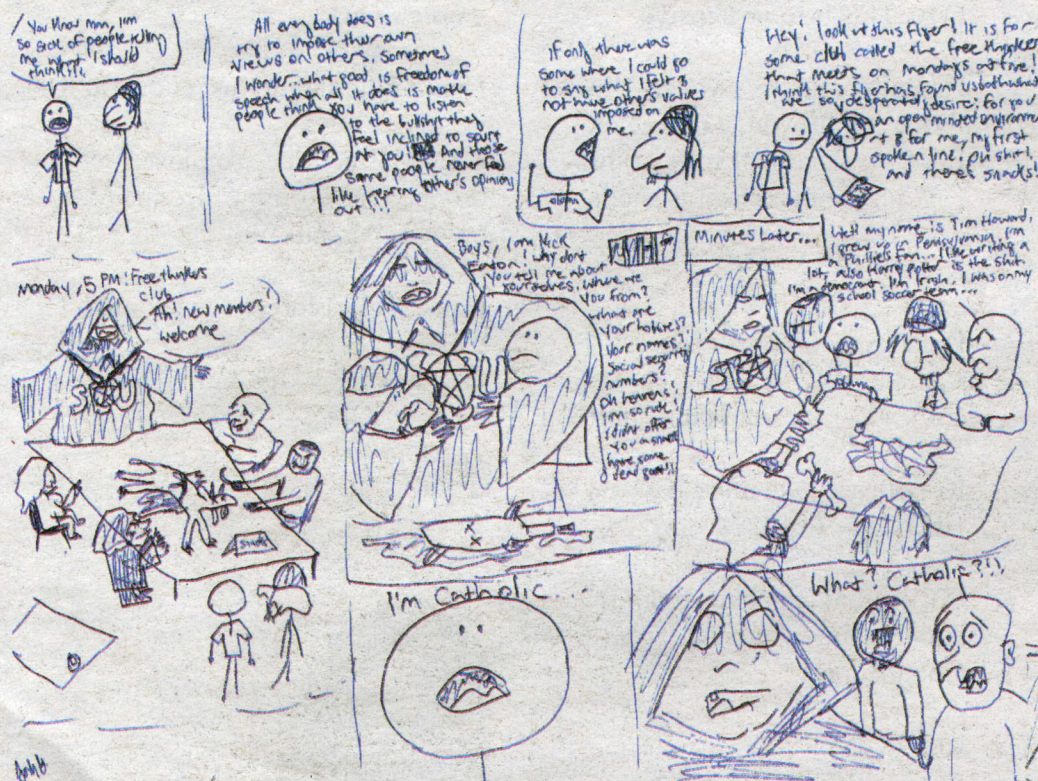
Avante-garde Circus: Rat Zoo



BY ROSS BARKAN



BY CRAIG HEED



BY JOSH GINSBERG

HELL YEAH. WE EAGERLY ANTICIPATE YOUR SUBMISSIONS. STAY TUNED FOR MORE INFO IN THE NEXT ISSUE