

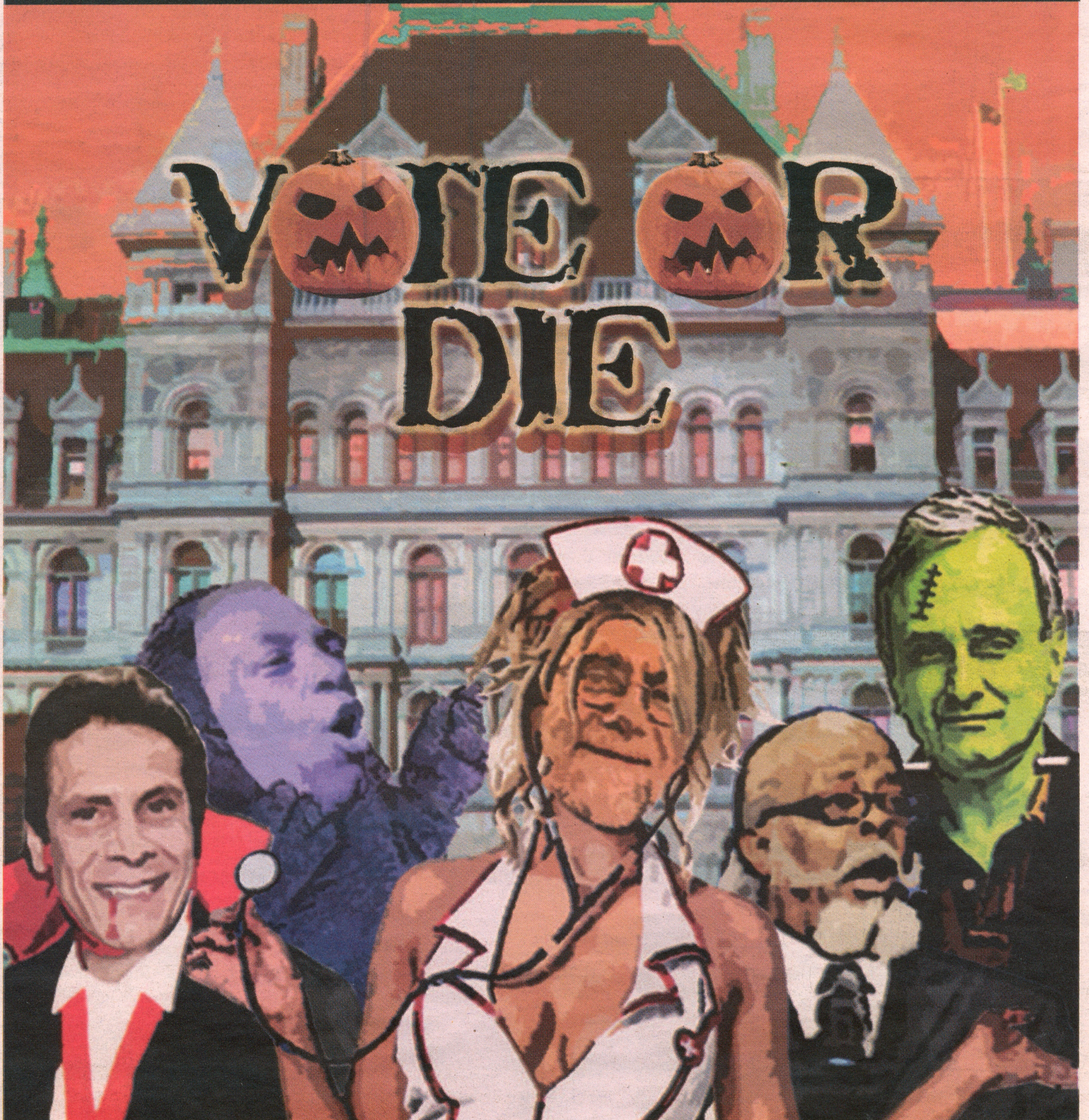
THE STONY BROOK

PRESS

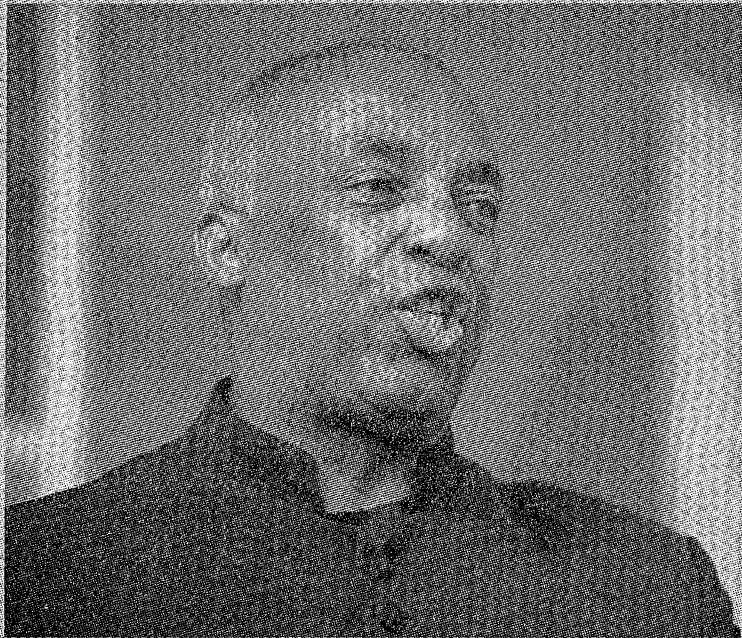
VOL XXXII ISSUE 4

CLINTON NOT NEWSWORTHY
NO STORY INSIDE

OCTOBER 27, 2010



The Great Spree For Albany



Charles Barron – Freedom Party

Bio: Barron has been a community activist for 25 years and has spoken at college campuses, churches, prisons and other forums around the country on a variety of issues. He is a former Black Panther and has been a champion for the minority communities throughout his career. He currently sits on the New York City Council.

Best Quote: “We’re the only party that’s going to raise [the issue of] police terror.”

Why you should vote for him: He’s mad as hell, without seeming flat out nuts.

Andrew Cuomo – Democratic Party

Bio: Cuomo is a Fordham grad and a successful lawyer. He is the current attorney general of NY and hopes to be the Simba of New York (his dad was governor).

Best Quote: “There was never a war on poverty. Maybe there was a skirmish on poverty for a brief period of time.”

Why you should vote for him: All the “cool” “kids” are “voting” for him.



Kristin Davis – Independent

Bio: Davis is a former madam who claims to have provided escorts for disgraced ex-governor Eliot Spitzer.

Best Quote: “The key difference between the MTA and my former escort agency is that I operated one set of books, and my former agency delivered on time and reliable service.”

Why you should vote for her: If you want to oogle some tig ol’ bitties for the next four years; if you’re an enthusiastic stoner; if you think gambling should be legalized.



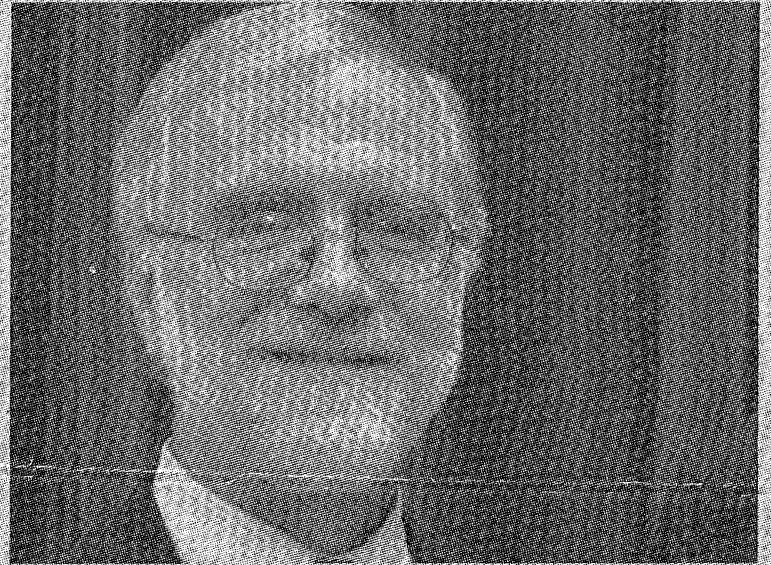
The Great Spree For Albany

Howie Hawkins – Green Party

Bio: Hawkins has been a political activist since the 1960s, for lofty causes including peace, justice, labor and the environment among others. He's a former Marine, he attended Dartmouth college and has worked for UPS unloading trucks for the past decade.

Best Quote: "Where are the fucking jobs?"

Why you should vote for him: He says he's for free tuition at SUNY and CUNY schools.



Jimmy McMillan - Rent is Too Damn High

Bio: The rent is too damn high.

Best Quote: "The rent is too damn high."

Why you should vote for him: The rent is too damn high.

Carl Paladino – Republican Party

Bio: Paladino is a Buffalo native who served in the army and worked as a lawyer for 15 years. He owns a real estate development company and in his free time enjoys forwarding graphic videos of women engaged in coitus with farm animals to his staff.

Best Quote: "I found my retirement job!" – Paladino on a video of a young blonde woman receiving a bikini wax.

Why you should vote for him: If you're a fan of porn, middle school-esque bullying and general lunacy, Paladino's your guy.



Warren Redlich – Libertarian Party

Bio: Redlich has been a teacher, lawyer and a web developer and blogger and has served on the town board of Guilderland, NY, so he's totally qualified to lead NY state.

Best Quote: "Stop wasting money."

Why you should vote for him: At the debate, he made himself out to be the Doug Funny candidate: your average, run-of-the-mill little guy who will work hard for real people just like him.

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editorials

“F” Your Way To Howie Hawkdawg

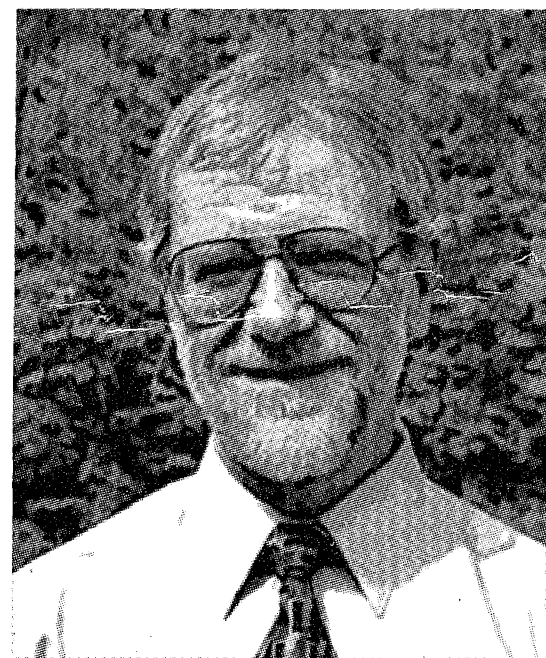
No new majors will be accepted to the French, Russian, Italian, Classics and Theatre programs at SUNY Albany—a decision widely seen as a precursor to dissolving the departments entirely. SUNY is coming apart at the seams, grossly underfunded and grasping desperately at the poison straws of privatization. The State University is not alone—public goods in New York and throughout America are under attack: facing cuts, corruption, dissolution and selloffs. Nine years ago, the Campaign for Fiscal Equity won a lawsuit arguing successfully that urban schools are unfairly underfunded. The money was never redistributed and now primary and secondary schools are in the same boat as SUNY—as are county health care facilities, the state workforce, parks, highways and all the commonwealth of the state of New York. The brutal austerity budgets from Albany are justified on an illusory economic disaster, supposedly the result of a downturn on Wall Street—while at the same time, the *Wall Street Journal* reports that for the second consecutive year, pay on Wall Street will hit an all-time high. In the face of this madness, *The Press* says “No!” to the systematic subjugation of New York and endorses the Green Party’s Howie Hawkins for Governor.

Hawkins, a Tax-the-Rich Teamster from Syracuse and cofounder of the Green Party of the United States, focuses his campaign on asking the wealthy to once again pay their fair share of the state’s tax burden, to fund dramatic increases in investments in education, health care, full employment and renewable energy innovation and industry. Hawkins is overwhelmingly the best candidate in the seven-way Governor’s race, addressing head-on state budget slashing, the central issue facing not only state university students but all New York constituencies. Under New York’s complicated electoral laws, a vote for Hawkins for Governor also helps build a lasting third party to address the corruption inherent in the anticompetitive two-party system. Finally, nationwide the Greens represent a vital new direction for America, reflecting the views of the majority against endless imperial wars, the strangling of fundamental civil liberties and the failed

war on drugs.

The Press has agreed with some of Hawkins’ arguments in the past, while editorializing against the PHEEIA legislation that would lock in perpetual tuition increases and whore SUNY out to private developers. The state budget crisis has been manufactured by reckless tax-cuts. For three decades, both Democrats and Republicans have been pandering to the self-indulgent wealthy with multiple income tax cuts for the top brackets. The stock transfer tax, a kind of miniscule sales tax once levied on financial instruments (already as low as one twentieth of one percent—far lower than the kind of sales tax you would pay on the things you need) is collected by the state as a legacy of an old tradition and then returned immediately to Wall Street. If the state didn’t hand back the stock transfer tax alone, the budget deficit would immediately turn into a multi-billion surplus. By undoing several decades worth of foolish tax cuts for the rich, Hawkins looks to be able to fund a wealth of existing and new state programs: among them restoring SUNY to the time when tuition was free and providing full employment to all New Yorkers through an environmental New Deal-like program, not only putting people to work but addressing the threat of global climate change.

Hawkins’ Green Party is on the cusp of establishing itself as a consistent force for reform in New York. Under the state’s ballot access laws, a party whose candidate for Governor receives 50,000 votes is given official recognition in the form of automatic ballot access—circumventing an unreasonable get-on-the-ballot petition process designed to hamstring third parties. In the last four election cycles, the Greens have danced around the 50,000 threshold, making the grade once and falling just short three times. (Given the Green Party’s proximity to this benchmark and the likely lopsided victory in the Governor’s race, an individual vote for Hawkins could literally make a difference in a way that votes for none of the other six candidates could.) When the Green Party has automatic ballot access, it



means a flood of idealistic newcomers getting involved in politics throughout the state in the kind of winnable local races a third party needs to grow—injecting new ideas into tired debates and restoring the healthy competition necessary for elections to function as an instrument for popular control of government. Those local campaigns can be the first meaningful wins for a third party—like when the Greens and independent allies took a majority in the government of the Village of New Paltz in the mid-aughts, launching innovative municipal environmental programs and standing behind young mayor Jason West, fresh out of SUNY, who drove the national civil rights conversation by solemnizing same-sex marriages.

The national political scene shows increasing dissatisfaction with the monied political parties, who stand united for endless foreign wars for empire, the dissolution of core American civil liberties, the perpetuation of the failed war on drugs and Wall Street’s predations. Howie Hawkins represents a party with a broad platform of public-interested populism. Hawkins is for reducing SUNY tuition to zero, putting every last New Yorker to work, switching to single payer health-care at the state level (a cheaper and more effective way to cover everyone with no exceptions) and ending, as he calls it, “legalized bribery”—the systematic corruption of privately-financed elections. Vote for Howie Hawkins on Row F.

Hate what you see? E-mail your letters to editors@sypress.com

It's Just Sensational, Is What It Is

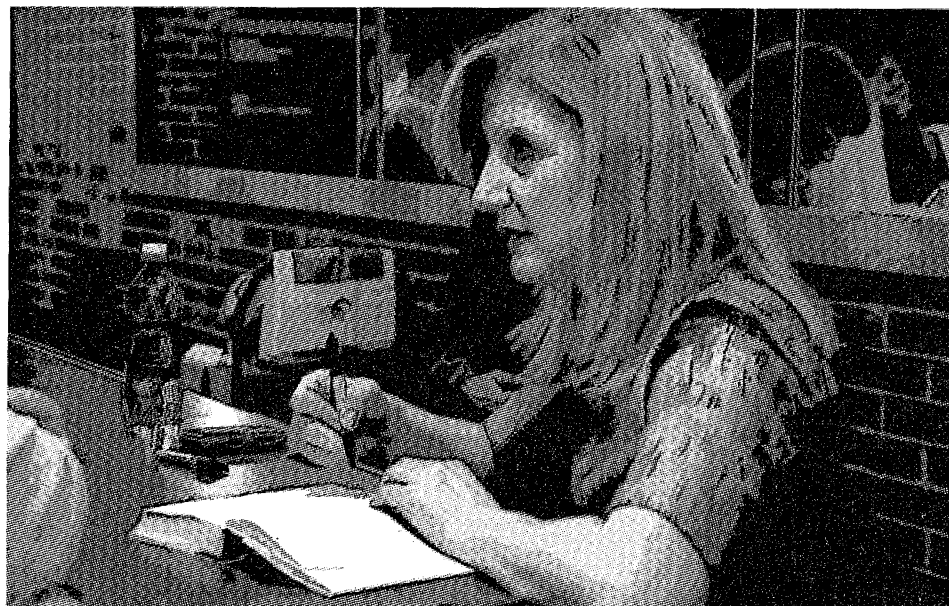
Arianna Huffington's book tour visit to Stony Brook this past Monday came with a touch of political incorrectness—her book title, *Third World America*. Huffington's thirteenth book highlights the disappearance of the middle class due to, she said, a growing elite and politicians who have failed the American people. Huffington predicted the result of this continuing vanishing act by America's backbone to most likely transform America into a third world, or the more politically correct term—a developing country. Huffington points out that the absent middle class is a distinguishing feature of the developing world.

Huffington argued that the current direction of economics, politics and American affairs can drive the US into Third World status. The purpose of the book, she said, is to ring the alarm bells prior to a collision with a Titanic-sinking iceberg in hoping we might yet cor-

rect the course. However, one must realize the significant gravity of comparing the situation of one of the wealthiest nations in the world to that of a developing nation.

It is a gross overstatement to compare the current US middle class' plight to the situations of war-torn and disease-ridden developing countries. While Huffington's book does raise concerns about US infrastructure and the growing poverty rate, to say that America is on the verge of devolving into a Third World country is an inflammatory, rather than provocative, statement.

This contentious premise is an example of Huffington's "modern" approach to journalism, used so prominently on her site. It's an approach that glorifies the freedom and eye-popping nature of blogs and social media at the expense of good taste and political correctness. Huffington's approach is consuming the media landscape at a



rapid rate. That does not mean that it is applicable to any medium she touches, even if *Third World America* is her thirteenth book.

Huffington's brassy titling is nothing new. Her eighth book, released in

2000, was titled *How to Overthrow the Government*, while her 2003 novel was titled *Pigs at the Trough*. It may be nit-picking to meticulously analyze word choice, but when it's so overt, it's hard not to.

Life Is Too Damn Short For Bullshit

If you haven't heard by now, the rent is apparently too damn high. At least that's the universal message New York State gubernatorial candidate Jimmy McMillan is campaigning on. In fact, it's the only issue McMillan is campaigning on, as was made evident during his humorous Governor's Debate performance at Hofstra University on October 18.

The humor turned stale rather quickly, in part because every one of McMillan's quips had something to with rent and it being high. This is probably why his party is called the Rent is Too Damn High Party.

This would be an honorable platform for McMillan to run on if he in fact had an exorbitant rent to pay — but his reported \$800 monthly rate is far below average for New York City. The September 2010 average rental price for a one-bedroom apartment was more than \$2,000, according to The Real Estate Group NY, an online real-estate listing service.

But McMillan, who has run for previous offices such as US Senate and



NYC mayor under the same party, has reportedly been living rent-free in his Flatbush apartment. Through an agreement with his landlord, he performs maintenance work in exchange for housing.

When asked about his rent during a radio interview on WUSB last week, McMillan quickly turned defensive and shifted the conversation's focus to his superficial platform—the one point about people having trouble paying

rent. The sixteen-minute interview resulted in McMillan growing agitated by questions about his stance on public higher education.

McMillan's performance at the debate represented political theater at its best and worst. Best, because for the first few minutes McMillan's appearance brought comedic relief to what was to be a tension-filled debate. But his appearance foiled the much-anticipated dialogue between the two front-runners, Andrew Cuomo and Carl Paladino, without adding anything of substance.

In the wake of the McMillan media storm and the candidate's misplaced popularity, third party candidates will forever suffer under the burden left by the Rent is Too Damn High Party. No matter if you are a libertarian, green party, or independent candidate, you will always be measured by the comedic absurdity of McMillan or else disappear into an abysmal void of no-names who don't make enough noise to garner a more in-depth look.

Saving the Middle Class One Book at a Time

By Amanda Douville

Through a contest from *The Huffington Post*, Stony Brook's *Think Magazine* was able to bring Arianna Huffington, co-founder of the popular news website to the university this past Monday night. Huffington sat down with School of Journalism Dean Howard Schneider as he asked her questions about her book, her political standings and her view on the state of the news media.

The event began with *Think Magazine's* founder and editor Adam Peck, who talked about the contest the magazine entered and eventually won in order to get Huffington to the university. Shortly after nominating itself, *Think* was selected as one of the top 15 finalists. "We encouraged our friends, family and readers to vote," said Peck, in a phone interview.

All the voting eventually paid off as *Think* was selected amongst two other organizations in the country. Huffington added Stony Brook University to one of her many stops on her book tour. Her newly published book, entitled "*Third World America*," speaks of the backwards role of politicians as well as the struggling middle class in America. The subtitle to the book, "How Our Politicians Are Abandoning the Middle Class and Betraying the American Dream," is key, mentioned Huffington



during her appearance.

"We have an oligarchy," Huffington said during the question and answer session with Dean Schneider. She spoke of many politicians, both former and present, who have lost sight of the greater American good. In addition, she went on to mention how political parties are more alike than they are different. Her point—no matter who is in charge, was that the middle class is dying.

"The game is rigged. The rules that apply to the elite are not the rules that apply to the middle class," Huffington said. After thoroughly speaking of the incumbents who are taking away from the middle class, Huffington went on to speak of what the people should do

about it.

Although times may be hard with an unstable economy and high unemployment rates, Huffington's main point to her audience and readers was to get involved. "The greatest antidote to despair is action," she said. But it is not only despair the American middle class is feeling. Anger is another word Huffington used to describe the reaction of the people.

At one point during the event, Stony Brook student and unofficial campus Tea Party leader Kevin Sabella stood up and asked Huffington about her view on tea party movements. Huffington responded by rationalizing the tea party's attitude. "I was glad she acknowledged the tea party's anger," said

Sabella, "...we're just average people tired of getting hurt by both parties."

It is groups like Sabella's unofficial club that Huffington encourages. "Look at ways to take your skills and turn them into your livelihood," Huffington said. Toward the end of her discussion, she spoke of the importance of taking those skills, which are overabundant and inherent in college students and recent graduates, and using them to help others. "They are some of the best journalists you can have," Huffington said about fresh college graduates.

She said with a smile that the *Huffington Post* is hiring a small handful of college graduates, adding that she is confident that we are in fact in "a golden age for journalism."

"The game is rigged. The rules that apply to the elite are not the rules that apply to the middle class"

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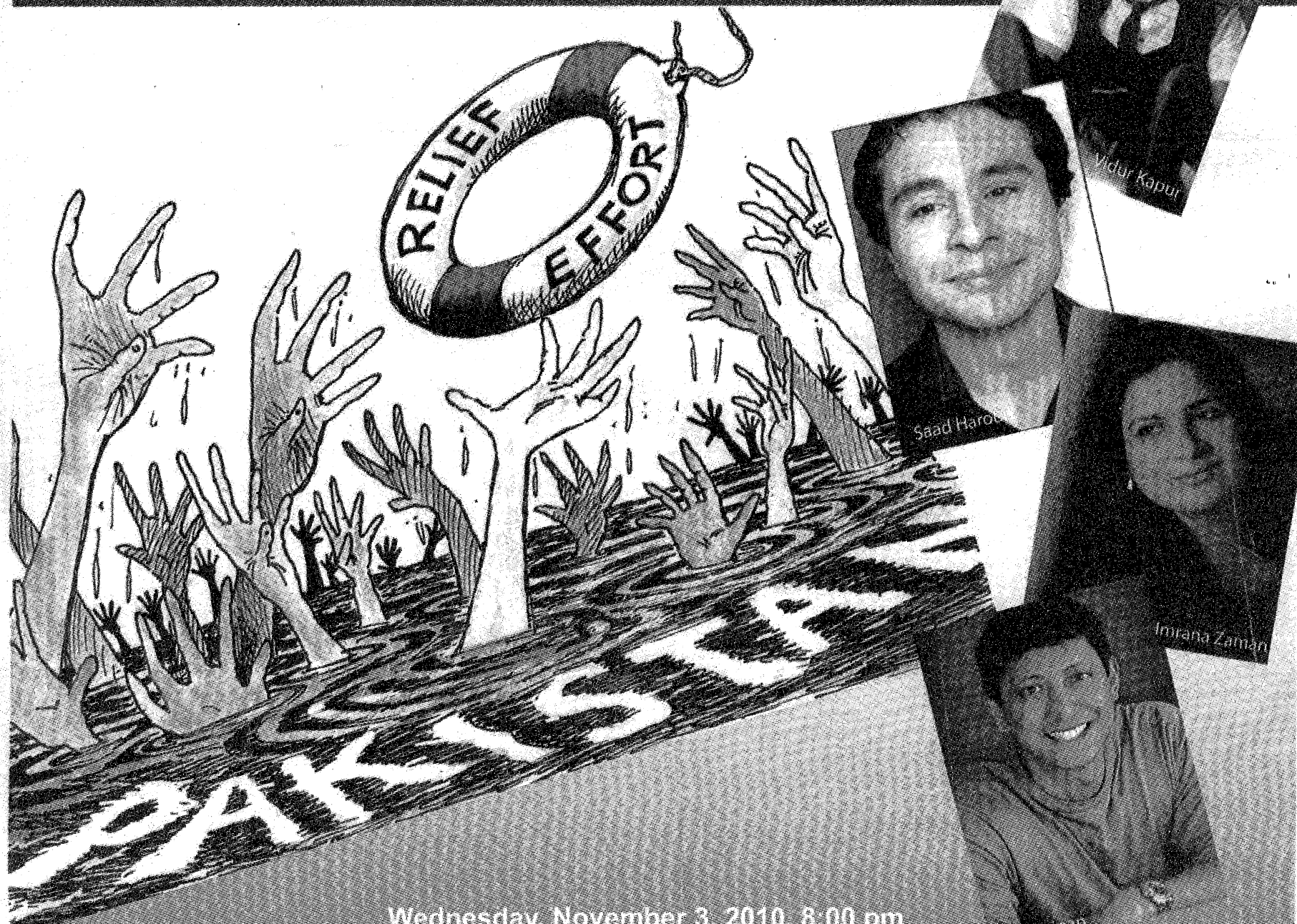
STONY BROOK UNIVERSITY'S CHARLES B. WANG CENTER PRESENTS

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The devastating flood of July, 2010 has left one-fifth of Pakistan underwater. According to the United Nations, "21 million people have been affected and 6 million are in urgent need of food aid. The people affected are more than double those affected by the 2004 tsunami, the 2005 Kashmir earthquake and the 2010 Haiti earthquake combined."

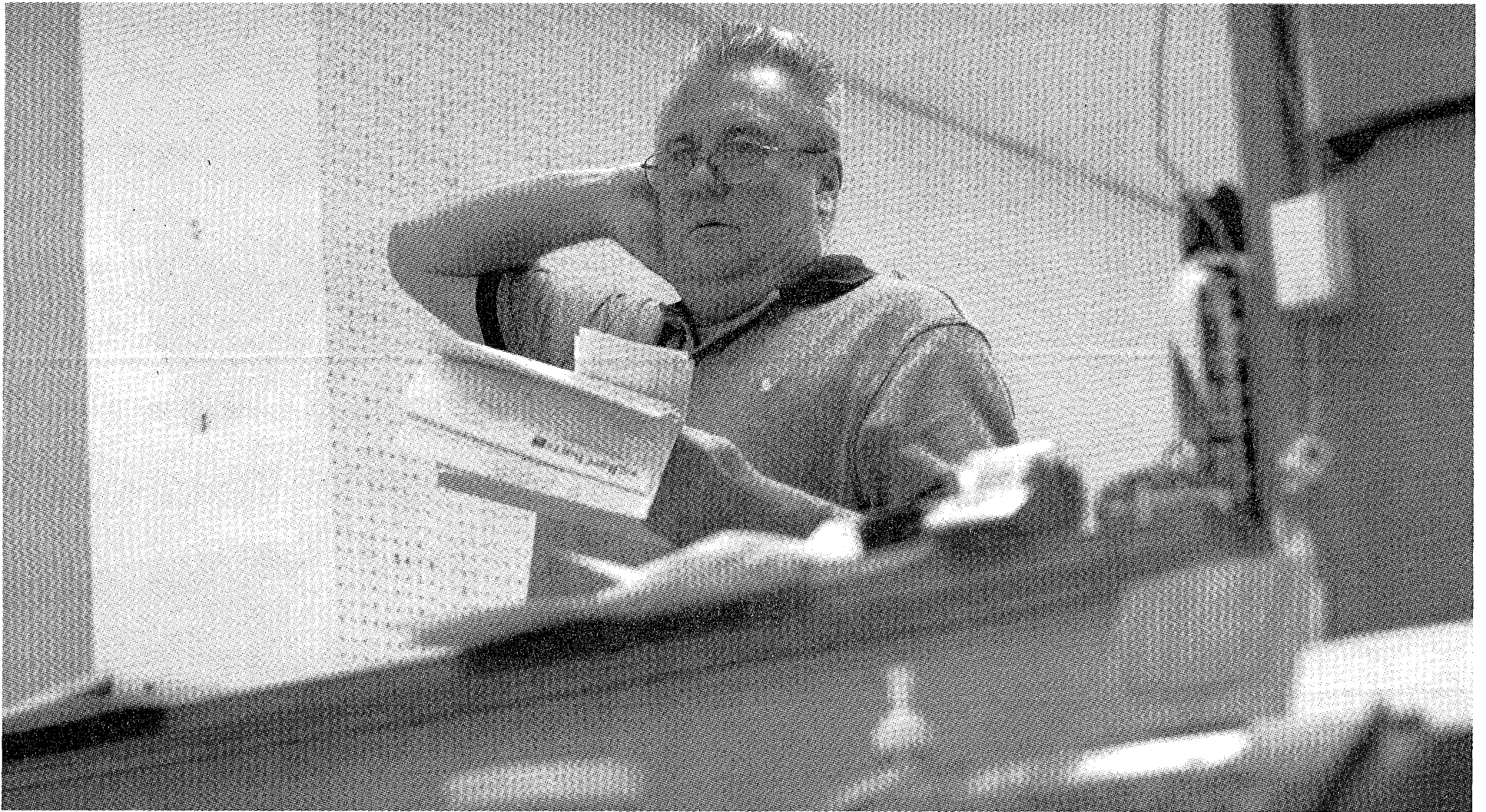
Tickets: \$25 for General Admission
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Image by Dave Christian

Stony Books: The Final Chapter



Carolina Hidalgo/The Stony Brook Press

Robert Breun wraps up paperwork during his last week at the Stony Books storefront. After 32 years, Breun has shut down the well-known off-campus bookstore.

By Desireé Keegan

The building at 1081 Rt.25A Stony Brook looks different today. The windows are covered in thick, brown packing paper. A “Sorry, We’re Closed” sign hangs on the front door. As students pass the storefront, they turn their heads to stop and stare.

Stony Books, long the university’s off-campus textbook alternative, has closed its doors for good. Earlier this month, the shelves were pulled out, the school supplies donated. The floor is dusty and bare,

the walls stripped clean. The phone rings periodically — students still looking for cheap, used textbooks.

Robert Breun first opened Stony Books’ doors 32 years ago. With its cheaper new and used books and guaranteed buybacks, the store became a popular source for Stony Brook students looking to get textbooks.

“For 32 years, we served as a checks and balance system on prices,” Breun said. “I put a lot of blood, sweat and tears into this store.”

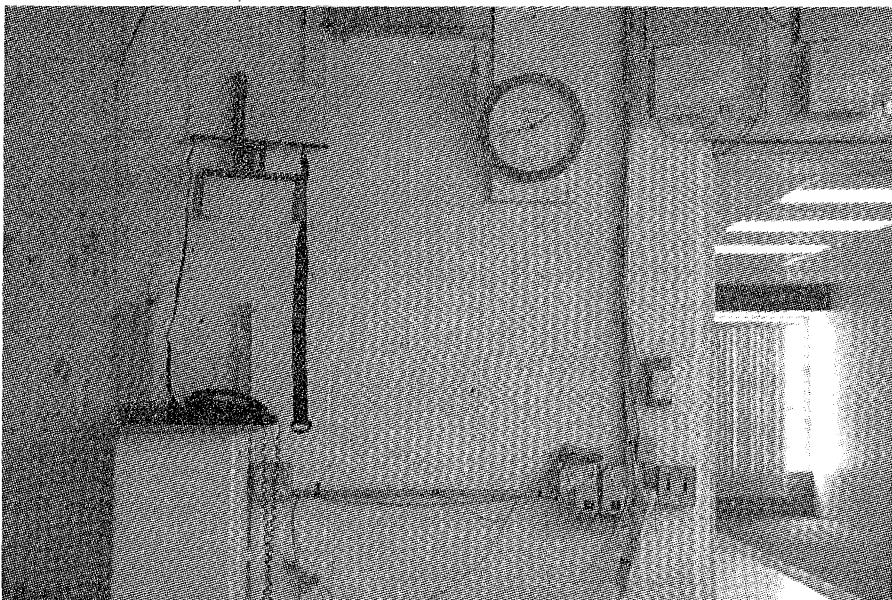
Breun’s first heart attack came in July. His second weeks later, toward the end of August. His life, he said,

has become a constant doctor’s visit.

Breun is tremendously concerned about overworking himself or risking the possibility of another heart attack. “I have my nephews, grandchildren...I want to see them grow up. Life is too short.”

His health problems, combined with a drop in business — due to cheap websites and the Faculty Student Association’s insistence that professors use the university bookstore, Breun said — plus the end of the store’s lease created “a perfect storm.”

Last week, Breun’s two nephews, Paul Breun, text manager, and Nick Breun, retail manager, who have been at the shop since they went to school at Stony



Carolina Hidalgo/The Stony Brook Press



Carolina Hidalgo/The Stony Brook Press

Brook, worked to pack up the last remaining items. The goal was to close up shop by the end of the next week.

"My brother and I are grateful for the experience we have been able to develop in the business world over the past decade. Our uncle has been a mentor in teaching us the proper qualities with determination, work ethic and doing what it takes to be a successful retailer," Paul Breun said.

Breun graduated from Stony Brook in 1972, with a degree in history and Secondary Education. He taught at Brentwood High School before coming back to Stony Brook as a fill-in professor for six months. Unable to receive a permanent job, he went on to teach at various other schools including Queens College, Dowling College and Suffolk Community College. None of them seemed to do the trick.

For a year, he had worked for the Stony Brook bookstore. The experience made him realize the need for an off-campus bookstore. He wanted to make this dream a reality.

"Location was half the battle," he said. Finding an empty store space on Rt.25A, he was able to rent the store by July. When he opened the store, he offered new textbooks from 5 percent to as low as 20 percent below the list price. His used textbooks were selling from 20 to 45 percent below the list price.

Although his prices were significantly lower than most other stores, such as the campus bookstore and Barnes & Noble, business did not start off as planned.

He wanted to carry at least 95 percent of the titles needed for courses on campus. Nevertheless, he was unable to do so, simply because professors were unaware of the startup of his business.

In the later years, business picked up and eventually Breun was able to offer most of the required textbooks at his store, along with school supplies. It became a one-stop shop for everything a student needed to begin their first day of classes.

Professors would e-mail him or flood the building to inform him of the textbooks they were going to be assigning to students that semester. The store has since become a fixture for Stony Brook students.

Breun said that the costs of his books are lower because he tries to cut margins to stay in competition with the campus bookstore. "We try to obtain more used books due to the demand from students," he said. "Our prices may be lower because we pay the freight cost for books, we don't transfer the cost to our cus-



tomers."

Paul Breun said, "The stress of the business and all the different variables we have been competing against over the past couple of years... make it hard

*"After 32 years,
I'm done. I'm shot.
You have to
support yourself."*

to compete with Amazon and other online outlets."

These variables included new legislation on textbook ISBN's, the fad of renting textbooks online and the increasing prices from publishers.

"After 32 years, I'm done. I'm shot. You have to support yourself," he said. "After everything that has happened, it just seemed like the perfect time. I am

closing the business permanently, because I would never want to put the weight of the business on anyone else, especially not my nephews. I want them to go off and do what it is they want to do."

So as another semester commences, students will have to return to places like the University Bookstore, or the ever-popular Amazon.

Breun's presence has acted as a blessing to many students, whom he has supported with cheaper textbooks. He has assisted cash-strapped students, making them feel more relaxed about their financial situations.

"It was a pleasure," he said, in the wake of tough times to be given the opportunity to "proudly serve the students of Stony Brook University."

It is what he called a difficult departure, the decision to close the store, because it became more than just a business. For Breun it has been an incredible experience and one he, and the cash-strapped student at Stony Brook University, will never forget.

Additional reporting by Carolina Hidalgo.

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Chloe Feffer and Amanda Smith, just two among the growing population of hula hoopers on campus, have used what they call the “whimsical” activity of hula hooping to find kindred spirits.

Since September, they've quickly made a name for themselves, dancing and hooping to different kinds of music in Roosevelt's grassy courtyard. Before hooping, they weren't close with any other girls on campus.

You can spot the group in the middle of a sunny afternoon or in the cool hours of the night. Their friendship is tight-knit but their club is not exclusive -- they extend an invitation to anyone who would like to give their hula hoops a try.

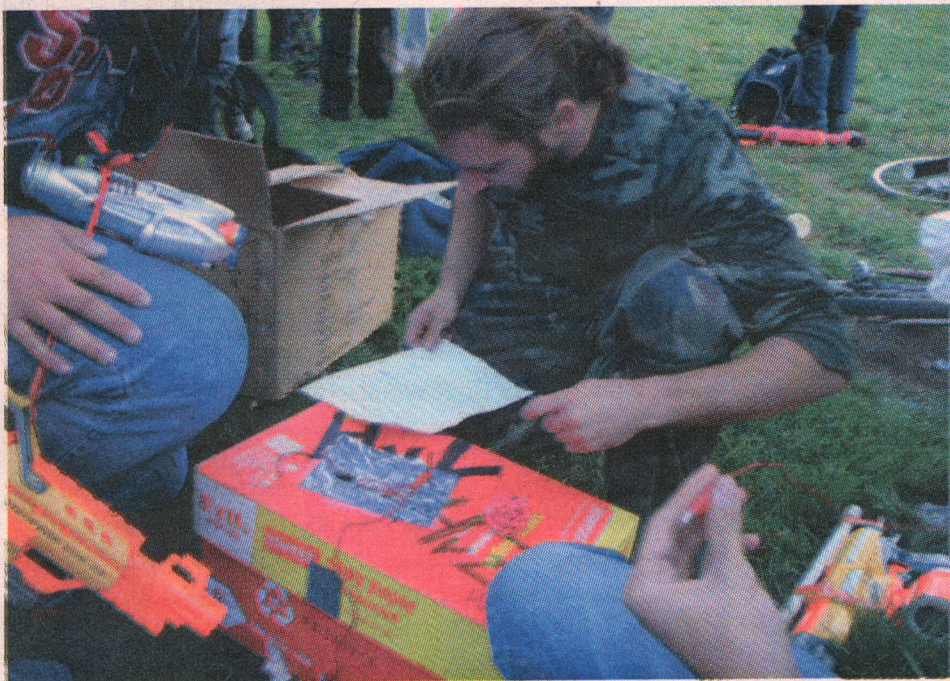
Photos and text by Najee Simmons



Humans Vs. Zombies

With fully loaded neon guns, the humans slowly worked their way towards victory over the zombies! Photos taken during the final stand briefing and mission,

Photos by Amanda Douville



Junot Diaz Keeps It Real

By Nick Statt

Commons Day, highlighted by the summer reading assignment given to all freshmen, is intended to give Stony Brook's incoming class a push in the right direction. It's suppose to be inspirational, universal and a taste of what college will teach them about education and becoming a better person, like 2008's choice *God Grew Tired of Us* by Sudanese refugee John Bul Dau or 2005's *The Things They Carried* by Tim O'Brien, the coarse Vietnam veteran.

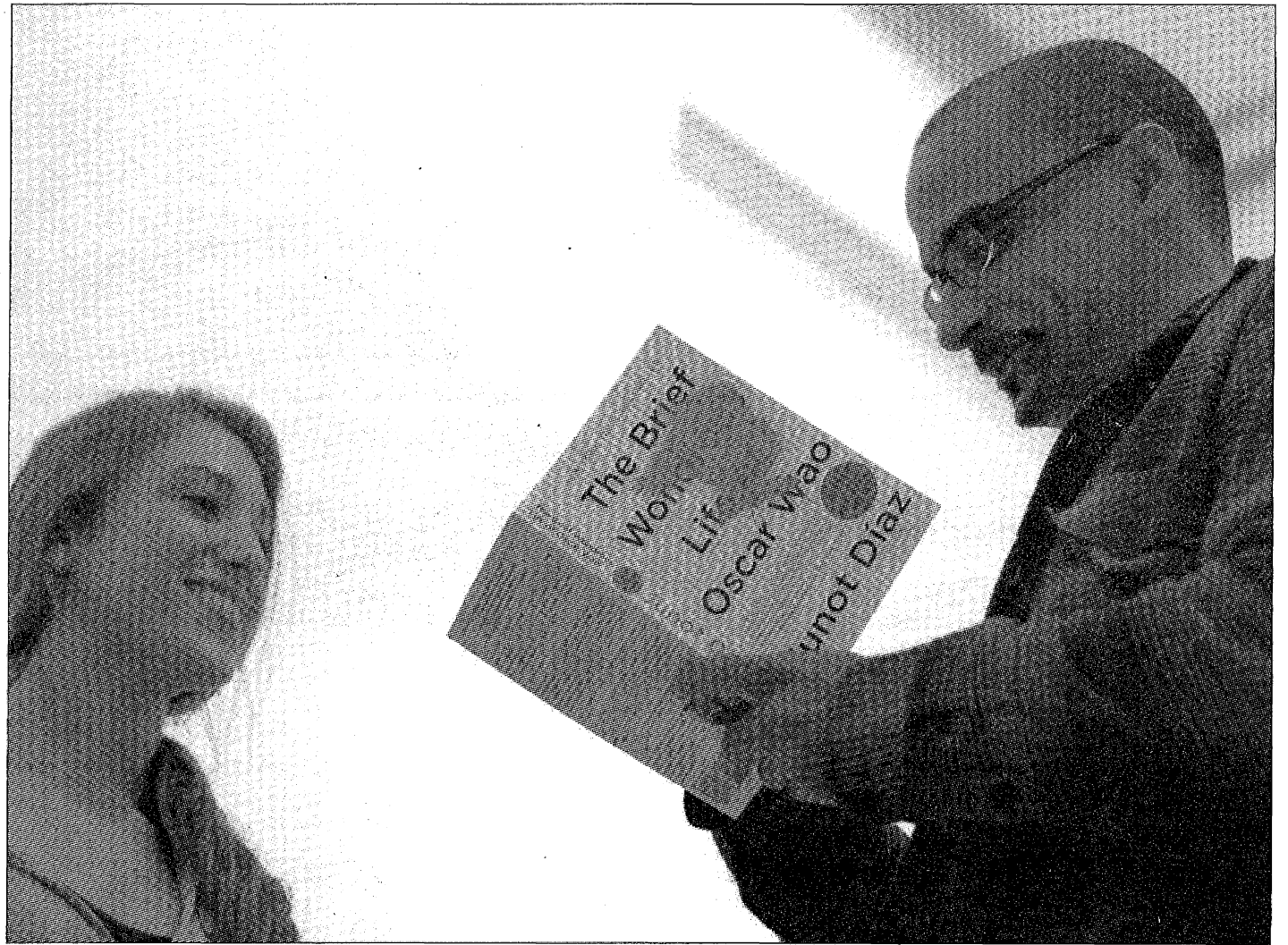
But this time around, Stony Brook opened its eyes to the fact that incoming freshman can be lazy, defiant and of the belief that the last thing they should be doing to get acclimated to college is read a book they have never heard of and listen to the author waste their precious time for an afternoon.

That's quite possibly why they assigned Junot Diaz's *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*, a cultural masterpiece about a nerdy Dominican underdog who realizes his dreams after years of being walked on as a loser and outcast. It was a complex and unexpected choice, but one that now proves to have been remarkable. It sparked an invaluable moment in Stony Brook's Commons Day history when Junot Diaz gave an outstanding speech on the Staller Center stage on October 20.

Charlie Robbins, Vice Provost of Undergraduate Education, introduced Diaz by listing a number of his awards and honors, from teaching creative writing at MIT to being fiction editor at the *Boston Review*. Diaz published only one short story collection, titled *Drown*, before writing *Oscar Wao* and winning the Pulitzer Prize for Fiction in 2008, another honor Robbins made sure to point out.

Diaz sauntered from behind the backdrop of red in a plain black hoodie, blue jeans and running shoes. His first words as he causally leaned into the mic—"That was some introduction...fuck." The crowd of restless freshman erupted in laughter at having an expletive thrown at them in less than ten seconds, while the first two rows of reserved seating were a palette of dropped jaws and wide eyes.

It became clear from the get-go that Diaz wasn't going to sugar-coat his words, talk down to his audience or pretend he wasn't sitting in front of a crowd



Carolina Hidalgo/The Stony Brook Press

Junot Diaz chats with students and signs his Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *The Brief Wondrous Life of Oscar Wao*, at the SAC Art Gallery.

of 18 year olds who were forced to be there and half of whom probably didn't even read his book. With one hand on his head and the other acting as a man-made visor to block out the bright lights beating down, Diaz reacted to his audience's contract of attendance. "Holy shit man, that's deep," he said with a wide grin. "Well, I appreciate you being here even though you're forced to be here." Again, the audience exploded at his raw honesty.

Diaz was quick to jump into his immigrant family life. Having moved from Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic to Parlin, NJ, Diaz's life closely mirrors that of his title character, Oscar Wao. "The idea that one my parents' kids would do something as impractical as be an artist was considered insane," he said. "They gave up everything for immigration," he said, "not so I could be an artist."

He outlined how growing up within a Dominican framework required him to follow a practical profession, like being a doctor or engineer. "I wanted to follow that dream, but I couldn't..."

With the fluidity of a veteran speaker, Diaz changed his tone instan-

taneously, saying, "The safest thing you can do is live someone else's dream." The crowd grew silent, again caught off guard by the intensity of Diaz's words. "It's the most terrible way to waste your life," he added.

"Living your own dream is very difficult," Diaz said when an audience member asked him what inspired him to write *Oscar Wao*. "I was a kid trying to realize my mother's dream...the book in many ways is part of the reason I couldn't do it."

"Nobody was writing about the Dominican Republic in any way that made sense to me...so I said, 'Fuck it man. I can either live my Mom's dream or I can be fucking broke and live my dream.'" He was quick to relieve the tension, saying that his mother still knocks on him for choosing the route of an artist by telling him that he "goes to shit in hoodies." Diaz couldn't help but laugh and shrug his shoulders.

With only a quarter of an hour left after a hilariously lewd short story reading from his new collection, Diaz addressed education with an absolutely uncensored viewpoint.

"To be educated...is to be funda-

mentally transformed, so that the person who walks in would be unrecognizable to the person who leaves," he said. "I spent my four years [at Rutgers University] keeping my guard up...I was afraid of being vulnerable." Diaz explained that not until he attended Cornell University for his masters degree did he finally receive the education he should have gotten when he was an undergraduate.

"It's okay to be accredited, but you are doing yourself a disservice if you don't receive an education." He stressed a bold point in saying that professors and administrators cannot educate you in the truest form. "They pretend like they can... but you have to give that to yourself. Transform yourself, make yourself anew."

As Diaz walked offstage, it was quite possible that he had just finished a routine speech, one given to any of the colleges on his tour list. But despite that, the gravity of his advice, the raw honesty and intensity poured into each word and the amount of true value they could prove to be to a campus body as culturally diverse as Stony Brook, was still unmatched.

Nerds Versus Nerds. Get It?

By Mark Greek

For the past week, everyday activities on campus, like getting food at Roth, were punctuated with occasional conflicts and skirmishes. Humans with barely-legal modified guns used air power to propel darts at ungodly speeds. Zombies gathered in packs and frequented well-known hangouts.

As Humans vs. Zombies, the beloved 24/7 college role-playing game, reached a new level of participation and fanaticism in its second year on campus, zombies waited in trees and hid in crevices all around campus.

To say that some students played enthusiastically would be an understatement—telltale orange and yellow Nerf guns and university-sanctioned green bandannas filled the campus.

The week's worth of nonsense culminated in an epic conflict in the shadow of the Physics building as dusk turned to night and humans turned into zombies.

The fall Humans vs. Zombies campaign at Stony Brook came to a close with the thousand participating players saving the bloodiest battle of all for last. Hundreds of the remaining humans lined up outside the Physics building, prepared for the onslaught of more than 300 zombies that had assembled in the gathering darkness.

Loading their modified Nerf guns and wrapping tape around their foam swords, participants prepared for each attack from their equally enthusiastic



Senior Rob Perez dual wielding two big ass Nerf guns prior to the final mission.

Amanda Douville/The Stony Brook Press

counterparts. Some of the zombies were even excited enough to look the part, covering themselves in fake blood and tattered clothes for the hour-long event.

At 15-minute intervals, the zombies railed against the humans for a brief but ferocious charge. Hundreds of screaming students were repelled in a hail of dart-fire, their numbers dwindling as the night went on. With "Sudden Death" in effect, darts now had the ability to kill. With "the undead" dying, the intensity decreased with each assault. In the end, the humans prevailed and cel-

ebrated a week's worth of survival.

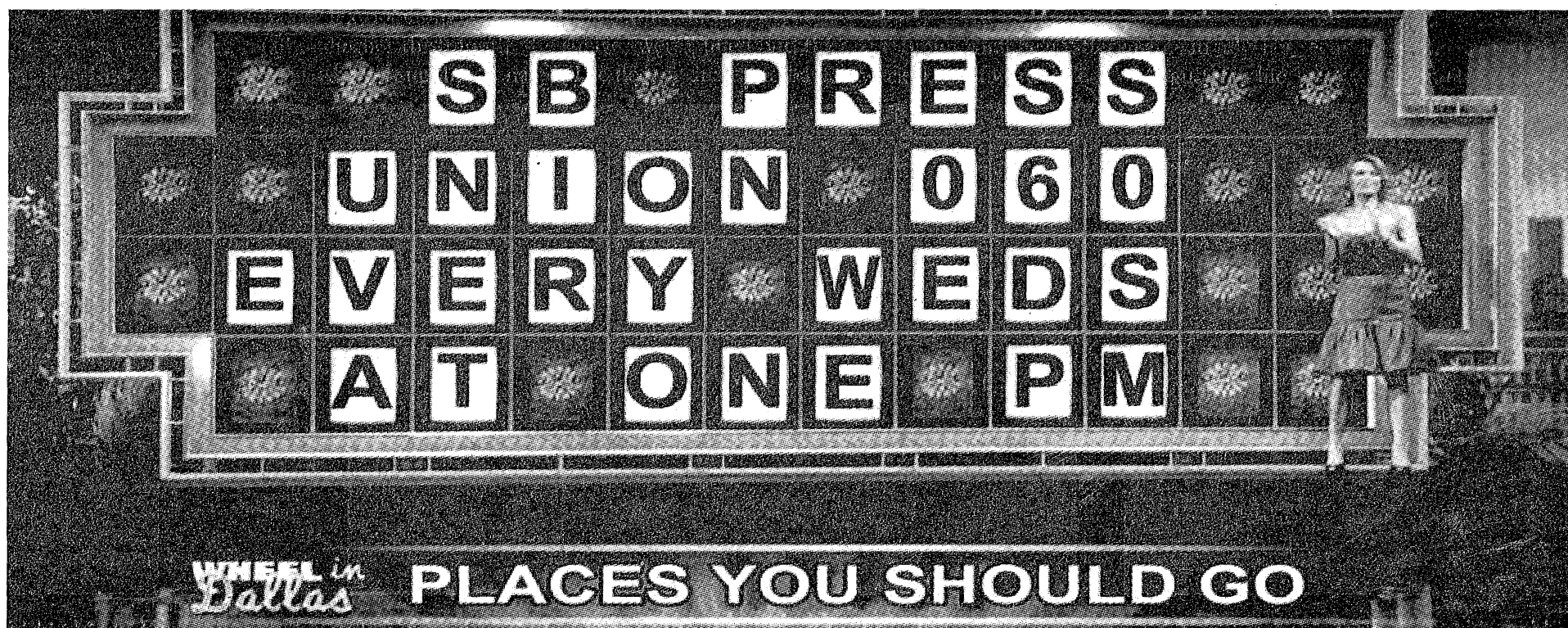
"We still had a few hiccups we were trying to work out from the first game," said game moderator Katie Overmier. "But I think this game actually ran pretty smoothly after the first couple of days."

Overmier is stepping down after this semester but her fingerprints are all over the Stony Brook HvZ chapter and her influence is likely to be felt within the program for some time.

When asked for thoughts about the next game, Overmier responded whole-

heartedly, "I will take the necessary steps to make sure it continues to run... as I've been running it. I've even been in the process of writing a manual."

Under Overmier and fellow "Mod" David Greenberg's oversight, the Stony Brook division's participation ballooned to one thousand students this semester, with hundreds of other willing participants wait-listed. Without the care and attention of the program's beloved top two moderators, will the spring campaign preserve the same level of absurdity while still maintaining order?



arts&entertainment

Why Bartók is More Hipster Than You

By Sarah Evins

On October 16, 2009, the Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra played its first concert of the season. The night was full of music you probably haven't even heard of: Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet Fantasy-Overture*, Béla Bartók's *Second Violin Concerto*, and *Concerto for Orchestra* by Witold Lutosławski. The audience donned its finest vintage garb, complemented by the sweet scent of mothballs and butterscotch, and headed over to the Staller Center for the Arts. But don't you worry your hipster head about being intimidated; nights like these are full of fine entertainment that even people like yourself can appreciate.

The night's first piece, Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet Fantasy-Overture*, began with a rocky start, the orchestra struggling to connect with the guest conductor, Edwin Outwater, who hails from Ontario, Canada. The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet's deaths were far overshadowed by the plethora of missed wind entrances and restless string passages. However, as the program's concerto competition winner, Clara Lyon, took the stage, the anxiety that blemished the first piece melted away. Not only was there an well-developed rap-

port between the conductor and solo violinist, but the orchestra itself seemed to mesh together in a way unseen in the Tchaikovsky. Where the winds formerly failed to line up and the nervous energy of the strings created ensemble problems, the entire orchestral climate relaxed.

And rightly so, considering the schism of compositional thought between Tchaikovsky and his more contemporary counterparts. Where Tchaikovsky took cues from the more traditional composers of Western Europe, Bartók and Lutosławski ditched such formalism by drawing instead from their native roots. Guys like Béla Bartók and Witold Lutosławski have been ripping off melodies from folk music before The Decemberists even put pen to *Moleskine* (note: could replace with "recycled") paper.

Soloist Clara Lyon seemed well aware of such contrasts in the program, bringing an earthy sound to Bartók's *Violin Concerto* that would twist most classical musicians' panties into a bunch. While at some points such liberties seemed to obfuscate the musical line, generally Lyon's interpretation lent an air of innovation to what could easily have become a dry performance of an esoteric piece.

In response to Lyon's fiery rendition of the Bartók, the orchestra too got its

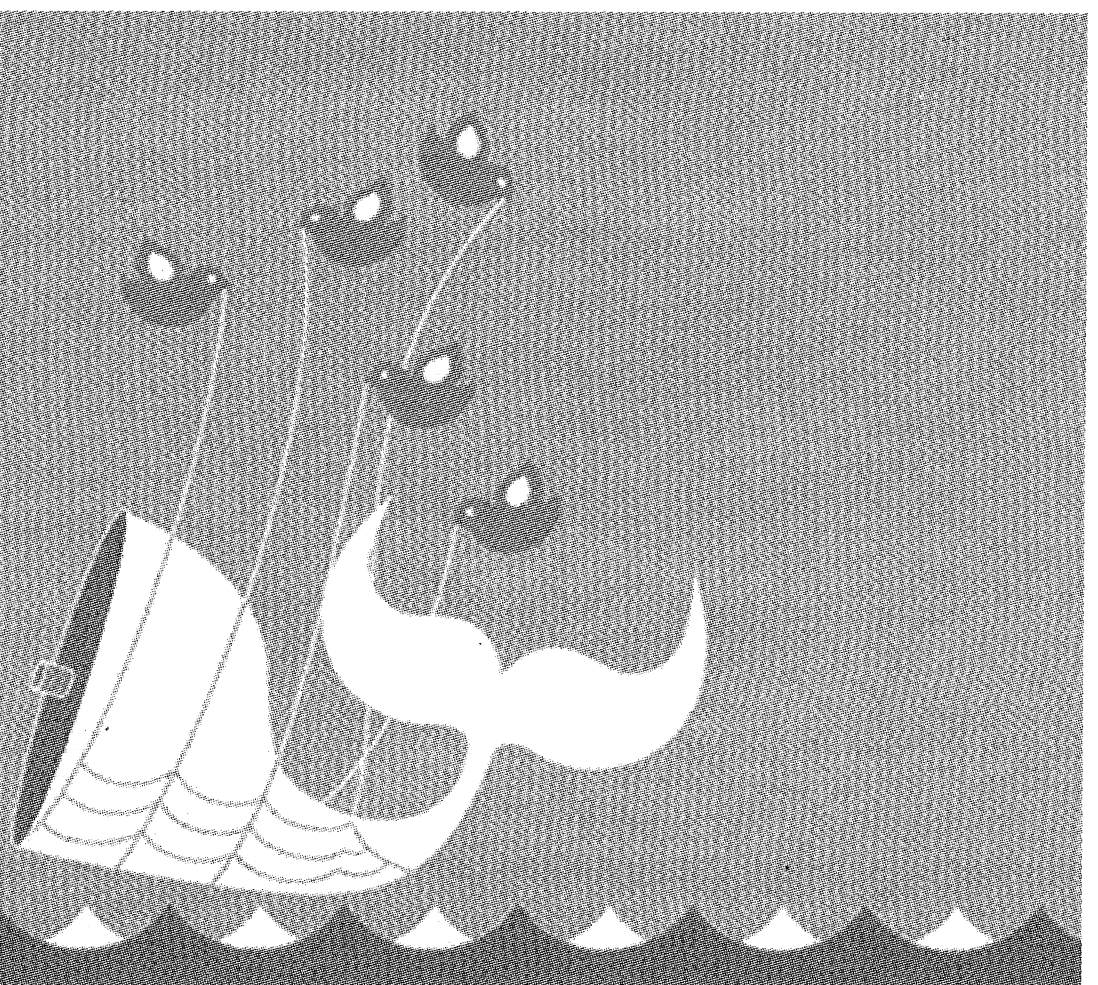


chance to show off its musical chops with Lutosławski's *Concerto for Orchestra*. Not only did the audience get to see a powerful orchestra in its top form, but also a powerful conductor dance his pants off in ways that would make Barishnykov turn green in envy. Under such guidance, the orchestra switched between the softest of softs and the loudest of louds in a matter of minutes, covering a staggering range of charac-

ters seamlessly.

Judging by the vast improvements made during the concert itself, it seems likely that the orchestra will make remarkable developments as it progresses further into its concert season. The Stony Brook Symphony Orchestra has its next concert on November 6 and will be performing at the Staller Center, so bring yo kids, bring yo wife, 'cause they entertaining errybody out here.

**Want to know where the
other half is? Then follow the
Stony Brook Press on twitter
at www.twitter.com/sbpress**



He Promised 50 States; It Doesn't Adz Up

By Joseph Wofford

If you asked me what the greatest hip-hop of all time was, I would say *Illmatic* by Nas. Not because it's my favorite album or because it helped define the genre, but because by the sum of it's parts. No rap album has ever equaled it.

So many things had to happen for a then teenage Nas to end up putting together such an amazing collection of songs. Looking at the album from a purely musical standpoint there are no bad songs.

Listening to the album straight through is practically mandatory. I wouldn't change a single song. There's something to be said for an album that doesn't have any drop offs.

I like to judge albums in part by what percent of the songs I listen too. If an album has three great songs and the rest of it is so-so, I probably won't like it as much as an album with seven or eight great songs. What makes *Illmatic* so special is that not only are all the songs great, but it stands out (even though it's 16 years old).

The new album by Sufjan Stevens, *The Age of Adz*, is a really impressive album. Much like *Illmatic*, it does not have a single drop off. Stevens created the album out of a need to reinvent his style. It creates a powerful new sound that is just as unique for its time and genre as *Illmatic*.

If you're unfamiliar with Stevens, his many albums have different styles, but you could classify him as indie-folk. He has a beautiful, wispy voice, and composes intricate songs with many different parts. In many of his older songs, you can hear Stevens' trademark banjo plucking, which is noticeably ab-

sent from *The Age of Adz*.

The new album is a departure from Stevens' folk roots and has a focus on electronic music that Stevens has never explored before. Songs like "Too Much" and "Age of Adz" are full of synthesizers and computerized percussions.

Even with *The Age of Adz*'s electronic focus, Stevens' use of orchestral instruments remains a part of many songs. He finds a remarkable blend of genres in this release. Stevens has been able to innovate with his music in the past, but not quite like this. The music is

In the past, Stevens would paint pictures of events or people with his songs, but *The Age of Adz* is Stevens' most personal album to date. The best song, "I Want To Be Well," delves into the insecurities within Stevens' mind. Having the perception of a "choir boy in the indie scene" seems intent within this work. It is delicate and haunting in a way that I would have to compare to Radiohead's electronically focused *Kid A*.

It is wrong to think of this album as just experimental, outweighing folk. Instead think of it as progression in Stevens' style.

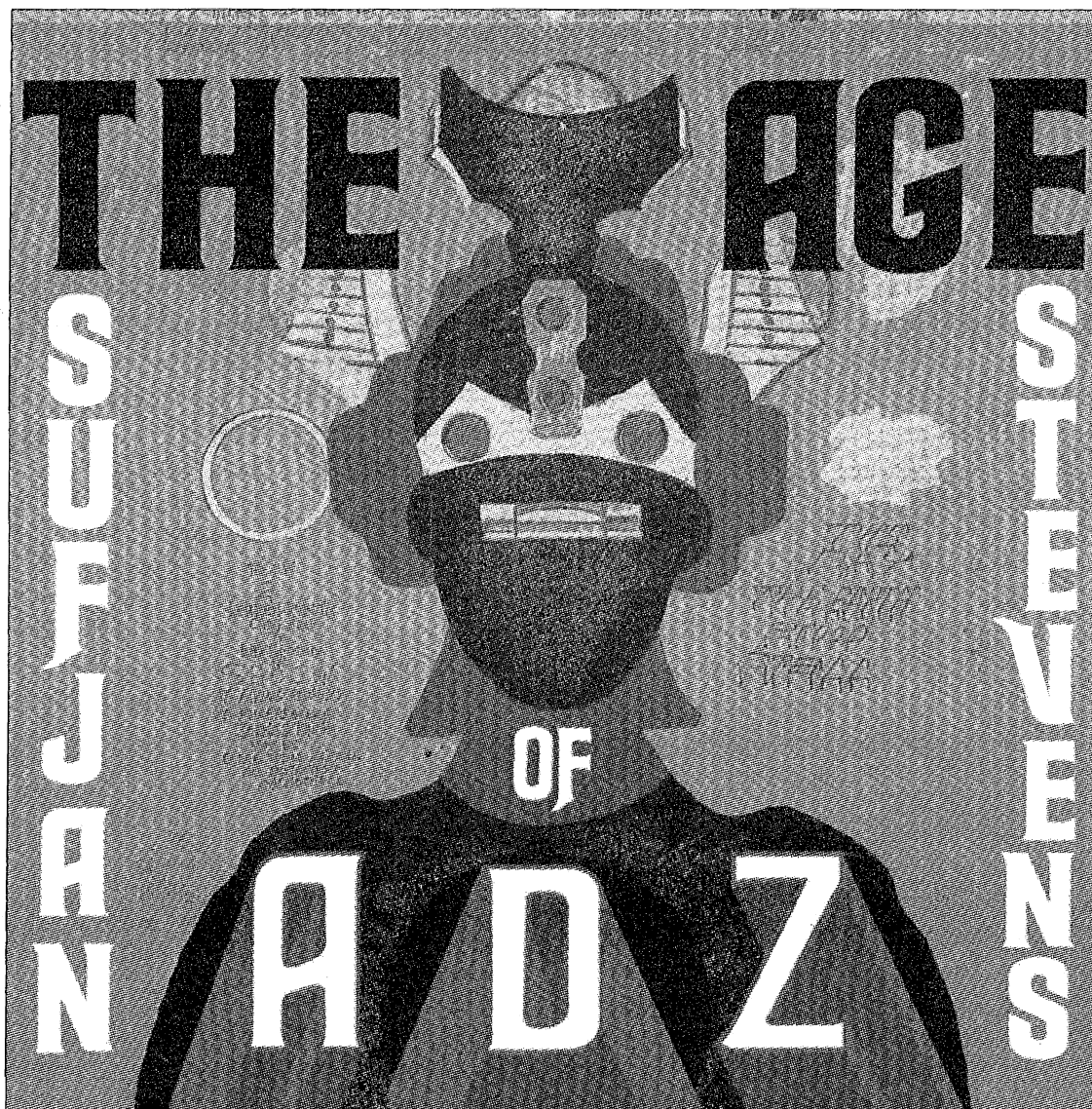
I don't think the sound created with this album will be a one-time thing. Instead I expect Stevens to build on this style and many others to form what he has accomplished here.

It's not that *The Age of Adz* is the *Illmatic* of indie music, but I cannot find any flaws with this CD. It is a unique and thrilling collection, with every song adding to the album as a whole. Stevens poured his heart into all of these songs. He composes his music, and it is authentic to him.

I don't know if *The Age of Adz* can be the success that *Illmatic* was, but if it were not, it would not be for lack of quality. This could be an album that people look back on as a

defining album of 2010. It could change the direction of indie music.

Whatever your impression of Stevens, you should listen to this album. It is a true expression of his musical identity, and the beauty he brings to the world with his music.



There are a lot of beeps and boops that instead of clashing with the melodies blend gloriously to create *Adz*'s charm. Even though there is a complete change in instrumentation, the most important instrument, Stevens' voice, remains gloriously the same. His delivery is as beautiful as ever, and many of the songs have harmonies and cleverly layered vocals.

beautiful and unlike any indie music you've heard before. Many of the songs are long, but they are extremely well written.

There are no low points on the album either. There are slow moving songs like "Futile Devices" and "Now That I am Older," balanced by booming orchestral songs that often feature a choir.

HEY!
IF THE PRESS WERE MADE FROM
BARBECUE SPARE RIBS, WOULD
YOU JOIN IT?

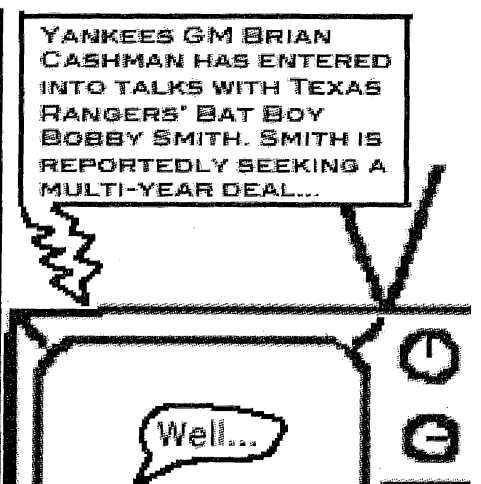
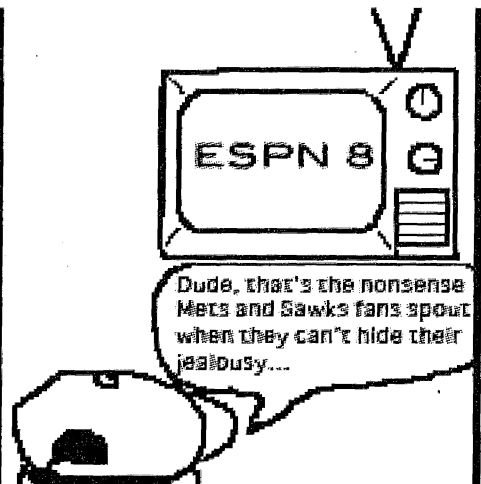
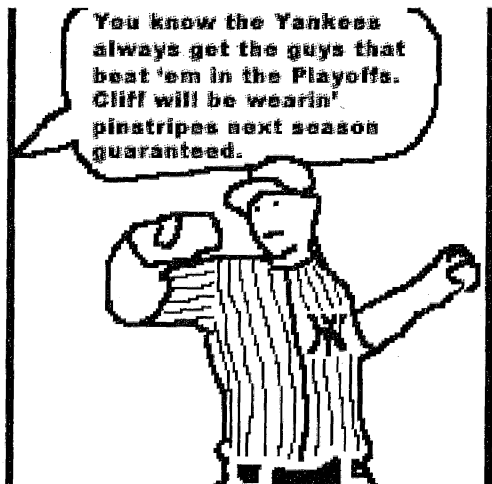
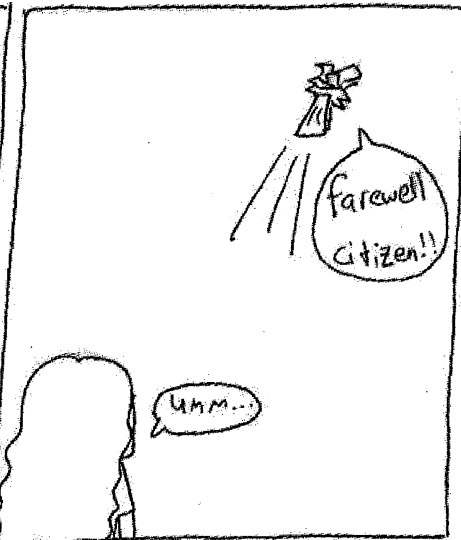
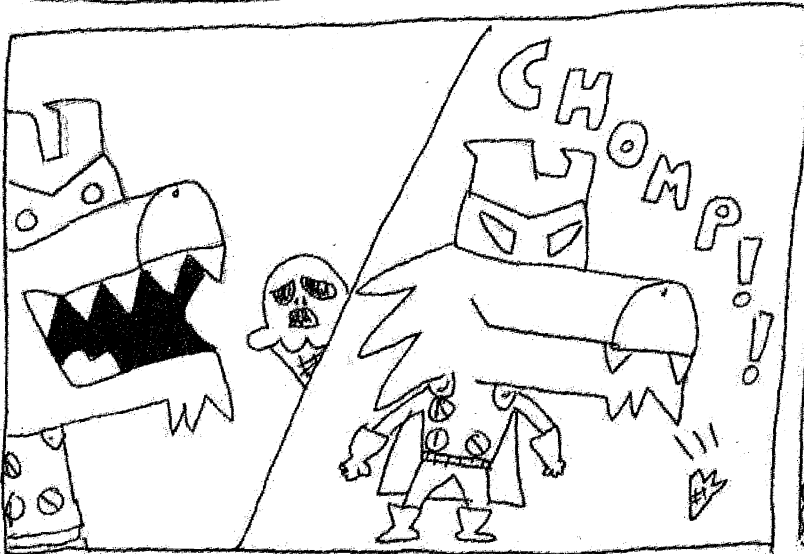
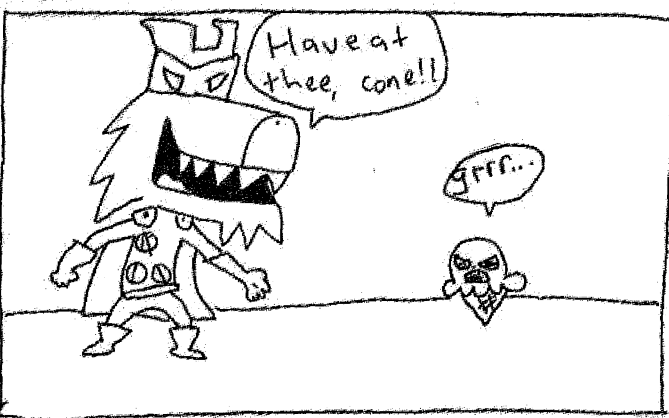
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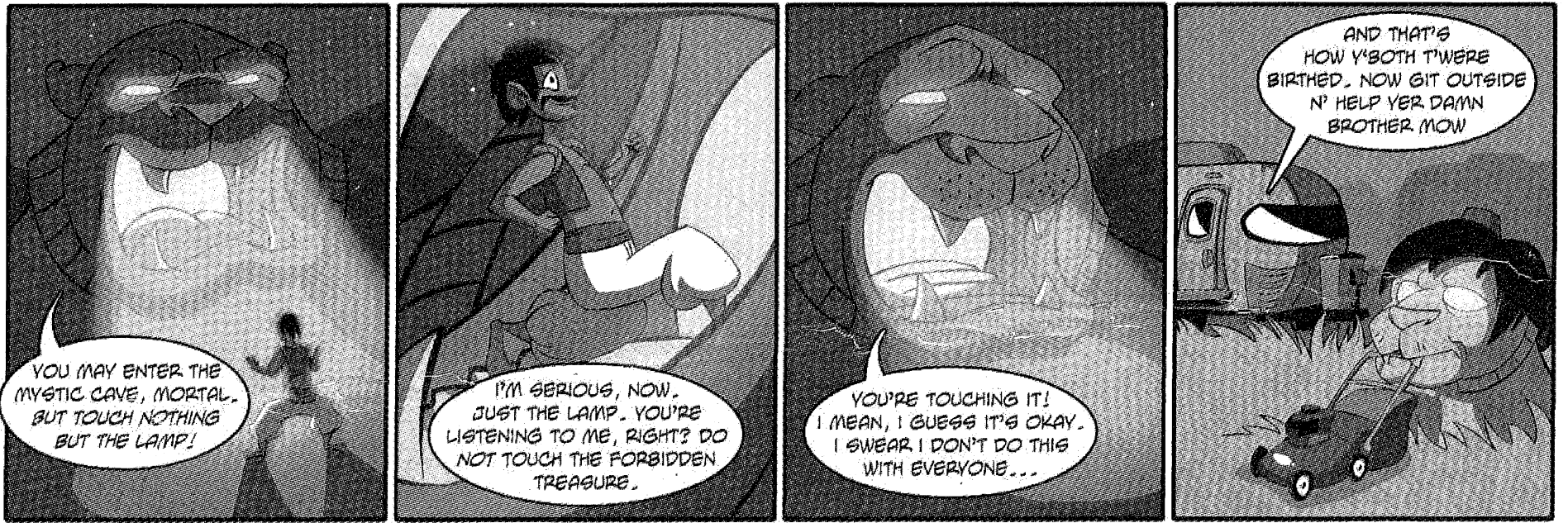
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the (return of)
SCARLET SEAWOLF
 (still) by: Frank Myles



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THE BORING ROCKS a comic strip gladventure by Evan "66" Goldaper

AND NOW!
 "THE BORING ROCKS" presents
 5 ZERO EFFORT HALLOWEEN COSTUMES!
 WWWW
 CLIP N' SAVE!
 WWWW

1. Yourself! It's hilarious!
 Who are you supposed to be?
 An overworked college student!

2. The "Pretend, Fake Out!" It's high concept!
 What are you dressed as, Pippin?
 Gatcha! I'm not me! I'm Garlian, dressed as Pippin! *

*Note: Hope the other party never shows.

3. The shapeshifter of your choice.
 I'm telling you. I'm Ditto from Pokéman, using Transform to look like Pippin!

4. Whatever junk you've got lying around.
 And you are?
 I don't know, but I sure am ZANY!

5. A pirate.
 You can tell I'm a pirate because my shirt is striped!

Now you too can go to a Halloween party with the apathy of a true college student!
 WWWW
 3/16/10

Hereafter Sucks!

By Lauren Dubois

Halloween is just around the corner, and that means the movie-going public generally sees an onslaught of murder, exorcism, ghosts and vampires on the big screen. *Hereafter*, brought to us by Clint Eastwood, tries to be unique, giving us a drama about what happens after we die. In that respect, the movie is a huge success. The audience now knows where movies go to die.

The movie follows the lives of three different people from three different countries, all dealing with death and the possible afterlife in different ways. George (Matt Damon) is a reluctant psychic in San Francisco who can commune with the dead simply by touching someone else's hand. He used to make money off his "gift," but now considers it a curse, and just wants to be normal. Marie (Cecile de France) is a French TV journalist who survived the 2004 tsunami in Indonesia, but is still haunted by a fuzzy glimpse of a possible afterlife that she saw while unconscious. Marcus (George and Frankie McLaren) is a London schoolboy trying to come to terms with the sudden death of his twin brother.

Eastwood means well, and he tries hard, but the movie just doesn't seem to

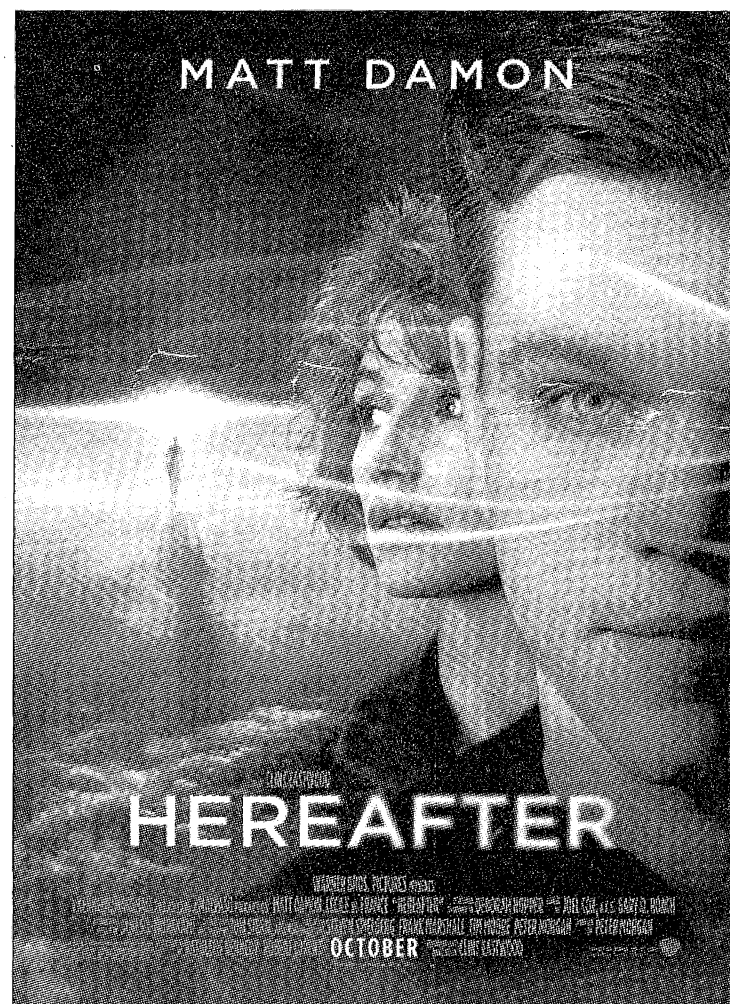
reach a climax. It's a shame really, since it opens strong with the tsunami that Marie survives. The scenes of the water destroying a beautiful beach town are heart breaking, and this intensifies by showing of the wreckage that follows. It sets the movie up to a much higher standard than it can ever reach.

The stories of the three characters don't connect, and they never intersect with one another until the last 20 minutes of the movie. When they eventually do all meet, it's very rushed and nonsensical. We start with three separate stories that are tragic in their own ways, but end with weird happy endings that just don't fit. They feel as if they were sloppily added on. And the fact that a movie that lasts 129 minutes takes 109 of them to actually get to the real story...is a waste of 109 minutes.

There is also no concept of time or place in the movie. It's hard to follow how far along in the plot we have come unless we know a few small bits of history going in. The only real way to measure time is by knowing when the tsunami and London subway bombing were. If someone in the audience doesn't know about them, they're never going to have any idea how long the story has been going on for, and they're also never going to know where they are unless they're familiar with certain landmarks in the main cities these char-

acters live in, as the film jumps from one character's life to the next with no warning.

The acting is also lackluster. There's no real emotion behind the characters, and some never really develop. Bryce Dallas Howard makes a brief appearance as Melanie, a possible love interest for George, but then just disappears entirely after he does a reading. Damon just seems to mope around, the McLaren boys don't have much energy and de France isn't very engaging for someone whose character is supposed to be a television personality. In all honesty, the performances are just boring.



It's sad that the movie never really amounts to much, because it truly could have had the potential to be a standout film. Unfortunately, instead of standing up and breathing new life into the theater, it's just dead on arrival.

The Jackass 4-D Experience

By Kenny Mahoney

This past weekend, Johnny Knoxville and the rest of the Jackass crew took their antics and dick-assery onto the silver screen for the third time - in THREE DEE! That's right; three-dimensional poop, three-dimensional vomit and three-dimensional penises were yours to behold, had you dropped the ludicrous 15 dollar ticket price to have your face assaulted with horrific acts of self-mutilation. But it's a new day, and with a new day comes another reason to whore yourself out to the corporate media by objectifying your man-purse into getting smacked with a baseball bat.

MTV Films and the Museum of Modern Art are proud to announce the coming of the Jackass 4D experience!

What is the Jackass 4D experience, you ask? The fourth dimension is the dimension that makes you part of the movie! In fact, you've probably already encountered the fourth dimension of movie making. Have you ever gone to a museum or science exhibit and seen



some 3D documentary about fish where, instead of letting you sit back and enjoy the show, they poke you with stuff and make the room smell funny? That is the fourth dimension. The dimension that not only makes you feel as though you're actually there, but the dimension that allows them to touch you.

The Jackass 4D Experience will allow moviegoers to experience what it's really like to be on the cast of Jackass. For example, when Johnny gets smacked in the junk with an errant blow, you'll

feel it! Each seat will be equipped with a quick-release mechanism that drops a five-pound weight on those precious family jewels. As you watch Steve-O take a shot of horse-semen and promptly puke it back up, the patented "Barf-Blast" regurgi-cannon will let loose, showering the audience with a delicate mixture of real water and real vomit! Oh no, what's that smell?! Not only can you see Chris Pontius and Wee-Man slathering themselves up with pungent fecal matter, you'll smell it too! The MoMA toilets weren't capable of supplying the amount of poo needed for this one (since no one that visits MoMA is capable of excrement), so they hauled in fresh batches of doo-doo butter from the Porta-Potties at one of the many New York area construction sites. At the end of the day, your dick will hurt so bad you'll swear you were actually there!

HALLOWEEN HORROR HODGE-PODGE!

Contributors: Zach Knowlton, Evan Goldaper, Liz Kaempf, Erin Mansfield and Kenny Mahoney

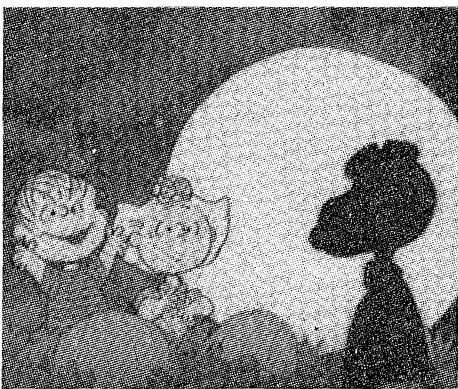
We here at *The Press* know how scary, bloody and hilarious horror movies can be, and with Halloween rollin' on up we have compiled a list of some of our favorites in the genre; the best, the worst, and the best of the worst, in no particular order. So grab some popcorn, turn off the lights and get ready to be spooked! Or maybe not. Either way, you're sure to have a grand ol' time!

Trick 'r Treat: Disturbingly Halloween

It's an actual Halloween movie, set on the night and wrapped up with a ton of mythos associated with the holiday. The intertwining stories flow together incredibly well, and the atmosphere alone makes it the perfect Halloween flick. Plus Anna Paquin is in it, and she's jus hot.

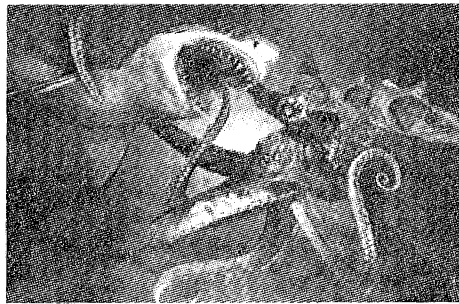
It's the Great Pumpkin Charlie Brown: Feel Good Halloween

If you don't like this, you are soulless and quite possibly a zombie. It's a classic. It's not scary, but it captures what Halloween is like for a kid. It's a bit silly, but who doesn't relate to Charlie Brown at some point? And the Red Baron sequences with Snoopy are gold.



Mega Shark vs. Giant Octopus: So Bad It's Good

There's really only one way to describe a movie as bad as 2009's sci-fi horror epic *Mega Shark vs. Giant Octopus*. It's the sort of movie where a *throw-away* scene involves the titular shark jumping out of the ocean, grabbing a jet plane in his mouth and falling back into the sea. Combine that with laughably overwrought acting from washed-up 80s pop star Debbie Gibson and a vari-



ety of even less-famous hacks, glaring scientific inaccuracies that even I, as an English major, can detect, and CGI renderings that would've been shameful on the Nintendo 64 and you've easily got the worst horror movie ever made. But that's the best part of *Mega Shark*! Grab a bunch of your friends, sit down and just laugh along with it. I guarantee you won't regret it.

Scream 2: Decent Sequel

Because Randy says to the killer, "Well FUUUUCK, YOUUUUUU!"

Orphan: Some Freaky Shit

Under the assumption that it was going to be another hideous attempt at reinventing the horror movie, *Orphan* is genuinely creative and terrifying. It gets rid of convention, pits husband against wife, harms children and is an overall creep-fest. It has just enough blood and violence to make it gory and the ending is twisted the way M. Night Shyamalan used to be able to do. Foreign children will never get adopted with this movie available to the public.

Hard Candy: Nothing Like Juno

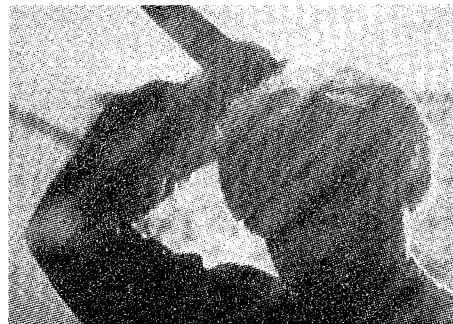
It's brilliant because it is a solid movie standing on just two actors and only taking place in one location. Ellen Page entraps a sex offender in his own home and then tortures him to no end. Wonderfully witty dialogue, preteen innocence and an unsated castration scene that could make anyone sick makes this one of the best thrillers in the genre.



Psycho: Cult Classic

First of all, it's directed by the master, Alfred Hitchcock. Secondly, Janet Leigh, who played Marion Crane, never

took a shower again after her death scene in the bathroom. Thirdly, you're still not sure who the antagonist is at the end, Norman Bates or his mother. Lastly, this could happen in real life! The most terrifying things are the things that could actually happen to us.



Séance: Thank God It Was Free

If you are lucky enough to have video on demand, then you too can watch mindless and horribly awful d-rated horror movies ... for free! And if they're for free, then you know they are gonna be bad! *Séance* encompasses all the great aspects of college life: booze, sex, catty roommates, perverted security guards, sexy loners and ghosts! Almost everyone dies and it's all pretty laughable, but that's why you watch. "I don't understand, first he was there, and then he wasn't!" Well, duh, that's how ghosts work.

Drive Thru: The Toy In The Happy Meal

Clowns were scary as a kid, and they're still scary now that one is a meat cleaver-wielding fast food mascot killing people in the town. There's a deep secret hidden within the adults and the children have to pay by being chopped up by the menacing Horny the Clown. Get it? It's funny too! This movie is filled with familiar faces, as it was quite obviously the big break for *Gossip Girl* actors, Leighton Meester and Penn Badgley. And quite obviously, we can't wait for them to actually finish *Drive Thru 2*, because we just gotta know who the real killer is!

Jason X: They Should Have Stopped 10 Years Ago

Teenagers in space with a cryogenically frozen serial killer. You're kidding me right?! This is what happens when directors just can't stop ...

Feast: First-Rate Gore
Set with a satirical and stereotypi-

cal entrance to all the characters, you know you are set up for lots of laughs and some gross ass shit. Giant territorial monsters attack the unsuspecting guests at a random dive bar in the middle of nowhere, and when the guy most likely to save the day dies first, all you can wonder is how our loveable band of misfits will get out of this pickle. If they get out at all. And if you love the first one, be sure to follow it immediately with *Feast 2* and *Feast 3*. They totally jump the shark, and it's more than disturbing at times, but oh man, is it worth it.

28 Days Later: Zombies Are Awesome

28 Days Later begins with the ultimate "oh-shit" moment; twenty-eight days *after* an outbreak of a zombie-creating virus, our main character Jim awakens in a completely desolate world, save for the slobbering mouths of the undead hell-bent on tearing him to pieces. The course of the film takes him across the English countryside, meeting up with a few fellow survivors in a desperate attempt to escape the zombie horde. You won't find any over-the-top gun-toting action or ultra-gory zombies, but what you will find is a truly amazing storyline with some seriously scary and disturbing moments.



Die You Zombie Bastards!: Zombies Are Awesomely Bad

This amateur film somehow shambled its way onto Netflix's Instant Queue, and made for an absolutely absurd night with friends and a couple of pizzas. It looks like crap, it sounds like crap, the actors are crap and the story seems like it was written by... well someone that would come up with the title "Die You Zombie Bastards!" That said, it's so bad it's good, and if you're willing to sit through some brutally awful dialogue, such as the famous "It's too hot for science... and clothes!" (insert description of topless lady lab-assistants), then you've got yourself the recipe for an interesting night.

TOP TEN SCARY COSTUMES FOR PRESIDENT STANLEY TO DRESS AS THIS HALLOWEEN

10. ANGRY HOTEL PROTESTER

9. WERE-WOLFIE SEAWOLF

8. TUITION VAMPIRE

7. ANGRY RA UNION PROTESTER

6. AN OOMPA-LOOMPA

5. A GHOST

(BECAUSE GHOSTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD COSTUMES)

4. WILLIAM SHATNER

3. ANGRY SOUTHAMPTON
PROTESTER

2. THE GRINCH (SEE ITEMS 10, 7 AND 3)

1. PRESIDENT OF STONY BROOK