

THE STONY BROOK

PRESS'

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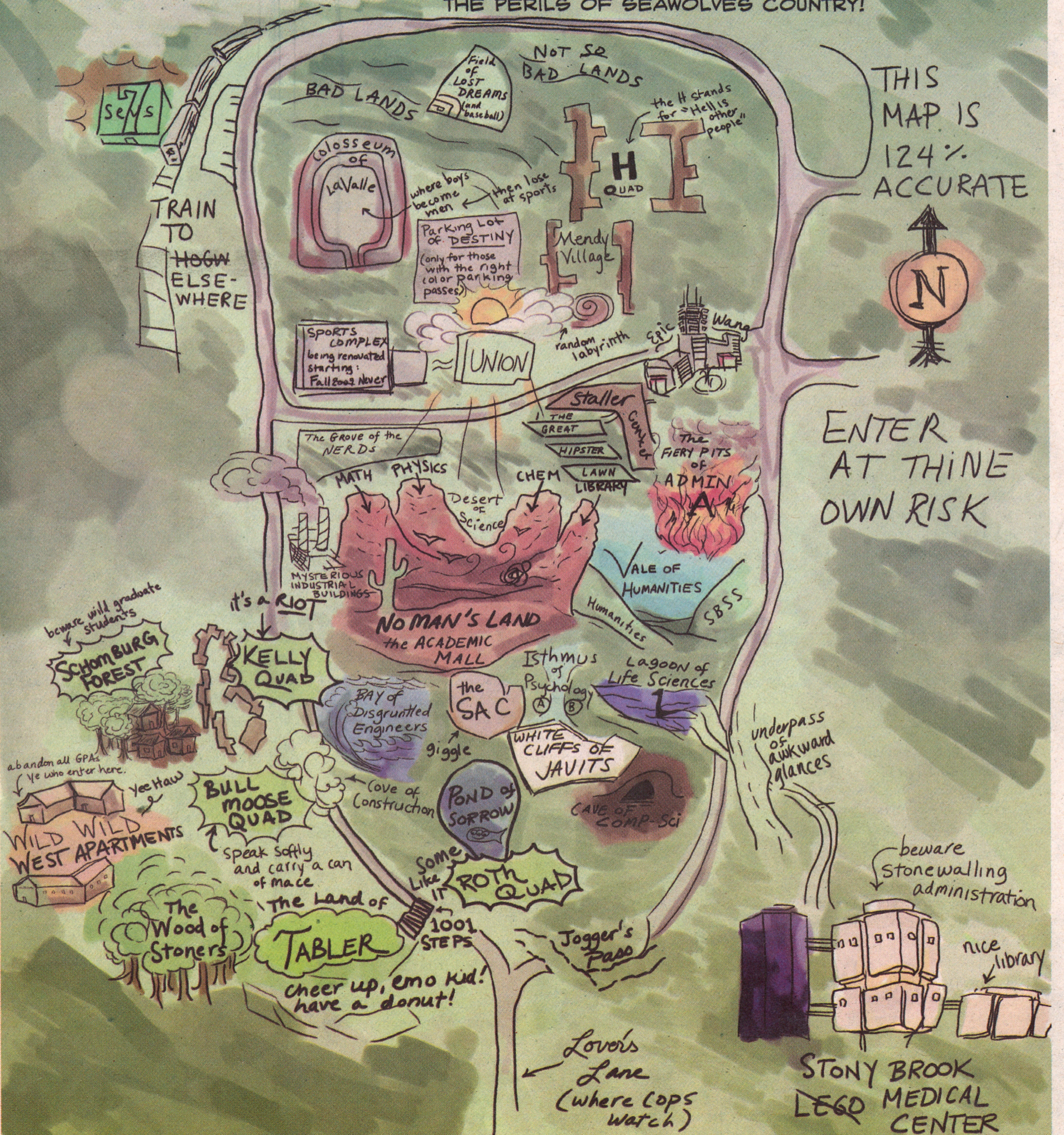
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ENTER AT THINE OWN RISK



Med School Dean Calls it Quits

By Najib Aminy

After four years at the helm of one of the nation's top recognized medical schools, Dr. Richard Fine, 71, announced that he will be resigning from his position as Dean of Stony Brook Medical School once a replacement is found.

Fine, who is the fourth highest paid employee in the university and hospital with a salary of roughly over \$350,000, informed former university president Shirley Strum Kenny in 2005 that he would hold the position for three years when hired. Fine stayed on for one more year during Kenny's last year leaving the vacant position for Stony Brook's fifth president, Dr. Samuel Stanley.

"This leaves a void that will be challenging to fill with a person of equal caliber and dedication; I have requested that Dr. Fine remain Dean during the search for his replacement, and he has graciously agreed to do so, and a search committee will soon be appointed to assist in identifying a qualified replacement," Stanley wrote in an email dated July 7 to Stony Brook faculty.

Fine, a nationally recognized pediatric kidney specialist, was quick to defend the medical center after the State

Department of Health launched an investigation following the deaths of three children in 2006. The medical center was cited with 36 violations and fined

Director of Stony Brook's Cancer Center. According to a lawsuit deposition, Kinsella had improperly given a child with a rare form of cancer one-tenth the

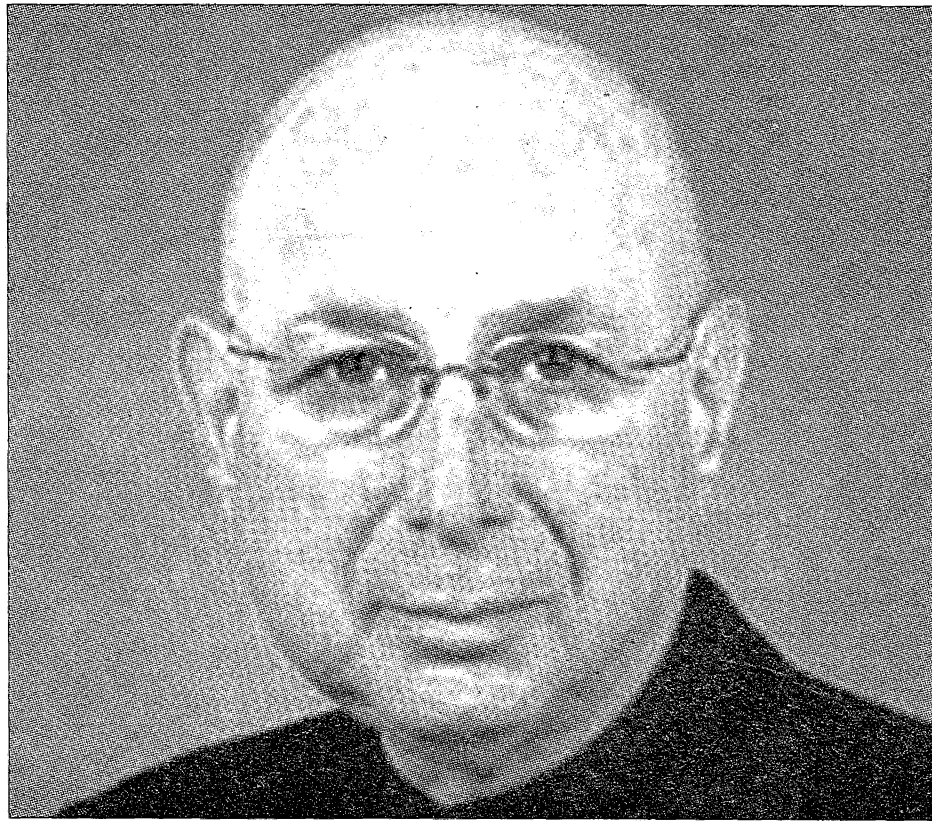
had a history of improper billings and backdating notes during his tenure at the University of Wisconsin.

When asked about the hiring process of Kinsella and if the university was aware of Kinsella's past, Fine, who denied all interview requests responded in an email that "Dr. Kinsella is a nationally known clinician and administrator who was brought on board to help us execute our vision to develop a National Cancer Institute designated Comprehensive Cancer Center that will serve as a major clinical and research enterprise for Long Island."

Under Fine's leadership, the School of Medicine has increased its enrollment, to from 100 to 124 students in the class of 2012. Stony Brook's School of Medicine is ranked 45th in terms of primary care and ranks 56th in research out of 100 schools, according to *U.S. News & World Report's* rankings of top 2009 medical schools.

As a former president of the American Society of Transplantation, Fine received his Bachelors degree from Muhlenberg College in 1958 and a medical degree from Temple University in 1962.

Fine will continue to practice medicine in the field of pediatric nephrology at Stony Brook's medical center.



\$72,000 at the time.

Questions arose again in 2008 when Fine hired Dr. Timothy Kinsella as the

intended amount of dosage and failed to correct the dosage after a colleague pointed out his mistake. Kinsella also

Alcohol Consumption: Bad?

By Ana Llacer Alventosa

This past June, 25 students and orientation leaders of Stony Brook University have completed the "Red Watch Band," a preventative program targeting the consequences of binge drinking on college campuses.

Cases of alcohol poisoning occur every day at colleges and campuses all over the country. A recent study performed by the Researchers from the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism, found that 1, 825 college students die every year from drinking too much alcohol in their studies. "Fortunately, no one has died on this campus, but in one semester between 20 and 30 people ended up in the hospital," said Lara Hunter, a teacher of the Red Watch Band program and Senior Counselor in the Center for Prevention and Outreach at Stony Brook University.

Red Watch Band was created March at Stony Brook University after the death of Matthew Sunshine, a fresh-

man at Northwestern University, Ill. in June 2008, and the son of Suzanne Fields, a Stony Brook professor. He died of alcohol overdose after his friends brought him into his room to sleep it off.



Andrew Fraley
Batman hits the city of Drink, and breaks a horn

"My son died at another university last year from acute alcohol toxicity. President Kenny reached out to me and my husband with an offer to help in any way that she could," Fields said. "I told

her at the time that I would like to start a program at Stony Brook to prevent deaths from alcohol poisoning by training other students on the signs and symptoms and what to do in such an emergency," she said.

Roughly 90 students have completed the program at Stony Brook, which consists in a CPR training and alcohol education role-playing, which includes re-enactments in groups of three people with a student suffering from alcohol overdose. The program is designed to teach students how to recognize alcohol emergencies and respond efficiently.

"Basically, what they teach in the program is to take away the fear and not be afraid to look for help to the authorities because most of the time students are afraid of the repercussions," said Jeanine Romero, a student of Stony Brook that has been trained in the program.

"I think it is worth it, as there's a saying prevention is always better than cure," said Avram Rao, a Stony Brook student who went to the hospital be-

cause of binge drinking last Thanksgiving. Rao said the program is unique in that it helps to prevent harm through medical and behavioral training rather than lecturing students that they should not drink.

"It creates awareness, and if a person who has [taken the] course happens to be at a party where a lot of times people are bound to be in trouble, human first aid is always beneficial and in some cases can be a life saver," Rao said.

According to Red Watch Band Coordinator Lara Hunter, the program offers free services to the surrounding community, funded through the Stony Brook Foundation.

The program has extended interest to over 115 schools in 36 states and one campus in Canada that has expressed interest in the program. However, the program is not implemented yet in any other college. "The program is very new and we are in the process of training schools and disseminating information," Hunter said.

Get An SBU Life

By Najib Aminy

Tired of expanding your empire in Cuba, stalking the photo albums of friends you haven't spoken to in years, or the need to update your status to something witty and relevant?

Just when you got used to the mannerisms of Twitter, deleted your Myspace page and are trying to fight your addiction to Facebook, there is a new social networking site, only this time, it's local, Stony Brook University local.

SBUlife, one of the first student-powered campus social networks in the nation, has launched providing an intricate hyper-local list of events, information, and profiles pertaining to Stony Brook and more importantly Undergraduate Student Government funded clubs.

The new social networking site, launched August 19, allows groups to post event information, students to create profiles, and run a calendar system for students to find out about what events are going around the university.

The site itself was designed to resolve the communication gap between USG and the clubs it funds. "We are supposed to be in contact with all of our clubs every year and it's very difficult to do that because of e-board changes every year and some clubs that don't notify us," said David Mazza, a sophomore computer engineering major. "This is a way for clubs to give us that information."

What looks to be a simpler version of Facebook, one can scroll through a list of notifications updating what friends and groups are doing, look through a list of events happening within the upcoming days, and look at

recently joined members. For clubs that are looking to create a website, they can register and choose from a number of templates, and have a site running in a matter of minutes, all free, said Mazza, who is the Vice President of Communication and Public Relations for the USG.

The site rivals that of the University calendar posted on the Stony Brook homepage, a calendar void of student funded activities, Mazza said.

"There are all these events going on around campus except no one knows about them," said Moiz Khan, a USG Senator who has joined the site and registered his group, SBU Freethinkers as well. "They are just not properly advertised, so unless you're really trying to find an event you can't find it."

Mazza said he hopes to change this by "specifically targeting freshman groups as they come in looking for things to do." These things to do range from University sponsored events such as homecoming to group funded events that need advertising.

"The main thing is that students are paying for events and the USG that grants the money, and of all people it should be the USG trying to make sure its money is being advertised," Khan said. "If not, then you are wasting student's money."

Though it is still too soon to determine how successful the site has performed in terms of attracting students, Mazza is already planning to incorporate intragration between other networking sites including Facebook and Twitter.

As for the aesthetics and operations of the site, Khan described it as "awesome" and "amazing".

"The great thing about it is click one button and you are signed up," Khan said.

Insignificant Liberal Media Organization Wins Insignificant Award From Insignificant National Think Tank

By Alex H. Nagler

The posters for *Think Magazine* proudly proclaim themselves to be the "latte sipping, arugula eating, Prius driving" paper of Stony Brook University. Its physical presence is mainly these posters; *Think* has so far only published one issue, its inaugural issue to celebrate both the start of itself and the Obama administration. Save for that, the magazine has not been physically seen since

and organize the fifty member publications that can be found at schools across the country, though the bulk of them reside on the east coast and California. Stony Brook is the only SUNY to have a recognized Campus Progress publication.

Though only a year old, Campus Progress has taken note of *Think*, awarding it for being the best website within the publications network. Peck will pick this award up at the Campus Progress conference in Washington D.C. on July 9th. Peck hopes that the



March.

The magazine's real presence, however, exists on the internet at www.thinksb.com. Online, *Think* is frequently updated with information concerning political goings-on at the national, state, and New York City level and will occasionally stream live events, such as the first press conference of now-President Stanley after his confirmation by the SUNY Board of Trustees. Everything is done with an unashamedly liberal bent.

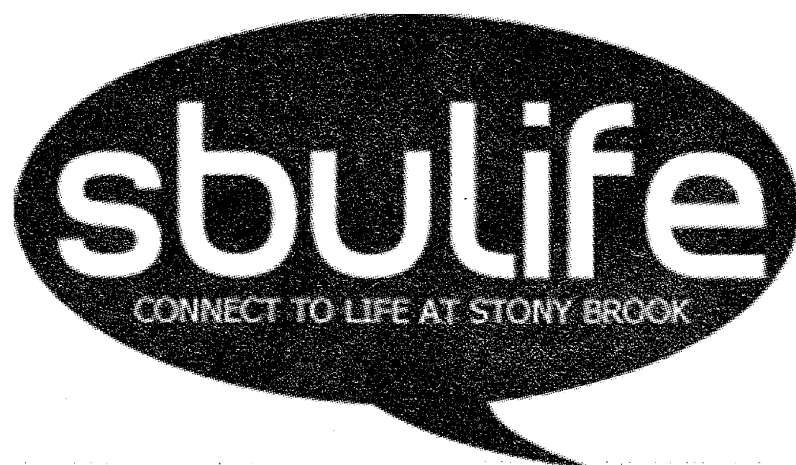
Think's editor Adam Peck started the magazine last fall. "It wasn't to counter the [Stony Brook] *Patriot*" Peck said, adding that "*Think* addresses similar issues as *The Patriot* yes, but we add some critical components to our coverage. Things like logic, reason and intelligence." At the end of the spring semester, *Think* had nine writers working for it, mainly on content for the website.

Think is funded through a grant from Campus Progress, the youth activism arm of the Center for American Progress. Campus Progress, a prominent Democratic think-tank, helps fund

recognition the award will earn him will attract not only readers and writers, but potential guest speakers to Stony Brook, which has leaned to the right with political speakers recently, such as Ann Coulter, Tom Tancredo and Robert Spencer.

"Campus Progress has been awesome in that they make some pretty big names available to their affiliates, like Katrina vanden Heuvel, editor of *The Nation*, whom we interviewed for our first issue. And being able to present ourselves as Campus Progress' best website will hopefully make our requests for interviews and guest speakers more attractive."

The award, the first for *Think*, provides solely recognition, but Peck is hopeful for the new pilot program being launched by Campus Progress this year that *Think* is a candidate for. Peck declined to elaborate, stating "I don't want to make too much of it in case it doesn't happen, but next semester might be a time of significant expansion for us with the help of CP. The Vast Left Wing Conspiracy could be coming to Stony Brook."



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editorials

Meet The New Boss...

The few people still stuck on campus for the summer may have noticed some changes made to the SAC food court since the session started. Since the SAC is the only food court open this summer, it's hard to avoid if you're going to eat on campus. At the end of last semester, the eleven-year contract—it was extended last year from ten—with the campus' previous food service providers, Chartwells, officially expired. Owned by the multinational corporation, Compass Group, the food service provider was not particularly popular on campus, for a number of reasons. The lack of varied choices, the mandatory \$300 overhead for residents living in dorms without kitchens, and the ex-

orbitant prices are just a few of these.

So now Chartwells is out; Lackmann is in. Lackmann is a local culinary service provider, operating out of Woodbury, NY. There are some noticeable changes to the menu, appearance, and prices of the SAC food court. In general, there seems to be more of a selection and slightly cheaper prices—although pizza is higher. Regardless, the change seems to be a positive one, and Stony Brook might be free of its 11-year nightmare with Chartwells, right?

Well, not quite. As it turns out, Compass Group recently acquired Lackmann. In what appears to be the endless cycle that is big corporate takeovers, Stony Brook is once again

stuck with a subsidiary of the \$7.7 billion corporation.

What does this mean for Stony Brook students? Well, we don't expect much change in terms of the policies here. Students in the dorms will probably have to buy some sort of meal plan with a ridiculous overhead. Although prices are a bit lower right now at the SAC, more often than not it's because it's actually less food than what students previously paid for. Don't expect buffet-style eateries either (outside of the Kelly and Benedict brunches), these were deemed infeasible last year.

Well, at least there's that really nice salad bar. Score.

Camelot (It's Only A Model...)



Don't let it be forgot/That once there was a spot/For one brief shining moment/that was known as

Camelot.

Write for The Press!

Meetings Every Wednesday at 1PM, Union Building 060

E-mail your letters to sbpressnews@gmail.com

Letter: Dear Ross Barkan

[Editors Note: What follows is a response to the piece entitled "Dear Patriot Staffers" by Ross Barkan in Issue 14 of *The Stony Brook Press*]

Dear Ingrate,

I'm going to be very up front: I'm not interested in gaining your respect or showing you mine. I thought about arguing your points, but then realized it's pointless. You guys just don't care and don't want to listen. I will comment on one thing though: you criticize us for the infrequency of our issues. Well, maybe if we had your budget or half your budget or even A THIRD OF YOUR BUDGET, we would be able to publish on a regular basis. We don't get enough money to publish every month but you get enough money for Mac computers, an office, 90+ page issues, etc. You're an out socialist, why don't you put your fucking money your stupid, doofy mouth is and spread the wealth – send some of yours our way; trust me, we'd publish every month if we had it.

That said... Congratulations! I've noticed that you have moved up in the ranks of your pathetic nerd empire down in your nerd-hole of an office choc full of whiny, naïve, sexually frustrated NERDS. I look forward to all the great work you're going to do as "News Editor" next year.

You question how versed we are on the subject of "sexual intercourse," but I have to say, I've met a lot of your staffers over the past three years and if they're any indication of your level of sexual prowess (I'm sure they are), then I really feel bad for you. That is, unless your definition of sex is intimate contact with the latest product released by Steve Jobs or masturbating to Princess Peach in Super Mario 3. You're probably a latent homosexual anyway though and are instead masturbating to Mario and Luigi. On second thought, I think you have an X-Box down there... You can now masturbate to "next-gen" video game characters. That must really get you guys going. You should try leaving the bat-cave every once in a while... there are actually real girls... uhh, sorry, GUYS, out there to talk to. But then again, why should you repeat your past. I'm sure every girl... oh right, GUY... you ever talked to in High School pretended you didn't exist, which makes sense as, when you came to College, you flocked to "The Stony Brook Press," a collection of other rejects and losers who always got beat up and never had a girlfrie... uhh BOYFRIEND in High School. At least you guys now have each other. I know I'd kill for that consolation.

"...the human species would come to an end because (and I gather the Patriot staffers aren't so experienced in these matters) the male and female sexes must have what is called sexual intercourse in order to create children."

Satire? Or defense mechanism? I mean, I was going to leave personal attacks out of everything but apparently you felt compelled, but I guess that's because you really have no other argument. I guess that old saying is true: "Empty barrels make the most noise."

All in all, I got the message. Fuck you too.

-Derek Mordente
Editor-in-Chief of *The Patriot*

Hello,

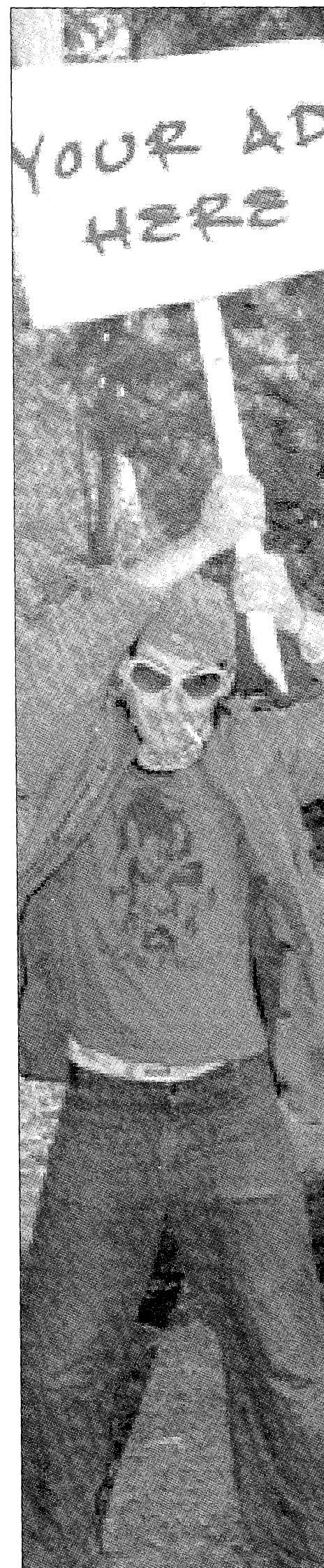
My name is Col. Mike fant, I am an American soldier, I am serving in the military with the 525th Military Intelligence Brigade in Iraq, as you know we are being attacked by insurgents everyday and car bombs. We managed to move part of funds belonging to Saddam Hussein's family in 2003.

The total amount is US\$7 Million dollars in cash, mostly 100 dollar bills, this money has been kept somewhere outside Baghdad for some time but With the proposed troop in increase by president Barrack Obama, to end the suicide bombing and make peace with Iraq militant and terrorist, we are afraid that the money may be discovered hence we want to move this money to you for safekeeping pending the completion of our assignment here.

I am ready to compensate you with good percentage of the funds, No strings attached, Iraq is a war zone, we plan on using diplomatic means to ship themoney out as military cargo to your home, under diplomatic immunity cover.

I am contacting you in confidence, all arrangement for the successful delivery has been put in place, all we need from you is to receive theCargo from the diplomat, If you are interested I will send you the full details, my job is to find a good partner that we can trust and that will assist us. Can I trust you?

Signifying your interest.
Regards,
Col. Mike Fant



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Opposition To A Sweat-Free SUNY

A Memorandum Opposing the SUNY-Wide Resolution For Sweatshop-Free Apparel

MEMORANDUM OF OPPOSITION

SUBJECT: A.7376 (Rivera P.) AN ACT to amend the education law, in relation to establishing a sweat-free code of conduct for apparel licensed by the colleges and universities of the state university

STATUS: Assembly Committee on Higher Education

A.7376 would require the Chancellor of the State University to develop a sweat-free code of conduct which would mandate that each SUNY campus join the Worker Rights Consortium (WRC) and its affiliated Designated Supplier Program for the purpose of enforcing such code of conduct. The SUNY Board of Trustees will also be required to develop rules and regulations to ensure the enforcement and compliance with such code. The State University of New York is opposed to the enactment of A.7376.

Chapter 350 of the New York State Laws of 2002 and Chapter 562 of the Laws of 2003 were enacted to address the issue of apparel manufactured by sweatshops. The State University is in full compliance with this law which directly impacted the purchasing practices of our campuses. A fundamental requirement of Chapter 350 was to ensure that in the execution of a campus contract for apparel, the bidder is to provide assurances that the apparel in question was manufactured in compliance with all applicable labor and occupational safety laws, including, but not limited to, child labor laws, wage and hour laws and workplace safety laws.

Subsequently, SUNY has developed an extensive and explicit policy on purchasing and contracting which includes the following requirement:

II (D)(2) When competitive bidding is required, in accordance with New York State Labor Law for a procurement of

apparel or textiles or sports equipment, campuses must add a statement to their bid documents that the campus will not enter into a contract to purchase or obtain for any purpose any apparel or textiles or sports equipment with a bidder unable or unwilling to provide documentation that: a) Such apparel or sports equipment was manufactured in compliance with all applicable labor and occupational safety laws, including, but not limited to, child labor laws, wage and hour laws and workplace safety laws.

A troubling aspect of A.7376 is the mandate for the University to become a dues paying member of a particular organization, the Workers' Rights Consortium (WRC), that monitors apparel manufacturing practices. It should be noted that there are several such national organizations available for membership. Furthermore the WRC has only 187 member campuses of the over 4,100 colleges and universities in the United States. Thus, membership is not indicative of a campus' compliance with current law. Currently only four SUNY

campuses are members of the WRC, even though all campuses comply with the law.

A.7376 accuses the State University of using sweatshops to manufacture campus apparel and that campus administrators "continue to ignore the violations of human rights that take place in order for their campus apparel to be manufactured and sold." The State University does not support the purchasing of apparel from manufacturers that engage in sweat-shop like practices. We object to this legislative statement as it is untrue, unfair and inflammatory.

Recent articles in the national press have highlighted a particular manufacturer and allegations of anti-labor or sweatshop activities. NO SUNY campuses have contacts with this particular manufacturer. However, this situation is complicated due the structure of apparel purchasing on SUNY campuses. Much apparel sold on campuses using SUNY licensed logos is through the campus bookstore which generally, although not always, is administered by

the campus Auxiliary Services Corporation (ASC). In turn, a number of ASCs have contracted for operation of their bookstores by third parties, primarily Barnes and Noble and Follett. Accordingly, contracts or business relationships for apparel procurement may be between either the ASC and a vendor or Barnes and Noble/Follett and an apparel vendor. SUNY is in the process of investigating such arrangements. SUNY believes that the existing state laws that apply to ALL state governmental entities are appropriate.

A.7376 singles out SUNY, thus making the presumption that all other NYS colleges and universities, public and private, are in full compliance with state laws and possibly the goals of the member-supported, dues based, Worker's Rights Consortium. Such proposals, if adopted, should apply to all higher educational institutions and state entities that sell licensed products.

State University respectfully requests that A.7376 not be approved.



Ben doesn't want you to join the Press.

Ben wants you to want to join the Press.

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



Opposition To The Opposition

A Rebuttal to the Memorandum By Students And Labor Organizations In Support

MEMORANDUM OF SUPPORT

SUBJECT: A.7376 (Rivera P.) AN ACT to amend the education law, in relation to establishing a sweat-free code of conduct for apparel licensed by the colleges and universities of the state university

STATUS: Assembly Committee on Higher Education

Students for Workers' Rights and the New York Labor-Religion Coalition have already gone on record supporting this important legislation to combat state complicity with the exploitation of garment workers, but feel compelled to respond to a disappointing memorandum of opposition to A.7376 circulated by the State University of New York (SUNY).

The memo of opposition argues that existing law already addresses the problem of apparel contractor exploitation, specifically Chapter 350 of the New York State Laws of 2002 and Chapter 562 of the Laws of 2003. Certainly, we wouldn't want to burden SUNY with redundant legislation. Yet, the previous legislation requires only that state universities consider the self-reported evaluations of potential contractors and their observance of "applicable" labor and other laws. This is doubly ineffectual. By focusing on "applicable" laws, the current process ignores an essential element of sweatshop abuses—the siting of factories in jurisdictions where legal standards are far below those required by basic human decency. This response is also premised on the idea that companies will police themselves, in spite of a well documented history of abuses in the garment industry.

The previous laws regarding sweatshop apparel attempted to give SUNY the tools and opportunity to voluntarily go sweatfree as an institution. Despite SUNY's assertions that they do not support sweatshops, in the six to seven years since the passage of the laws little has been done to correct the practice of purchasing sweatshop apparel. For example, at SUNY Stony Brook students can purchase apparel from their campus bookstore produced by Van Heusen. Van Heusen operates factories in Bangladesh where, according to the U.S. State Department, the minimum wage for garment workers is set at \$0.80 a day.

The memo of opposition makes reference to one particular recent high-profile case of abuse by Russell Athletic, which the State University identifies as "a

particular manufacturer". The memo attempts to head off and defuse any potential criticism by denying any university in the system contracts with Russell Athletic. Yet, the public was made aware of Russell's labor practices through the work of the Workers' Rights Consortium (WRC). Formally associating with the WRC would only ensure that SUNY would respond more quickly to labor abuses at factories producing SUNY apparel.

As mentioned in the memo, Auxiliary Services Corporations (ASC) handle a significant portion of apparel purchasing for State University of New York campuses sometimes with third party vendors, like Barnes and Nobles. The memo expresses some confusion over the relationship between SUNY, ASCs, and third party vendors. Yet, ASCs for all intents and purposes are not separate, distinct organizations existing outside the realm of SUNY operations. ASCs are listed as Class B Public Authorities on the NYS Comptroller's website and typically staffed by SUNY faculty, staff, and students. They are also subject to NYS bidding laws, Open Meetings Law, and Freedom of Information Law. Therefore, they should be held to the same standards as any other state entity and absolutely required to uphold a basic standard of workers' rights when contracting with outside vendors.

Similarly, the memo of opposition appears, on its face, to be reasonable in suggesting that the University shouldn't be bound to join one of several available associations which purport to oppose sweatshop practices. Upon closer inspection, however, it becomes clear that the approach favored by the State University is to leave the fox guarding the henhouse. For example, the Fair Labor Association (FLA) was created by multinational apparel companies (Nike, Reebok, Liz



SUNY's Administration Building. Organizers of said coalition formed to support sweat-free legislation

Claiborne, Phillips-Van Heusen) in the 1990s and has been criticized for protecting the interests of the garment industry over those of workers. The Worker Rights Consortium is an independent labor rights monitoring organization that carries out in-depth investigations and focuses specifically on factories producing apparel for universities.

The disingenuous arguments offered in the SUNY memo only highlight their unwillingness to take meaningful steps to address labor abuses at factories producing campus apparel, underscoring the need for a legislative mandate to compel real action. Essentially, the State University recognizes that labor and human rights abuses are a problem in the garment industry, but rejects effective remedies in favor of alternatives that fail to substantively address the problem.

*Do you want to know how
I got these scars?*

By joining **THE PRESS**

UNION 060 WEDNESDAYS DURING CAMPUS LIFETIME



Accio Psychologica?

Harry Potter And The Psychology Class

By tk
Staff Writer tk

Classes at Stony Brook can be comprised of several categories: science, major classes, science, worthless DECs, science, and classes you need for credits to graduate. It can sometimes feel as if any class that could be remotely interesting or fun simply cannot fit into one's schedule because it is already filled with required classes.

However, sometimes, new and unique classes can emerge undetected by the general student body. One such class this past summer semester was a one credit psychology seminar: The Psychology of Harry Potter. During summer session II, Dr. Nancy Franklin, as well as other members of the psychology department, Dr. Richard Gerig and Dr. Richard Heyman, gave lectures in a seminar class about how psychology not only affects the real world, but also the highly vast world JK Rowling has made in the Harry Potter series.

The concept for the class started as a book. According to Franklin, "There was a general call put out to psychologists a few years ago now by a publisher called Benbella Books inviting everyone who was interested to submit a chapter to a book they were doing called *The Psychology of Harry Potter*." Three other psychology department members, including Franklin, who contributed a chapter entitled "The Social Dynamics of Power and Cooperation in the Wizarding World," contributed to the book as well. Heyman, also guest lecturer for the class, wrote a chapter entitled "Harry Potter and the Resilience to Adversity," while Dr. E. David Klonsky contributed a chapter entitled "'Dobby Had to Iron His Hands, Sir!': Self-Inflicted Cuts, Burns, and Bruises in Harry Potter." From this book grew the idea of extending the kind of natural interest people have about their favorite books, movies, tv shows into a deeper analysis about people in fictional places and situations

and how they relate to real life. When the psychology department was looking for interesting one credit classes to offer during the semester, Franklin proposed the idea for a class about Harry Potter, arguably the most beloved orphan since Annie.

"The reason we chose Harry Potter is because of this incredibly broad appeal, and because it's such a large story," Franklin said, "It's an entirely different world—fantastic creatures and abilities, but the appeal is very largely from the fact that the characters have the same sorts of limitations and goals and backgrounds and consistency. I think that's

Rowling's world. What surprised Franklin was the amount of people who took the class and even noted that some people who signed up for the course had never before read a single Harry Potter book. In terms of how much Harry Potter knowledge is necessary for the class, Franklin said, "I don't think you need to know anything about Harry Potter, I think if you haven't read the books, don't expose yourself to spoilers." In terms of the class, while knowledge of Harry Potter is important, a thorough knowledge of psychology is not required.

"It's very open-ended and just

most basic of human psychological qualities. However, Franklin added, "These characters aren't one dimensional, in some ways they are caricatures and in other ways they are very realistic, complex beings, and you see yourself in a lot of them."

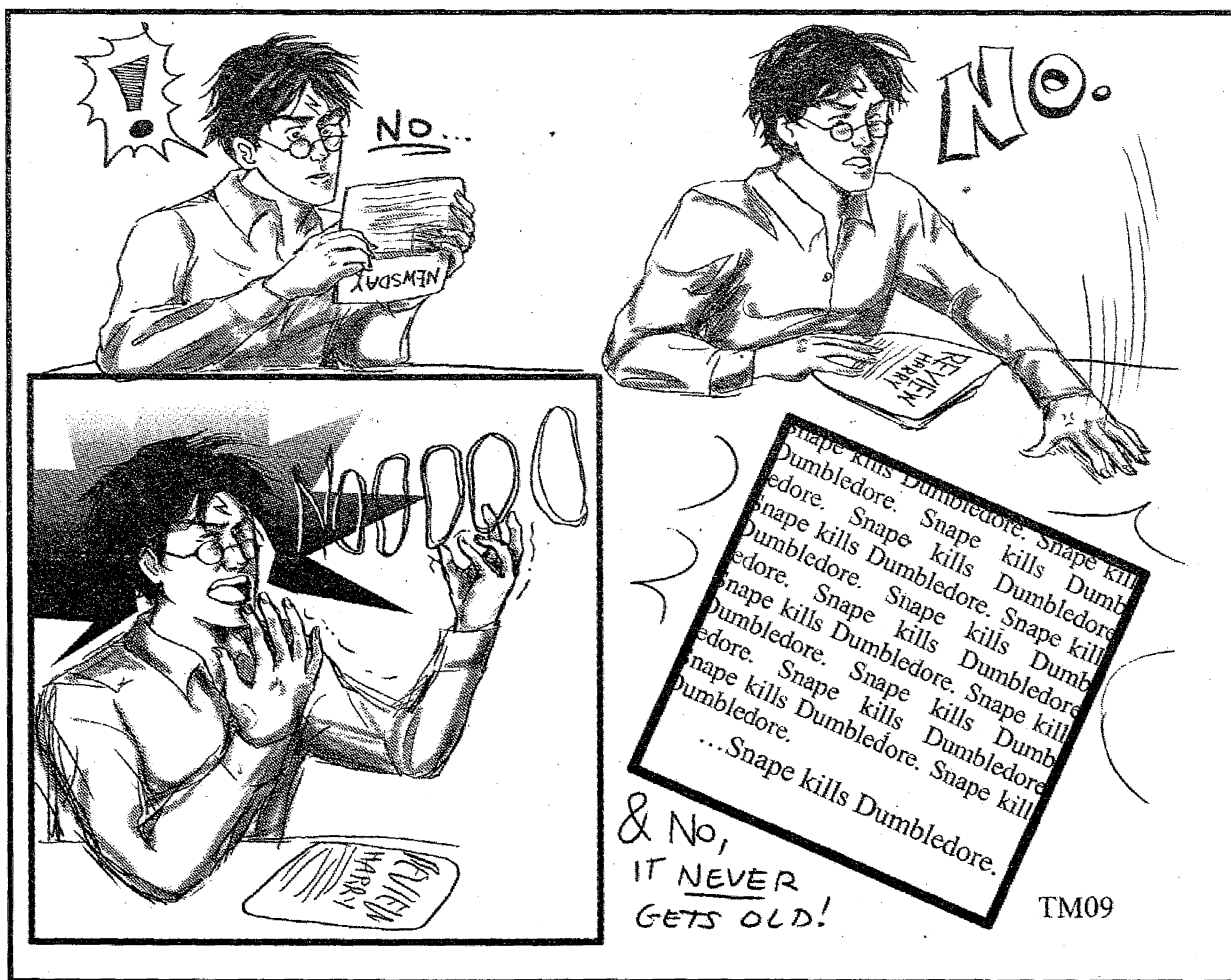
There was no stretching to make characters fit a specific attachment group or any kind of leeway given to a certain character to explain their maladaptive behaviors. It was a truly interesting class that fostered opinions from all different kinds of students—students who had read the seventh book in one sitting to students who had only watched the movies. Even the

course load for the class was mainly focused on participation in class discussions and really thinking about Harry Potter as more than a fun novel. The final grade for the summer session II course depended solely on weekly quizzes on the last week's discussion. The class wasn't about earning a grade by listening to people talk for two hours, it was about really looking into a vast magical world, though completely built by the imagination of one woman, and seeing how it is not so different from our own.

Regarding whether the class could continue as a three credit course, Franklin said, "I doubt it. It's not in-depth enough [and] doesn't cover the kind of territory that a regular non-1-credit class needs to cover. During the year, there's also too much of a course load that

the Psych Department needs to cover that [they] can't spare any one of us. It was a fun diversion for all of us in a summertime course."

Despite its short run thus far, The Psychology of Harry Potter provides an example of interesting and fun courses provided on campus. Education is the most important thing offered on campus and there is no reason why it cannot be something interesting or relatable. From the History of Modern Japan to understanding the inside of an earthworm, fun classes are right underneath our noses, we just need the swish of a wand and a loud "accio" to make them appear.



why the Harry Potter series is fun, because we relate to him instead. In 6 weeks, we've found ways we can relate to him, intellectually, emotionally, and morally."

In its first conception, The Psychology of Harry Potter was offered as a freshman seminar class for the college of Human Development. This was a definite change for Franklin who usually teaches larger classes within the Psychology Department. "I'm teaching a 600 person class in a few weeks. My minimum class size is 100 people," Franklin said. Having a smaller, more intimate group meant more discussion and opportunities to really dig into

scratches the surface of psychology... The goal is to always have classes stand on their own," Franklin said, "If I was giving explanations people couldn't understand it was my failure, it wasn't because people didn't have background in the field."

During classes, Dr. Franklin gave background of each psychological theory discussed, from attachment theory to issues of in-groups and prejudices found in Harry Potter, there was no concept too abstract to extrapolate into Harry Potter. What was most interesting was how easy it was to see the way JK Rowling was able to make her fictional magical characters adhere to the

A Dumb American Tells You Things About Those Italians

By Ross Barkan

Italia, Italia, how shall I sing of you? It's been nary a week since I touched down on your shores and I've already accumulated so much joy (and detritus) from your balmy, beer-soaked touch. It's good to be young and in the bosom of capitalistic intrigue.

Let's start with an anecdote. My art history class is touring the ruins of the Roman forum, once a gathering place where the ancients swapped knowledge, religion, and precious goods. My advice is to trek in the shadows of the decrepit yet stunning palaces at least once. Feel the weight of two thousand years on your shoulders. Anyway, we're walking in the sun and one brilliant student, a young lady hailing from our proud tradition of Stony Brook University excellence, gestures to the metal scaffolding perched against one of the forum walls and says, "Like, so, is that metal stuff over there from Roman times or did we put it there?" Che bello! I calmly explained to her that the shiny scaffolding is of our epoch, most likely erected in the year 2009 A.D. and not 209 A.D. Nah, just kidding. I told her the space alien communist Jews planted it there four thousand years ago as part of a mass conspiracy to fool earthlings into believing they have free will. She nodded slowly. (In all fairness, she didn't know what scaffolding was either.)

I won't tell you too much about the sites because you can just go wikipedia that junk. No point in boring you with a home movies-style recap of how lovely the Palatine Hill is. I'll sum it up nice and quick: ancient and medieval shit is cool, The Colosseum is big. Trajan's Column is underrated. The Pantheon has a badass oculus.

Ok, a few things you need to know about Roma, Italia. Don't J-walk. Ever. No, I mean it. You will fucking die. Don't. Do. It. You see, the Romans have a special driving technique that they delight in employing. It's called "Get the fuck out of my way I'm driving here you pedestrian asshole." Traffic lights for pedestrians start on green and switch to yellow after approximately .003 seconds and then to red after another .0002 seconds. In the meantime, good luck crossing while tiny but angry fuel-efficient cars (Italianos loove those Smart cars) growl in the crossing lane and one of the nearly two thousand motorcycles shooting down the street at any given second run the light and do their best

to swerve around your nose hair. Nice cars, those Italians have. I just pray le macchine don't send me to the morgue.

If you are an attractive female and want to vacation in Rome, be prepared to be oggled and groped by the opposite sex. Do not speak of this "sexual harassment" concept that exists in the United States. I'm pretty sure there is no Italian translation for it. I mean, surely the words for "sexual" and "harassment" exist in the Italian vocabulary but any culture that allows men in tight pink shirts and feathered hair to grab the scarves of ladies walking down the street and yank them into their embrace isn't one that enforces the good old-



fashioned "no touching" rule. And please, American tourist girls looking for hot Italian men, don't get into a random Italian dude's car and let him drive you to his house. Also, don't burst into the hotel room of your fellow male American tourists (or students) to show them pictures you took of their sparkling abdominal muscles. Most male American tourists (or students) do not want to witness this.

Be on the lookout for the graffiti tag "hot boys." They'll tag just about anything. Trains, walls, billboards, orifices...

In Rome, they charge for bread and water at many eating establishments. When you ask the waiter to bring the check (ci porta il conto, per favore) expect a six hour wait. Everybody's chill over here. You'll also learn that soda comes in weird skinny cans and Italians lust for Fanta.

Do not give anyone the thumbs up sign. This is extremely important.

About the worst thing you can do in Italy (or the best if you crave a quick and painful death) is to run across an intersection and give the motorists the double thumbs up. Let's just say it's the equivalent of the middle finger, with the added bonus that it also tells all the viewers that whatever they say or do belongs up an asshole. God only knows what they think thumbs down means.

Gelato men are tricksters. Gelato, for the uninformed, is Italian for ice cream. While other capitalist countries got good at conquering and exploiting the hell out of smaller, weaker nations, Italy honed all of its intellectual and financial resources on gelato. Eating good

American, I was unsure of what he was doing. I attempted to reach through the glass. Remembering that physics class I never took, I realized my hand could not in fact penetrate the glass. He kept holding it there. I searched frantically for secret trap doors, mini portals, wormholes, whatever, trying to get my damn gelato. Finally, after many a jab against the glass the smirking gelato man holds the gelato above the counter and I take it. He had tricked me. Twas no doors, wormholes, etc. Just a silly little American trying to punch a hole through glass.

Italian women don't want to sleep with you. Please, stop promoting these lies, smiling Americans who winked at me when I told them I was going to Italy.

The American bar Sloppy Sam's in Campo Dei Fiori is a hilarious cesspool. The room is around four hundred degrees (Fahrenheit or Celsius take your pick) and the people love to sweat on you. Prepare to watch Yankee games on mute while throngs of Italian men gather to watch drunken American college girls chant USA! USA! while their breasts bounce in front of the flashing cameras. Never have I felt prouder to be from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. When I left that place it felt like I had just escaped the bottom of an asshole.

Last but not least, if you enjoy mobs, the loss of individuality, sweat, Australians, t-shirts, and fear the finality of your puny existence and enjoy not knowing where the hell you are the next day, do a pub crawl. I have not been blessed yet to take part in this great spectacle but from what I have gathered, you pay the princely sum of 20 euro to "crawl" from bar to bar with a massive group of people. Some have Australian accents! The rest are dumb college kids like you and I. There's free alcohol for one hour before you have to start dropping the big bucks for a sip of beer. In that hour it is best if you drink yourself into oblivion in order to forget every subconscious terror you have ever experienced. That's not all. Every future Nobel Laureate in the pub crawl gets a free t-shirt with such witty slogans as "I came I saw I crawled." Gotta love the Julius Caesar reference. One day I hope to steal a t-shirt and run like mad. Hopefully, the pub-crawling visionaries will be too inebriated to follow.

I lied, one more piece of advice. Don't go clubbing by the Colosseum unless you really like men. Really, really like men.

arts&entertainment

The Press heads to ALL POINTS WEST

By Kelly Yu and Roman Sheydvasser

Come rain, thunder, lightning, and threat of coastal flooding, nothing could have stopped the second All Points West festival at Liberty State Park in New Jersey. The lineup ranged from hip hop royalty to YouTube celebrities and maintained the musical integrity set

by last year's festival. With headliners such as Coldplay, Tool, and Jay Z who replaced the Beastie Boys, everybody who came willing to rock left satisfied. Despite the various rainy conditions throughout the weekend, bands were not only willing to play through thunderstorms, but were happy that fans stuck it out on the muddy and rainy grass to bob their heads and tap their feet to the music. Weather conditions

were so severe on Friday that all Friday ticket holders were allowed to return for one of the remaining two days of the festival. It would take more than blinding New Jersey rain and debilitating mud to keep fans away. The power to be in two places at once would have greatly helped us see as many great bands as possible at this amazing festival, but this was not so. Despite this, we still felt the overall communal feeling of

sitting on a lawn with hundreds of people seeing and listening to the same band at once. This immense feeling encompasses the entire spirit of All Points West. It has once again brought thousands of people to gather around a single stage to experience an artist performing their music live for all of not only Liberty State Park, but of New Jersey and New York to see.

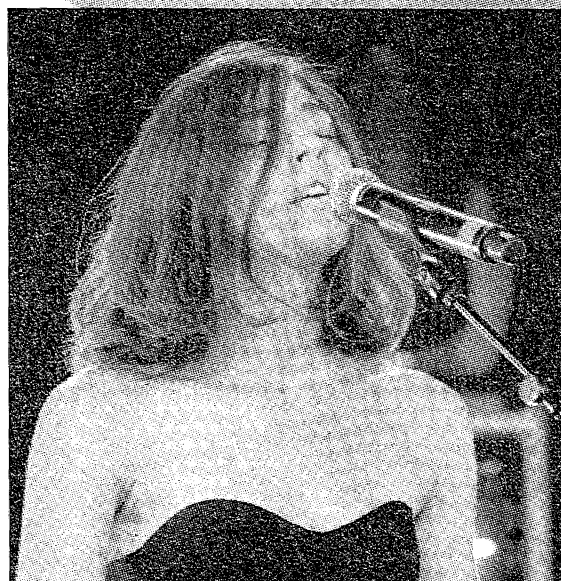


Ra Ra Riot!: Not Your Typical Indie Band

In the sea of indie music, sometimes it is hard to differentiate one band from another. However, sometimes bands like Ra Ra Riot are able to break through the indie sea of obscurity and put a face to amazing music. At first sight, RRR look like the typical indie band with an addition of a violinist and a cellist. However, the depth and resonance of their sound unique to their "baroque pop" style made them excellent live. Playing songs off of their debut album, *The Rhumb Line*, cellist Alexandra Lawn was so intense that she broke several hair strings off her bow after playing one song. The soothing, but borderline melancholic voice of lead singer Wes Miles swayed the crowd in the middle of the rainy Friday. Surprised by the amount of fans willing to endure the weather to hear them play, they commended the small mob wrapped around their stage and repaid them with a full set of interesting and fun music.

Yeah Yeah Yeahs: You'll Dig the Lead Singer If You're Into the BDSM

It's almost expected that something bizarre or somewhat unexplainable will happen at a Yeah Yeah Yeah's performance and nothing was more perplexing than during the set change preceding their APW appearance. What looked like a Flaming Lips-esque huge white ball that could go surging throughout the crowd revealed itself to actually be a large blue eye staring back at the crowd. It was questionable at best, but once the band took the stage, it was clear right away that it wasn't the eye you should be looking at, but the captivating, albeit eccentric, lead singer Karen O. Donning what looked like a female executioner's outfit cut at mid-thigh, Karen O. danced, strutted, jumped and contorted her way across the stage. After seeing this performance, I am further convinced that everybody should see the Yeah Yeah Yeahs live at least once just to watch Karen O. as she wails, sighs, and sings her way past her interesting wardrobe and quirky backdrops to deliver hard hitting music from the danceable songs from their 2009 release *It's Blitz!* to the depths of *A Fever to Tell*.



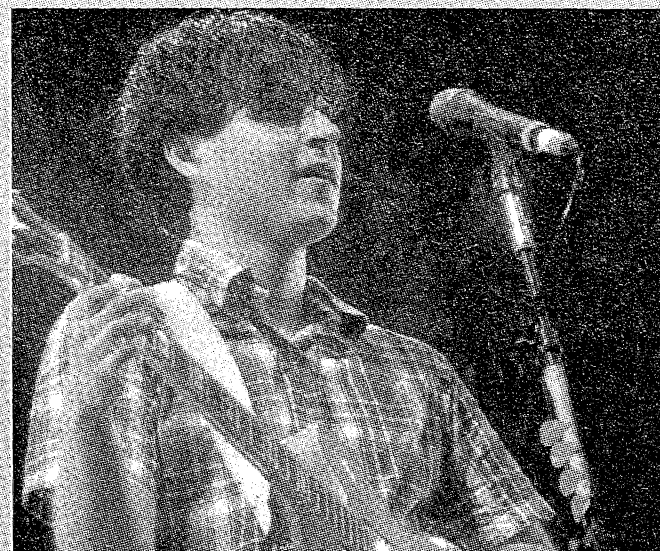
Chairlift: It Was Like Listening to Music from Xzibit's Car

You have to like bass to really enjoy Chairlift. There was no sympathy for their fans that day as Chairlift sent ripples through the earth and made the photographers' lives difficult in the photo pit, as they were standing next to the subwoofers. Not that the fans would ask for anything less. They opened with a cover of Snoop Dogg's 'Sensual Seduction' which was hard to recognize with Chairlift's interesting spin on it, but ultimately very sensual, as the song name implies. It seems like a lot of the crowd hasn't heard many of Chairlift's songs because as soon as they started playing 'Bruises', featured in an Apple commercial, there was a dramatic increase in movement from the audience. Hopefully it wasn't just Apple fans at the show, however. After listening to half the show it was impossible to keep my head together and I needed to use some ear plugs to continue listening to the bass-heavy music without suffering a concussion - it was that powerful.

The Press heads to ALL POINTS WEST

Vampire Weekend: Homecoming in New Jersey

As soon as Vampire Weekend started playing, with their bodies glistening from the rain, fans couldn't stop jumping in rhythm with the tunes. Visibly happy to be in New Jersey (lead singer Ezra Koenig's home state), VW continued to play on stage through the worst of the rainy thunderstorms. An almost deafening shot of thunder in the middle of the set threatened to put a stop to the performance, but the members of VW seemed somewhat unfazed and continued to side step and sing their way through the rain. They were completely drenched by the August rain by the end of their set. The crowd sang along as Koenig professed his want to get out of Cape Cod tonight to return to New Jersey and danced in the mud to the summer beats. The band played a new song that is anticipated to be on their new album that will be released this Fall called "White Sky." But if their new album is anything like the previewed song, we hope Vampire Weekend will return to APW for more years to come.

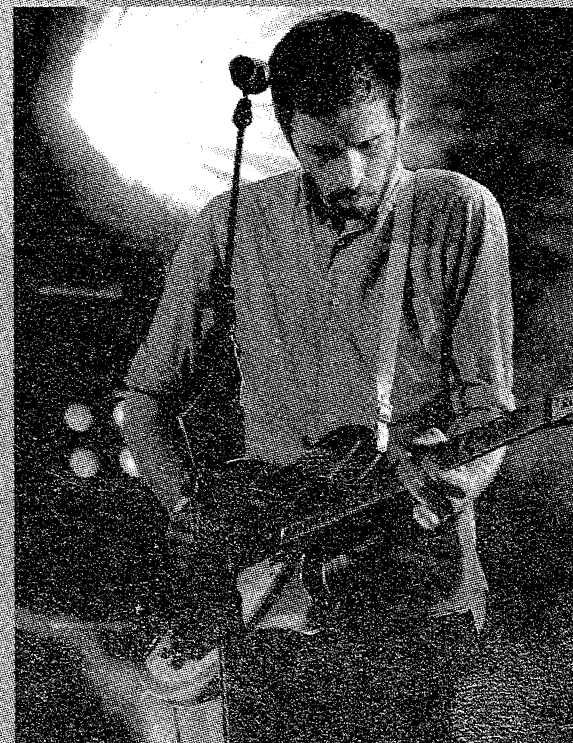


Arctic Monkeys: British People Know How to Rock

The British phenoms made their performance at APW nothing short of amazing. In fact, we think they might have grown out their hair just to emphasize their energy on the main stage. Photos just cannot clearly show how much excitement was coming from the stage. Fans ate it up. It was barely possible to get within a 200 yards of the stage, so many opted for sitting on blankets on the dry patches of grass in the park. Although if you wanted to, you could probably listen all the way from New York from across the river. They featured both new songs from their second album, like "Flouresant Adolescent", and every ones favorites from the first album such as "I Bet That You Look Good on the Dancefloor." The Monkeys didn't disappoint and will continue to please fans with their summer release, *Humbug*.

Tokyo Police Club: Not to be Confused with Another Installment of *The Fast & The Furious*

It seems TPC has flown south for the summer. The Canadian indie quartet performed on the small stage at APW, but were definitely not lacking in stage presence or fans. With the crowd extending beyond the boundaries of the tent, if concertgoers had heard of the band before or not, they were definitely staying around to hear more from this band. With their cool indie beats to their cute lead singer, Dave Monks, TPC gave a great show that lead the festival into the dark of night. Towards the end of the set, everyone was on their feet and dancing to their first single off of their first LP, "You're English is Good." After touring with fellow APW performers, Ra Ra Riot, Tokyo Police Club was the perfect puzzle piece to fit into this festival of fun music under the hot sun.



TPC taken by Kelly Yu

YYY by Paul CrispinQuitoriano

All other photos by Roman Sheydvasser.

Perfect Pop-Punk



By Katie Knowlton

Dear Landlord's recently released *Dream Homes* is straight-up, four chord pop-punk at its finest. They make no attempts to be more than what they are, and in doing so, they have created one of the best albums of 2009.

Dear Landlord is comprised of members of well-known bands in the modern punk scene: The Copyrights, Off With Their Heads, and The Gateway District. If you are familiar with any of these groups, you probably have a pretty good idea of what Dear Landlord sounds like. If not, it's pop-punk in the vein pioneered by Screeching Weasel, The Methadones and Sludgeworth. Most of the songs have four or less power chords used within them, and they're very short,

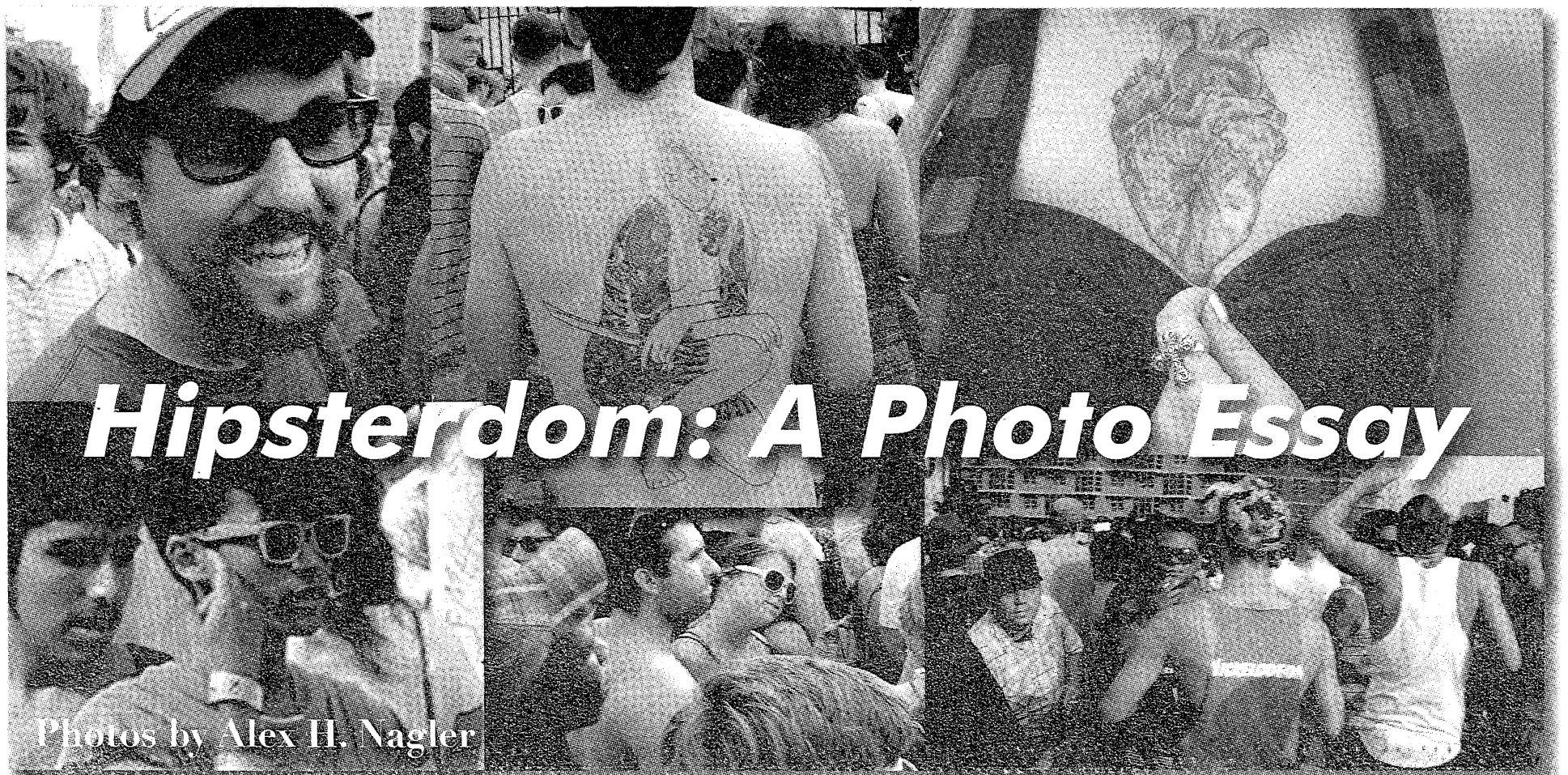
with gruff vocals. *Dream Homes* clocks in at around a half-hour, and only one song is longer than three minutes, but the vast majority are shorter than two. There is no lead work to speak of, the bass does not stray from the root notes of the chords, and the drums play simple 4/4 beats hard and fast through all the songs. All four of the members trade off on vocals, but it's difficult to tell them apart. None of them have great voices, but that's the style that works for this kind of music. It would feel out of place to have a technically good vocalist sing these songs. There are great harmonies and gang vocals everywhere, with "woah-ohs" thrown in the background of some of the tracks.

The songs on this album are catchy

as hell and they will get stuck in your head for days. They are structured to be perfect for sing alongs, either live or just listening to the record by yourself. A close look at the lyrics shows that these guys are dark and clever, dealing with issues of homelessness, drug use, poverty and the perennial favorite, love and its many problems. "Rosa" at first glance just seems like a song about a girl, but a good listen reveals that the titular woman is a heavy drug user who jokes about her addiction. Most of the songs are like this, the catchy nature of their music does a good job of hiding darker lyrical content. It's not a new concept, but it works extremely well, and there is enough in each track to get the listener to feel a personal connection to the sub-

ject, regardless of their own situation.

This album probably isn't going to win any converts to the pop-punk scene. It doesn't really do anything different from the many other bands out there like Dear Landlord, but they take all the best elements of the genre and manage to fit them all together seamlessly into one record. Anyone who is a fan of this kind of music, or anyone who likes catchy songs perfect for loud sing alongs, should pick up *Dream Homes* as soon as possible. Be a friend to the hardworking guys in this band and visit their website www.myspace.com/letslynchthedeardlandlord to find where to purchase digital and hard copies. It is well worth your hard earned money.



Hipsterdom: A Photo Essay

Photos by Alex H. Nagler

Dragonslayer Slays...Mostly



By Andrew Fraley

I don't usually review music, but on the rare occasion that I do I tend to suffer from a nostalgic bias. I tend to hold up a band's newest LP to its predecessors, and somehow always wind up disappointed. I did it with Of Montreal's *Skeletal Lamping*, which couldn't really hold up compared to *Hissing Fauna*, or *Sunlandic Twins*, and still can't, unfortunately. I also did this to Metric's *Fantasies*, which I regretted, since it is actually a very powerful album and certainly up there with the best (I realized this too late, insisting on drawing too many parallels to *Live it Out*). I've

set myself up for similar disappointment, as I ready myself to review Sunset Rubdown's latest opus, *Dragonslayer*.

Following 2007's masterpiece, *Random Spirit Lover*, *Dragonslayer* (June 23) is the fourth album of Spencer Krug's experimental side project (he's also full-time member of other such indie groups as Swan Lake and Wolf Parade). If you haven't already ascertained from my not-so-objective use of "masterpiece" to describe *Random Spirit Lover*, let me just say then that I fucking love that album. It's raw emotion, seamless blend of powerful guitar and melodious

piano and vocals—which are reminiscent of David Bowie—and artistic, almost literary, presence make it a fantastic addition to anybody's art-rock library. But—good god!—I've already wasted 200 words dropping names and discussing a different album. Somebody smarter than myself said I should spend more time talking about the album itself, so let's get back to *Dragonslayer*. Clean slate too; I will endeavor to keep any unnecessary comparisons out of it.

The opener "Silver Moons" starts off a little slow and seems a little uninspired to me. This isn't the case for the rest of the album though, and it soon picks up the pace. Songs like "Idiot Heart" and "Black Swan" give the album a frenetic feeling, with their heavy guitar and unpredictable changes. They also feature some inspired guitar work, although it lacks some of the texture of *Random Spirit Lover* (d'oh!). "Paper Lace" is the most accessible song on the album, which even casual art-rock enthusiasts can digest. *Dragonslayer* as a whole, in fact, maintains a very good balance between the bizarre experimental stylings of Krug and the more palatable poppy tones that can be heard in his other projects, like Wolf Parade. This album also utilizes backing vocals of female member Camilla Wynne Ingr more than the band's previous endeavors. This gives *Dragonslayer* a New Pornographers feel. The album is wrapped up nicely with "Dragon's

Lair," the only song to mention dragons on the entire album. At over ten minutes long, the song takes a commitment, but varies its progression enough to keep listeners interested.

All in all, *Dragonslayer* is a pretty good album. It is a good mix of Krug's cryptic, fantastical musical style, and the band's pleasing pop melodies. There are a few caveats though. First, the album's not as intricate or deep as the baroque work in *Random Spirit Lover*. I know I promised not to make comparisons, but at some point it is necessary in order to create a thorough review. And *Dragonslayer* just seems a bit shallow in comparison. Safe would be a better word for it. It doesn't take as many risks as *RSL*, and comes away with fewer rewards. Second, the album only has eight tracks. Anything less than ten always bugs me a bit. It seems like I'm nitpicking at this point, but comparing it to *RSL*'s 12 tracks, it again comes up a bit short.

So, once again, I've fallen into the trap. *Dragonslayer* is still a good album, but it is a departure from their previous work. That's not necessarily a bad thing, and the album still stands up on its own. Give it a listen, if you're a fan of Krug and any of his projects, indie art-/glam-rock or good music. And if you think this album kicks ass, or totally sucks, come by the Press office in the basement of the Student Union and kick me in the shins. I can take it.



District 9: Inevitable Internet Prawn Porn

By Nick Statt

In an age where it has become the norm for some genres to be left in the dust some directors have managed to push the envelope so far and with such an intensity for innovation that the mainstream audiences can't help but recognize it. Christopher Nolan's *The Dark Knight* lifted comic book films into the Academy's spotlight last summer and the nerdy mystery fanatic J.J. Abrams continued the trend by making it possible to see a Star Trek film and *not* feel like your friends would laugh at you if you told them. Now, Neill Blomkamp and Peter Jackson have pulled out the stops to make *District 9*, a sci-fi action thriller with heavy political, social, and anti-corporate undercurrents, this summer's biggest blockbuster.

Neill Blomkamp is most known for having taken the wheel of the *Halo* movie, a production based on the top-selling Xbox video game, *Halo: Combat Evolution*, under Peter Jackson, FOX, and Microsoft's direction. However, the film has undergone many hurdles and doesn't look like it will be released anytime soon. As a result, Blomkamp has dropped from the mainstream radar for the time being, *District 9* with Peter Jackson as the producer, has filled *Halo's* void.

To put it plainly, *District 9* is about as close to a perfect balance of intelligence and action as you're going to get in modern movies.

Based on a short film Blomkamp made in 2005 called *Alive in Joburg, Dis-*

trict 9 is the South-African born director's subtle way of incorporating multiple aspects of his life into one piece of art. Having grown up through the era of Apartheid in South Africa, Blomkamp was able to mold an idea based on his experiences and combine it with a love for science fiction. *District 9* is based on the real-life District 6, a slum that South African blacks were forced into under Apartheid. However, the film's numbered district is for a different species—the prawns.

Having stopped over Johannesburg, South Africa twenty years prior to the film's start, the alien species' mother ship was apparently lost, broken, or out of fuel (you never really know for sure what happened to them). So the human race took it upon itself to help the aliens move to better conditions until it slowly deteriorated in quality to the point of being crime ridden and resembling the worst of slums. Multi-National United, the company hired to gain control of District 9 and move the aliens, now derogatorily called prawns, outside of Johannesburg and into District 10. The catch: MNU is the world's second leading weapons' manufacturer and is very interested in figuring out how the aliens' advanced weaponry works.

To head the movement of the 1.8 million prawns to District 10, the head of MNU appoints Wikus van der Merwe, his son-in-law. Wikus, played by Sharlto Copley, is meant to be the perfect low blow at corporations who use lovable, but dimwitted spokespeople to help win the heart of the public. He starts out as a hilarious character trying to cope with the extreme situa-

tions around him, like telling the 6-foot aliens who can easily rip his head off that they must sign an eviction notice to legally move to District 10.

But the transformation he undergoes is extraordinary, gripping and terrifying. After contaminating himself with an alien substance while raiding a prawns' shack, Wikus' DNA starts fusing with the alien's. The horror becomes more real when MNU discovers he can operate alien weaponry, which was previously impossible due to it working on a biological level (thus requiring alien hands to do the trigger-pulling). Wikus' body then becomes MNU's most valuable product.

The film takes its turn at this point and Wikus' only hopes lie with Christopher Johnson and his son, two aliens who agree to help him escape MNU if they work together. The film goes from zero to one hundred on the action scale with violent altercations between Wikus, now able to wield absurdly destructive alien weapons, and the MNU soldiers who've never seen what these weapons can actually do to human beings. The same team who took the special effects helm of the *Lord of the Rings* franchise for Peter Jackson has returned here to do some jaw-dropping computer generated work.

The film has only a couple points that take noting, but extremely important points in that they drive the film throughout and help it come to a neat close. For one, Sharlto Copley's performance is outstanding, maybe even Oscar-worthy. Every minute that he's on-screen, his acting captivates the viewer. His desperation, fear, and whole-hearted acceptance of his fate seem so real that the viewer can hardly believe the journey was only over the course of three days in the film's time-

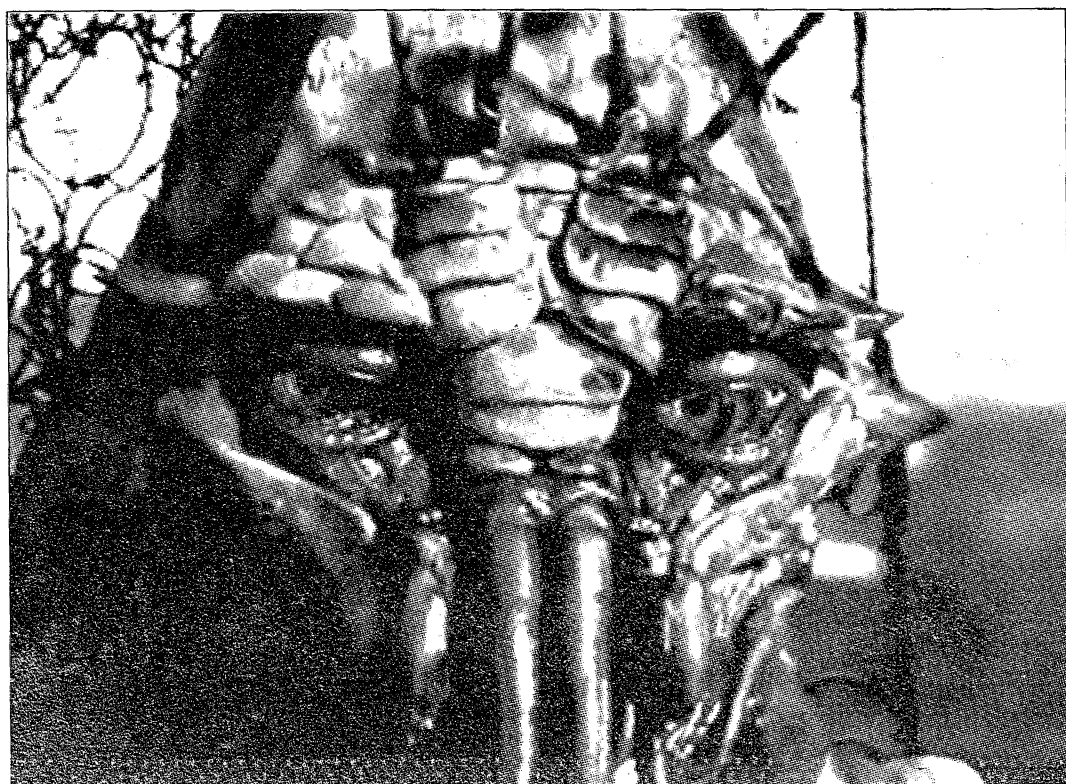


line. Secondly, Blomkamp's ability to make the second most lovable character a CG alien that speaks not a word of English is a commendable feat. Christopher Johnson, a name that viewers are supposed to infer was given to him upon being moved into District 9, and the chemistry he has with the half-alien, half-human Wikus is tear-inducing, especially near the end.

The cinematography and story construction were stunning, as well. Shot in a documentary handy cam style, Blomkamp told the story as a look back at the film's events, equipped with interviews of specialists and family members who talked about Wikus and District 9's events.

The film is near perfect except for a tendency to stay rather too linear in its action sequences. For example, a character would be captured and held at gunpoint, but at the last minute something crazy would happen that would free them and destroy the captors. This happened multiple times with more than one character.

District 9 is definitely one of the summer's best, if not soon to be classic in the sci-fi genre. With so many complex elements going on, Blomkamp managed to make a character drama, a historical metaphor, and overflowing special effects powerhouse work in less than two hours time, which should leave any viewer satisfied.



Now in Theatres

Heuly Fook, Ehliens Are In South Ifrica



Ignoble Betches

Transformers 2: Revenge of the... Haha,
Who are We Kidding...

Whatever



Michael Bay Never Went To College

By Justin Meltzer

Do you remember your first day of college? Chances are that if you are reading this, it wasn't that long ago or it is about to happen. You remember (or will remember) moving things into your dorm room, meeting your roommate for the first time and going to your first party. You also recall the shoddy condition of the dorms, the rules about what you can and cannot bring (no extension cords anyone), and the first party of the year complete with cramming 80 freshmen into a single room with a keg. That's college in a nutshell. But not for Michael Bay it isn't. Michael Bay's most recent blockbuster hit, *Transformers 2: Revenge of the Fallen* hit theaters this summer and made many assumptions about college. From these assumptions it is made blatantly clear that Michael Bay never went to college.

The story follows Sam Witwicky, as played by Shia Labeouf, the human protagonist from the first movie, two years later and on his way to college. When he gets there, things get a little out of hand as his roommate is a techie cyber nerd with about 87 grand worth of computer equipment in his dorm room complete with a Mountain Dew™ vending machine. I would normally say this is unrealistic, but let's not forget that we are watching a movie about giant super advanced extra terrestrial robots that choose to turn into Mac trucks.

My complaint isn't about the unre-



alism of what Bay thinks college looks like; it's everything Bay assumes about college. Imagine every stereotype you've ever heard about the colligate experience, then amplify it by about 20 and make it Bay's specific level of "awesome." Now up that awesome by adding Transformers to it and you've got it. This is what "Princeton" looks like in this movie; a party school with super models roaming every corridor and 87

thousand dollars worth of computer equipment that your self-described "broke" roommate brought with him.

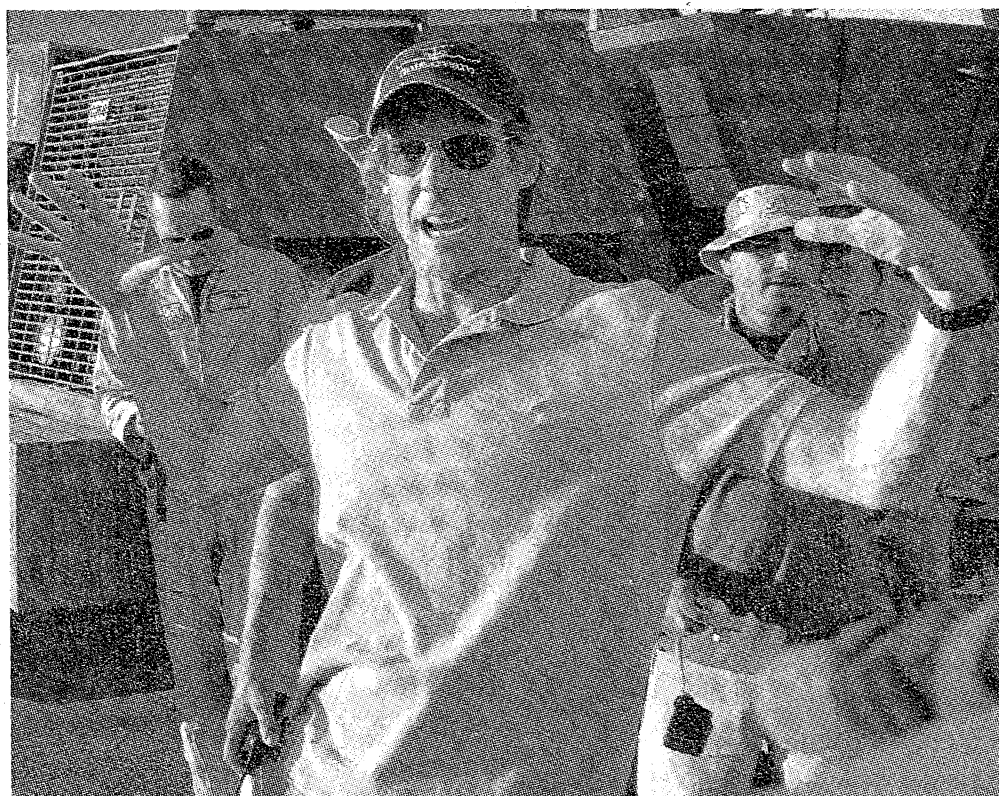
What's truly amazing is just how ridiculous Bay's entire concept of reality. When Sam's mother isn't crying over his "baby booties" (are you serious!?) or unknowingly eating pot brownies, thinking they are "environmentally green," she is tackling Frisbee players on the campus while high. No mother on earth (not even mine) is this absurd, and chances are Bay has never actually been high nor has he ever seen anybody who was because no one tackles other people after eating pot brownies! Not to mention his father who chooses to go with the clichés of how expensive college is, in one form or another. That doesn't stop him from remodeling the house, adding a home theater in Sam's room, or taking a vacation to France.

And let's not forget the Astronomy professor as played by Rainn Wilson, a.k.a. Dwight from *The Office*. When he wasn't blatantly flirting with the sexy female students, which were the only kind of female students on campus, he was lecturing on subjects that didn't belong in an astronomy class. Of course when Sam goes ape-shit crazy because of something Transformer related nonetheless, Professor Dwight must quell the

interruption lest the Dean of Students becomes offended. She would just happen to be sitting in on his lecture for the first day of classes. In most universities, teachers just go over the syllabus the first day, but this is Michael Bay's universe. You don't fuck with his universe.

If after seeing this movie you feel that college is anything like what was presented on screen, don't worry; it's not even close. *Van Wilder* was a more accurate representation of college life, and that starred Ryan Reynolds for Christ's-sakes. The college that was portrayed in *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen* was a cliché of every college maxim, overly done and without the least bit of truth to it. Take that, and then add transformers to it; Transformers – mind you – that can now take the form of people (don't ask, I have no fucking clue). You have now been accepted to the University of Michael Bay. You are also enrolled in "How to make terrible movies that have no clue of how to make even the simplest things seem remotely realistic." Understand? No? Then you pass!

(Point of clarification: Michael Bay actually did go to college at Wesleyan University, but got rejected from USC and other notable film schools for graduate work and opted to study film at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena.)

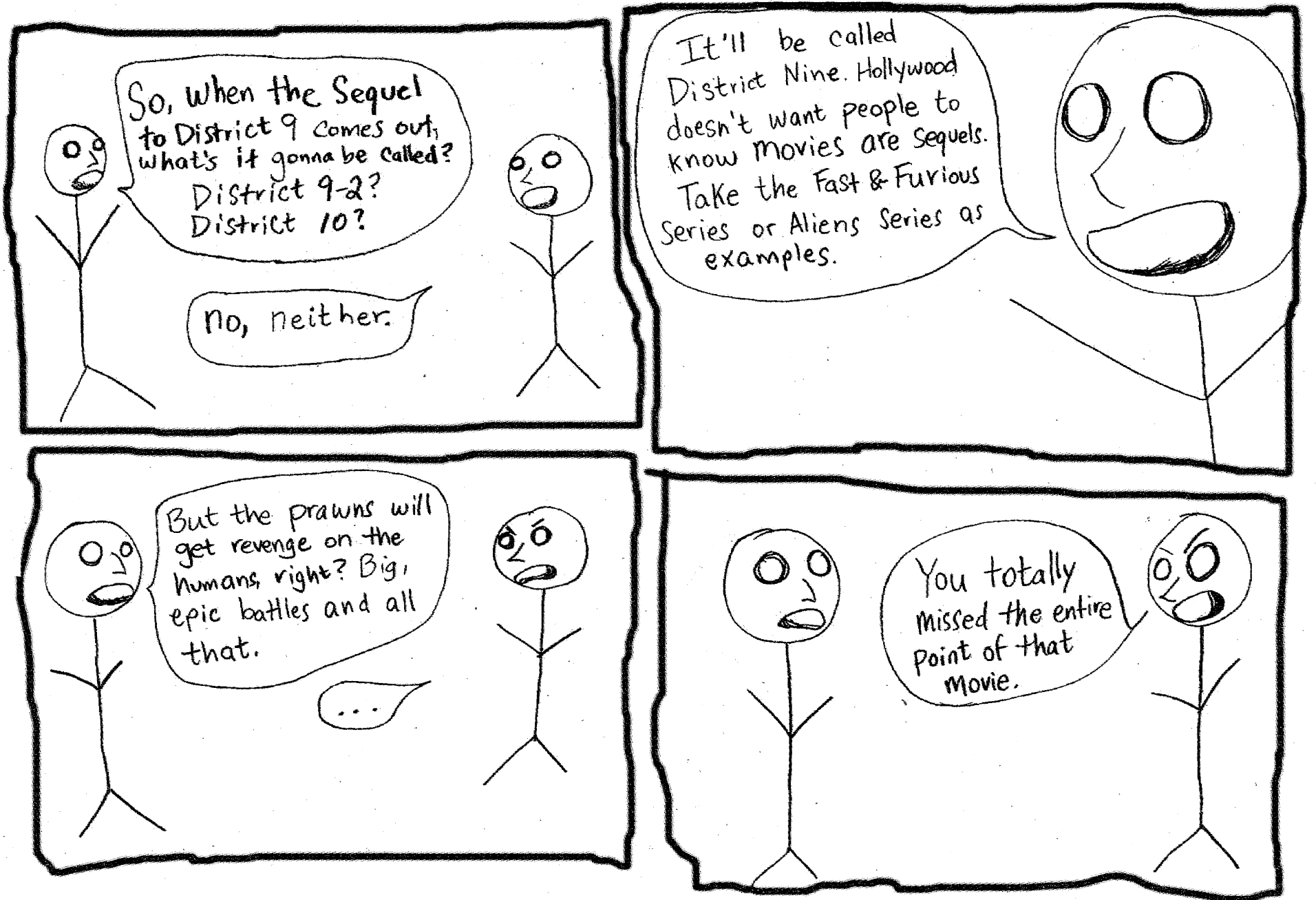


In Pasadena, there were explosions this big every day. I swear. I really did go to college...

THE COMICS SECTION

This Actually Happened...

by Andrew Fraley



Puzzles and Games

For the Kiddies

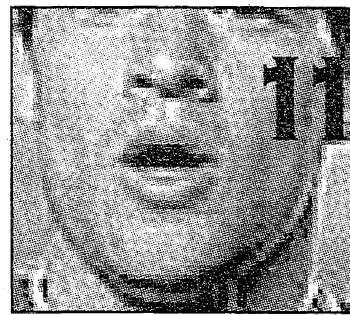
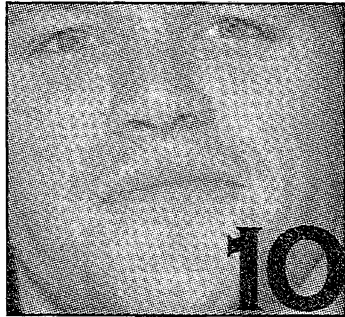
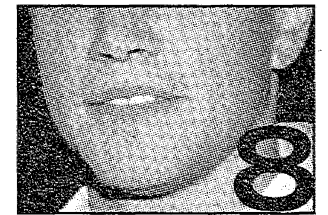
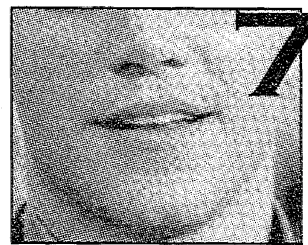
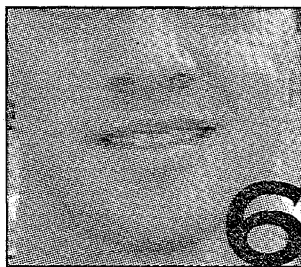
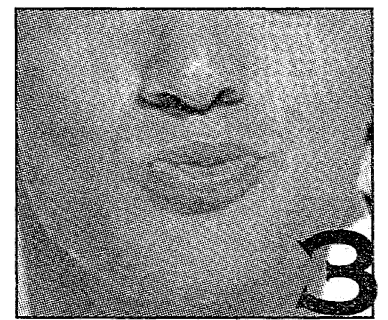
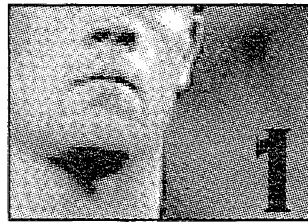
Hey Everybody! Let's Play...

Whose Face?



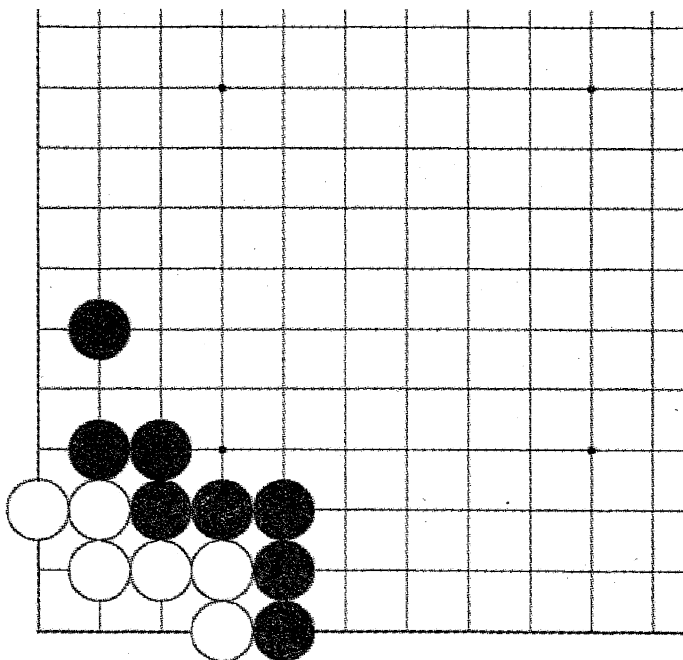
For each face, guess if it belongs to:

- A. Michael Ballack, German footballer
- B. Matt Damon, award winning actor/screenwriter
- C. Justin Morneau, Canadian baseball superstar



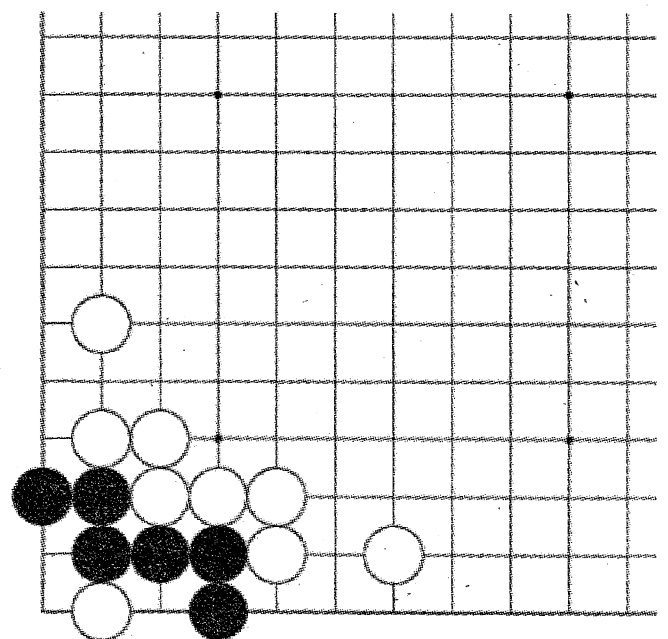
I'm so depressed, I don't know what to do...

Go for it, Man!



Black to move, kill Whitey!

The Go club meets this summer every Thursday, 8:30pm at the Library Commuter Lounge. Check it out!



Black to move, a similar conundrum!

Henry Miller and the Way to Peace

By Ross Barkan

"I have no money, no resources, no hopes. I am the happiest man alive." The American of 2009 might laugh at these words or dismiss them with scorn. *Happiness without money? Ludicrous!* Yet here they are, printed on the first page of Henry Miller's landmark novel *Tropic of Cancer*, a riotous, erotic, and transcendent odyssey through 1930's Paris. If you don't know who Henry Miller is, you should. He is one of the greatest writers of the 20th century, the philosophical descendant of Whitman and Thoreau, and a true revolutionary of the written word and mind. Anyone who doesn't read Henry Miller before they die should be ashamed. There, I said it. And his words from a half a century ago remain more than relevant today. Hey, his books were even a focal plot point on an episode of *Seinfeld*...

Henry Valentine Miller was born on December 26th, 1891 in Manhattan before moving to Brooklyn and spending his childhood in future hipster paradise Williamsburg. He dropped out of college, took odd jobs around the city, wrote unpublished novels that no one read, and eventually, once fed up with illusions of the American dream, set out for Paris where he spent the entirety of the 1930's. While in Paris *Tropic of Cancer* was published, winning both scorn and praise from the European community. George Orwell called Miller "the only imaginative prose writer of the slightest value who has appeared among the English-speaking races for some years past."

Due to its obscenity (*Tropic of Cancer* is chock full of sex and dirty words), *Tropic of Cancer* was not published in the United States until 1961. Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno, dissenting from the majority that voted to allow the publication of *Tropic of Cancer*, called the book "...a cesspool, an open sewer, a pit of putrefaction, a slimy gathering of all that is rotten in the debris of human depravity." Miller gained worldwide fame by the time of his death in 1980, rising from poor Brooklyn boy to literary lion. Forever railing against the establishment and decrying the ills of modernity, Miller, above all, exhorted men and women alike to live joyously and celebrate every precious moment, even as a grim world bears down relentlessly upon them.

Miller wrote many books over the course of his long life (Ronald Gottes-

man's *Critical Essays on Henry Miller* lists sixty-five separate books). I have read *Tropic of Cancer*, *Tropic of Capricorn*, and *The Colossus of Maroussi*, an account of Miller's visit to Greece in the early 1940's that he considered his best work. I would have to agree. The two *Tropic* books are both works of autobiographical fiction, "novels" in the loosest sense but more than anything accounts of Miller's life with many a philosophical exposition thrown in.

Miller delighted in tearing down every preconceived notion a Westernized and thoroughly "modern"

yearned for America which to them seemed like a veritable Eden. He writes of these misguided Greeks in *The Colossus of Maroussi*, "Life without money was an impossibility: one had to have clothes, a good home, a radio, a car, a tennis racquet, and so on. I told them I had none of those things and that I was happy without them, that I had turned my back on America precisely because these things meant nothing to me."

Echoing Henry David Thoreau's own cries against the emerging industrial revolution a century before, Miller slammed almost every value America

money?"

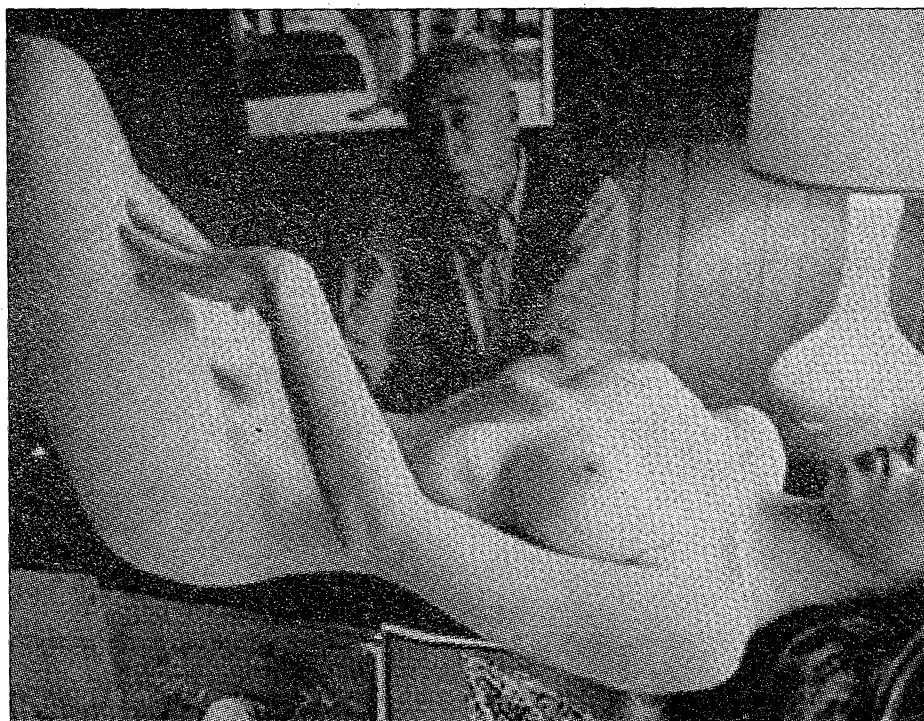
His sarcastic take on our enterprise illuminates a more profound problem in our and other societies, one that remains terribly alive. We are locked in perpetual war over resources that, when scrutinized through the lens of common sense and morality, are trivial and worthless. We slaughtered thousands in Iraq (our own troops and Iraqi civilians) to drive the profits of the Conoco, Chevron, Exxon and other oil giants. And now we send more men and women to die in Afghanistan for even more nebulous and dubious reasons. Why shouldn't millions in the Middle East resent America?

Their violence is unjustified but the anger is. Even in the reign of the Enlightened Obama, America persists as an imperialistic hegemon, driven by the desire to enrich itself with more money. Money, as Miller demonstrated, is the opium of mankind's current hour. Miller tells us that man cannot be free until he dissolves himself of such attachments. He cannot live joyously.

Many would disagree. Miller eschewed all political affiliations, criticizing communist and capitalist systems alike. He had no interest in voting. Perhaps he was an anarchist but as time passes he might be seen more and more as a prophet. "Today I am proud to say that I am thoroughly inhuman, that I belong not to men and governments...I have nothing to do with the creaking machinery of humanity—I belong to earth!" he cries in *Tropic of Cancer*, fully eviscerating the industrial world he inhabited in both France and America.

But don't make the mistake of viewing Miller as a cantankerous rabble-rouser, an angry luddite with a bone to pick and no answers to give. Miller might have been the happiest man that ever lived. Orwell himself was astounded at the joy radiating from *Tropic of Cancer*, a book devoid of existential bitterness and resignation. Others have decried the same societal ills as Miller but no individual, past or present, has done so while offering a path to such ecstatic emancipation. "Why should I give a fuck about what anything costs? I'm here to live, not calculate. And that's just what the bastards don't want you to do—to live!" And how, Mr. Miller, should we do that?

He brilliantly answered that question in a must-read book for every citizen of the world, *The Colossus of Maroussi*. Miller traveled to Greece to find spiritual solace and, after many ex-



Henry Miller is raw sexuality

individual might have. He paradoxically embodied the American individual spirit (like Whitman) but detested his own country. Why? He believed America to be representative of the modern prison, a place where man can never be truly spiritually free.

Miller grew up poor in the early years of the 20th century, watching his fellow men toil like slaves for little money so they could purchase a few scraps of food and barely carve out an existence. Everywhere he looked he saw pain and confusion, people laboring in professions they hated, striving for absurd material possessions that promised fulfillment but only added to the gaping emptiness inside.

Above all, Miller believed the American individual was joyless, locked into a system of perpetual toil that provided no chance for peace, enlightenment or happiness. While in Greece, Miller spoke to many people, including some poverty stricken Greeks who

cherished. Does that make him great? It all depends on perspective—if one wants to "live deliberately" like Thoreau told us or ecstatically like Miller, then yes, yes it does.

The economic crisis that persists into the waning months of 2009 would leave Miller unphased. He thought little of economies, banks, and the other vestiges of modern life. Money is the eternal evil, of course, ruining the lives of the many and enriching, in petty ways, a few corporate slave-drivers. Here is Miller in *Tropic of Capricorn* on a walk through New York City—has anything changed? "To walk in money through the night crowd, protected by money, lulled by money, dulled by money, the crowd itself a money...money, money, everywhere and still not enough, and then no money, or little money or less money or money...and if you have money or don't have money it is the money that counts and money makes money, but what makes money make

Levittown

By Liz Kaempf

Wednesday, 4:15 p.m. It's time to pick up his clothes from the dry cleaner's again. It's never surprised her much how he never has time to go get his suits himself. He works too much. And he's always late for dinner. It doesn't bother his wife much. It's when he's on time that she'll start to worry.

She parallel parks her Mercedes into the tightest spot she can find on Peachtree Lane just to prove that she can, and then walks the three blocks to the corner. The bell on the door rings as it floats closed after her and she slowly pushes her Dolce and Gabbana sunglasses back to the crown of her head.

"Hay-lo Meeses Benedeekt," the stumpy owner chirps, giving her a bow as she reaches the counter. "Over heruh, over heruh," as he ushers her over to a rack of freshly pressed clothes. She passes him a twenty as he hands over four clear garment bags protecting Armani and Ralph Lauren. He bows again and she pulls her sunglasses back down over her eyes.

On her way out she sizes up the new girl across the room. She's a tall, lean, busty brunette, much like herself. Except it's obvious in the way she holds her head and hunches her shoulders that she never went to private school. The new girl puts a fist to her hip and chews the mal-manicured fingernails of her other hand, definitely trying to decipher the owner's writing on the laundry tickets. It's undoubtedly in a different language.

The girl's eyes then rose and met Mrs. Benedict, and neither woman was shocked to make contact in this manner. The girl's eyes were a brilliantly

piercing blue. It was like she was looking into a photograph of herself during her days at Princeton. Except this new girl's face had hope, promise ... determination. She wasn't going to foolishly fall for some charming college senior and throw her career away to be a childless, stay-at-home wife. She was going to be independently wealthy — or at least independent.

Mrs. Benedict strode up to the



counter, one Miu Miu in front of the other. She unzipped one of the garment bags in front of the girl and placed in on the counter. The girl looked down at the white button-down in front of her and then back up at the woman in front of her. Mrs. Benedict took her sunglasses off and placed them down next to the shirt. The new girl looked a bit taken aback, seeing her older counterpart so close up.

"Your employer doesn't seem to know how to remove stains from clothes," Mrs. Benedict said to the girl in a voice that resembled the harshness of female detectives. "Do you know how

to get lipstick out of the collar of this shirt?"

The girl bent over and examined the smudged lip prints with her wide, cool eyes, and then looked back up at Mrs. Benedict's dimming blue irises. "This lipstick doesn't look like your color," she conceded.

"That's because it's not," the older woman responded without a sliver of sadness in her unwavering tone.

The new girl straightened up and matched Mrs. Benedict perfectly at her full height. A full minute ticked away on a nearby clock before the girl responded with, "Hot water. And dish soap."

"Dish soap?" Mrs. Benedict repeated.

"Yep. Try Dawn. Nothing fancy, either. Just the regular Dawn soap. It cuts right through grease. If it's an oil-based lipstick it should come right out."

"What's your name?"

"I'm sorry?"

"Your name? What is it?"

"Oh. Uhh, Taylor."

"Are you married, Taylor?"

"No."

"And how does that feel, Taylor?"

"Excuse me?"

"How does it feel to be unmarried?"

"It's, uhh, well, I don't have to work my schedule around anyone else's, and I don't feel like I have to explain myself to anyone. That's nice, I guess."

"It is nice. Do yourself a favor, Taylor, stay exactly the way you are. Don't let someone else mold you into their perfect doll. Understand?"

"Uhh, sure thing," Taylor said with a shiver in her voice.

"Thank you, Taylor. Have a nice day," Mrs. Benedict finished, and she

zipped the garment bag back up, checked her Donna Karan diamond-encrusted watch and then turned to leave. As she opened the door Taylor called out to her, and met her about a foot away.

"Your sunglasses, Mrs. Benedict. You forgot them."

She extended her hand out to Mrs. Benedict who smiled. "Call me Jennifer," and she gently removed the sunglasses from the girl's hand and walked out, hearing a muffled "Bye Jennifer" from behind her.

Opening the doors to her Mercedes she hung up the clothes in the backseat and then placed herself into the driver's seat. She checked her cell phone after it rang with the tone that indicated a voicemail.

"Really sorry, honey, but I'm going to be late again tonight. Just eat without me, I'll see you at home. Love you."

The last two words of David Henry Benedict resounded in his wife's ears. He did love her, didn't he? Jennifer Benedict opened the glove compartment a moment later and pulled out a brown pill bottle with her husband's name on the label.

"What Mr. Benedict doesn't know won't hurt him," she whispered to her reflection in the rearview mirror. She popped two white pills into her mouth and swallowed, and then wiped an escaped tear from her defeated blue eyes. What Mr. Benedict doesn't know is that he's been paying the pharmacy for sugar pills for the last three years, and that Mrs. Benedict is the one getting the drugs. And she's getting them for free.

After all, she's the one who has to get another woman's lipstick out of his work shirts. He owes her this.

MILLER continued from previous page

cursions among the ancient ruins, found just that. There he discovered what people still struggle to this very day to attain: peace. What is hindering this discovery? Miller tells us, "Our diseases are our attachments, be they habits, ideologies, ideals, principles, possessions, phobias, gods, cults, religions, what you please." Apropos words, considering the blood shed and misery wrought each and everyday in the name of religion, money, land, politics and so on.

Miller urged all the anguished, the trapped, and the tormented to turn away from the very world that plagued them so. Peace for Miller was not a cessation of war or a lull between hostilities. One cannot fight and kill for peace.

The ultimate peace is that of the heart which, according to Miller, demands no conditions and requires no protections. It is a voluntary surrender. This idea might stagger our minds which have been conditioned to accept drudgery, wage slavery, and slaughter as a way of life. Miller would have none of it. He truly believed every man and woman could achieve freedom and peace through revolutions of individual consciousness—after all, man's greatest enemy is "not germs, but man himself, his pride, his prejudices, his stupidity, his arrogance...one must overthrow his own preconceived ideas of right and wrong, good and bad, just and unjust." Abandon the world of old and transcend, realize that peace comes from the

surrendering of all petty attachments. Miller believed a true revolution would not come from guns and steel but from within, from a reform of each and every individual consciousness. He wanted us to eradicate our conditioning and our dogma. Man *can* free himself from his own self-created prisons.

Ultimately, Miller was an optimist, a believer in people. Like Whitman, he joyously celebrated the individual spirit. Why bother with this old man Miller? Because his words still hold the answers to our ultimate crises. Mankind in the 21st century stands at a crossroads, starting down another road of war and environmental destruction. Shall we repeat the mistakes of the 20th century, an epoch rife with disease, genocide, op-

pression, and perpetual woe? Shall we continue to degrade our own environment, build prisons around the soul, and strive to be master of one another? Can we end our ceaseless and vile urge to conquer?

By *we*, I mean not only America, but all of man, every six billion odd one of us. Read Henry Miller and find truth. "To be free, as then I knew myself to be, is to realize that all conquest is vain, even the conquest of self, which is the last act of egotism." Remember that the utmost aim of our brief existence is to produce joy in its highest forms. There cannot be peace without joy. Hopefully our descendants will one day trod a free land.

Is There An Afterlife?



Krystal DeJesus

We have all wondered about life after death. For some of us, our religion answers that question, but there is still a mystery about death and what really happens when that

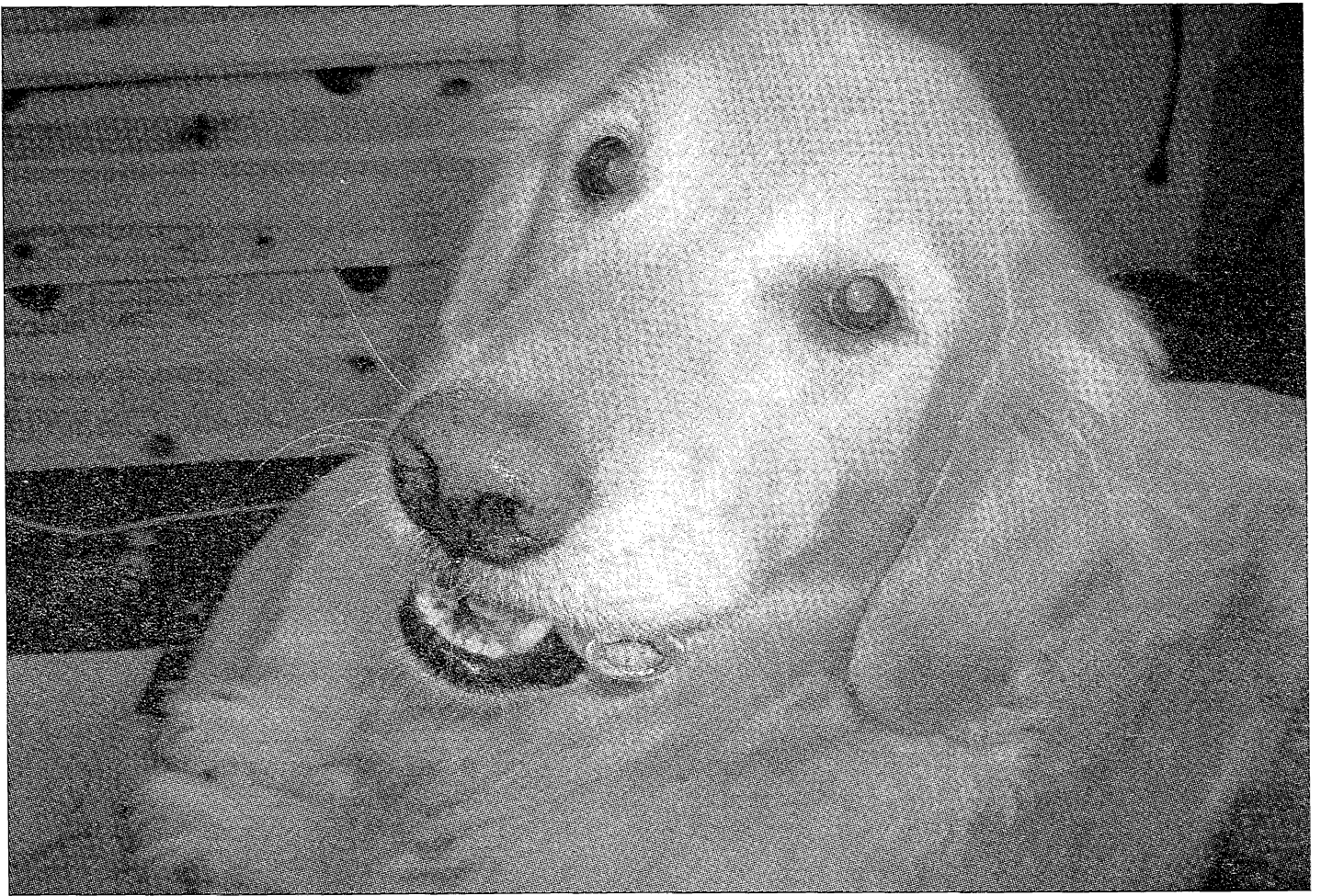
last breath is taken and the heart stops beating.

I've witnessed death a few times but the most recent has been very difficult for me to handle. In February I lost someone I was very close with and who I loved very much. His name was Cozmo, he was ten years old and he was my best friend, my companion through life's ups and downs, my baby and my dog.

Cozmo was the kind of dog who radiated love and happiness. He always had this great big smile on his face, and he could make the worst day into the best. When we went out people were so attracted to him. Some would say it was his smile or his long, wavy blond fur but most people couldn't explain what it was that made them go to him. I think it was all the positive energy he had to share and the feeling that he understood you.

Words cannot fully explain what Cozmo brought to my life and his absence has been extremely hard on me. I've never grieved like this before but I think it's because Cozmo was a part of every aspect of my life. I didn't treat him any differently from my other dog Cuddles, I made decisions based on both of them, but Cozmo was the one who was more outgoing and made himself a part of whatever I was doing. If I was cooking dinner he was waiting for the scraps to hit the floor, if I was reading he was there with his head at my feet patiently waiting for me to finish, if I was working out he was rolling the weights around on the floor with his nose to distract me. He was the one who would jump in the leaves and roll in the snow or join me on a hike or a swim at the beach. He was the one who would whisper in my ear every morning to wake me up and the one who kept me warm at night.

Cozmo had many near death experiences, so when he came down with Lyme Disease I was not too concerned because he had been through much worse. But within a week of our visit to the vet he had gone into liver failure and I was forced to make the decision to end his life.



Adorable Puppy.

Krystal DeJesus

He was in so much pain that day that his screams echoed through the house. In just a few days Cozmo had gone from a jovial energetic Golden Retriever to a weak old dog that couldn't even stand on his own to go to the bathroom. He left my life just as suddenly as he entered it ten years ago. It's amazing how in a matter of seconds a life can be gone.

Whenever I watch someone die I always wait a few minutes to feel or see anything. My Grandma says you can sometimes feel the soul leaving the body, but I've never felt that with people or animals. While I lay next to him, I can remember thinking how there just has to be something else after life. At that moment it was extremely hard for me to believe that there was no heaven or spirits or new life for the soul after the body dies, because I looked at my boy and thought, "How could it be over just like that?"

I look back on that now and see it as a way to calm myself in the heat of the moment. It goes back to my Catholic background, where it was always comforting to say that your loved one was in a better place, he or she was in Heaven looking down on you and catching up with all the other relatives up there. I think the concept of Heaven or a better place is a way to help the liv-

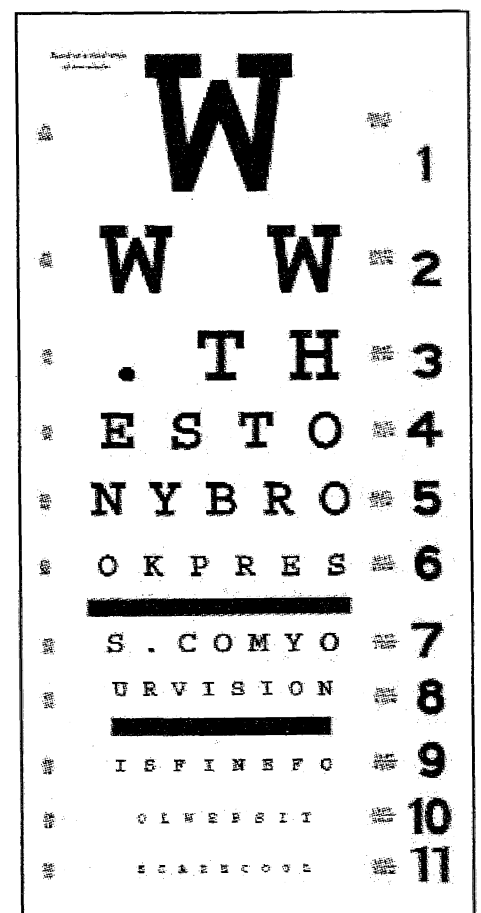
ing cope with death. And the same could go for Hell if someone really bad died—depending on how you define bad.

I've thought about reincarnation too. Maybe there is a new life after your old life is over. Once again it's a comfort to know that your loved one is moving on to its next destination and hopefully an even better life than the one before. Maybe Cozmo will go on to be a great person or maybe he'll be another great dog that will touch someone else's life. I'll most likely never know.

Unfortunately I am not an expert in religions or the afterlife. The most knowledge I have are of the two religions in my family—Catholicism and Santeria—neither of which I follow. The Irish and Spanish sides of my family both claim they have had contact with the other side, but my Cuban grandmother is well known for her ability to communicate with spirits. I have only heard stories about her experiences, but I hope that some day I can join her and witness it firsthand because maybe I will learn something about life and death.

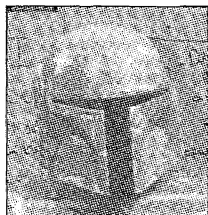
But for now I'm still an atheist I suppose. I don't believe in God, spirits or life after death. Although I wanted a simple resolution for my grief, I realized that it was not going to help me very much, and I have since found my own

comfort and peace with Cozmo's death. His life carries on through me because I share the stories from his life. It is through these stories that he still brings smiles to so many faces and happiness to someone's day.



QUOTE: "Bingala Wonky Chewbacca"

Why It Pays to be an Opportunist



Eric
DiGiovanni

Some of my fellow writers here at *The Press* have already given you some good advice, like the best places to eat, the best places to shit, and which RAs let you smoke weed in the dorms. However, I'm here to answer the most important

thing you'll ever ask: What kind of campus is Stony Brook?

"Why, it's obviously a residential campus" you may say, moving into your nice little corridor-style room at H-Quad with half of a Bed Bath and Beyond in tow, while your roommate is trying to figure out how to register his computer for the internet. Then in comes your other roommate. And there are only two desks and two closets. And there's no hot water for the next few hours. And the internet shuts down again. But it's OK, surely there's stuff to do on the weekend! There sure is... provided you go to bed at 6 p.m. on a Saturday, because that's when everything closes down... like the hot water...again.

"Well, then I'm glad I commute!" sigh the commuter students in relief. That is until they see the South P Lot at 8 in the morning. Or just about any of the commuter parking lots for that matter. If, like me, you don't have a car, get ready to see my three favorite words on the Long Island Railroad: 15 MIN LATE. Or you show up to the LIRR just as it's about to pull away, and have to stand there for the next hour waiting for the next one. Also, the commuter meal plan is much smaller than the normal ones. Granted, they can be re-filled, but meals can get expensive, and even stuff like ramen is costly (\$1.50 at the Union Deli vs. 25 cents a brick at most supermarkets). Yes, Stony Brook, in addition to the UPC code, the MRI, and over 300 galaxies, has made another brilliant discovery: How To Make Ramen Expensive.

"So then who is Stony Brook intended for?" you ask, one foot out the door. My response? The opportunists. If you expect things to just be given to you, then you're missing the point of college: becoming an adult. There's always something, you just need to look around. Textbooks? I save \$200 a semester just by typing the title into Google and buying online. Allibris and TextbookX are some recommendations. Sometimes a torrent is available. Furniture? On the first night of my freshman year, I was out with my roommates and their friends, and on the way home, I found a rolling office chair someone threw away behind Kelly Quad. Worked fine, if a little dirty, and we got to ride it down the Zebra Path.

Internet not working? There's a lot of lesser known SINC sites that always have computers open. Food? Lots of clubs and events give out free food, and if you keep an open mind, there might



An opportunity to sleep here in the future? Possibly...

Andrew Fraley

be a club that you actually want to join.

So in other words, get curious, and take some time to just wander around. I had a spiral notebook, given to me by one of the many banks scamming around on campus, that I used as sort of a Hitchhiker's Guide where I kept train schedules, events that might give out free food, and when the restaurants and SINC sites were the

least occupied. I'm not saying you have to do the same but despite this age of bailouts, never expect a free ride. It's at that point where you have to get smart. If you made it into Stony Brook, then it's obvious you have something in that skull of yours, so use it!

Seawolves Country Football Preview

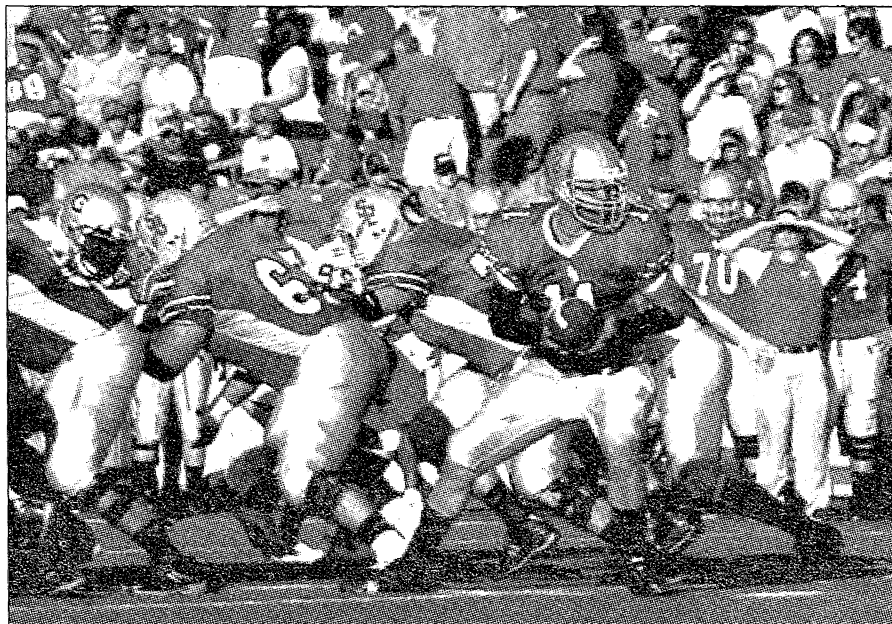
By Alex H. Nagler

Fresh off their second place season in their first year of the Big South, The Stony Brook men's football team are looking at a tough year. One that will provide few hometown crowds and make them travel as far as North Dakota. This is a season where a battle for first place could potentially come down to the last game at La Valle stadium against 2008 Big South champion Liberty University.

Although the first kickoff isn't until September 5th against cross-island rival Hofstra, the season officially began for the Seawolves on July 31st when Stony Brook was picked to finish second in the Big South's preseason Football poll, earning 87 points to Liberty University's 109. Stony Brook also received 4 first place votes; the most of any other school save for Liberty.

For the players, the season began on August 9th, when they reported to football camp. The Seawolves finished last year with a 5-6 (3-2) record and are looking to improve on that. The combination of senior running back Conte

Cuttino and Edwin Gowins, both of whom were voted preseason All-Big South along with senior linebacker Tyler Santucci and senior defensive back Chris Richards, will prove to be as effective this season as it was the second half of last year.



This year's season opens on September 5th away from home at Hofstra University, the rivals Stony Brook has not beaten for the past 18 consecutive

years. The next week finds the Seawolves at fellow Big South school Colgate, who Stony Brook defeated at home 42 to 26 in last year's season opener. The first home game is on September 19th, when Stony Brook plays Brown. They return to the road on the 26th to play

Massachusetts.

October 3rd is homecoming against Presbyterian, a Big South team Stony Brook has yet to play. After homecom-

ing, the Seawolves return to the road for two straight weeks, going to North Dakota, yes, North Dakota, on October 10. This is the first time Stony Brook has traveled to North Dakota and probably the first time many of the players on the Seawolves have been to either Dakota. The next week sees Stony Brook at Virginia Military Institute, who they beat 40 to 26 last season.

Returning home on October 24, the Seawolves take on Coastal Carolina, who were defeated in a close 28 to 24 last season, a win the Seawolves look to repeat. Returning to the road, Halloween is spent at Garner-Webb, who Stony Brook lost to by 1 point, 33 to 34, last year in a crushing last quarter defeat. After this, the Seawolves get a well-deserved week off before returning to the road to play Charleston Southern on November 14th.

The final game of the year is a home game against Liberty University. Liberty is considered to be the top contender for the Big South, a conference that receives an invitation to the FCS for the last time this year before becoming an automatic bid conference in 2010. This game should, if the season goes the Seawolves way, be a big one.

My First (And Last?) Sports Column

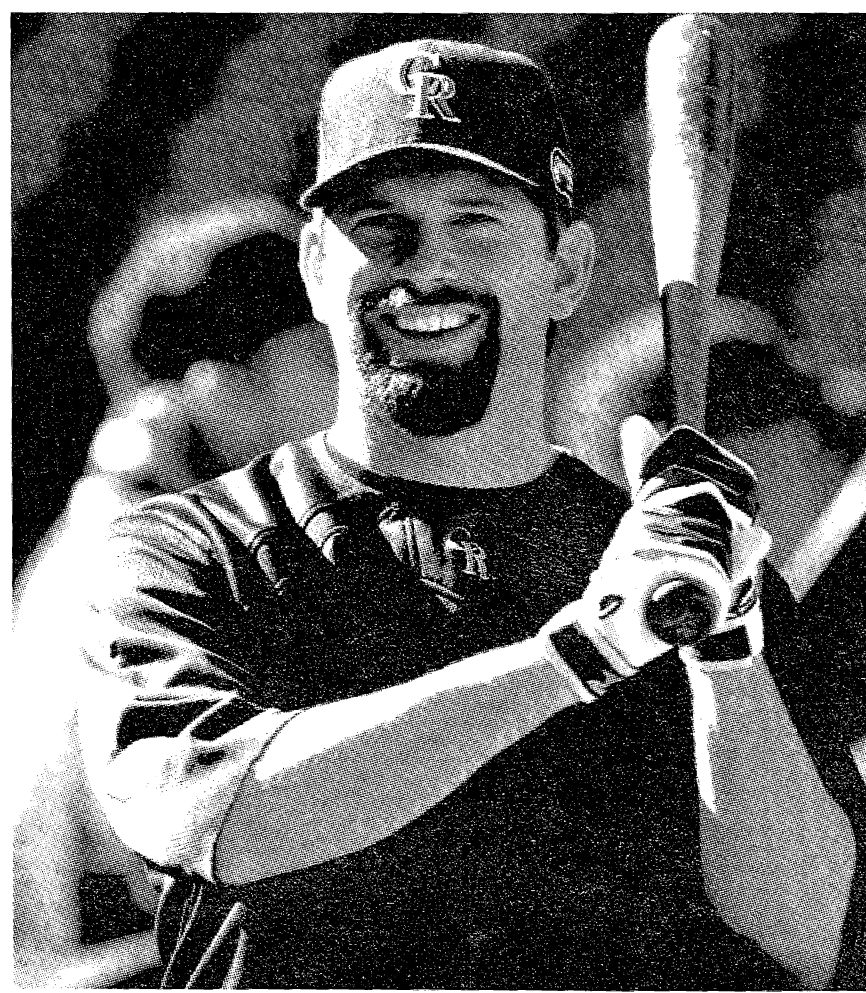
By Andrew Fraley

The Colorado Rockies are having a phenomenal season thus far. They are currently well in the lead for the NL wildcard, and are closing in on the formerly untouchable West Coast Division leaders, the Dodgers. Why should anyone here at Stony Brook, in New York, care about a Colorado baseball team? Shouldn't I be talking about the tragic Metropolitanans, or the pretentious Yankees? The answer to that is a simple "fuck you." You're gonna tell me how to do my job? You wanna read about the Mets? Go pick up a *Newsday*. You want to read about a great team in Colorado? Right now, the *Stony Brook Press* is the only local paper that covers this great Rocky Mountain team. Count yourselves among the lucky, dear reader.

But back to the Rocks. The AL equivalent is the Boston Red Sox, because they recently gave up their division lead to those damn Yanks, but still have a firm hold on the wildcard. But who cares about them? They're not the scrappy go-getters that the Rockies are. Troy Tulowitzki is the most talented shortstop in baseball right now. A couple years ago, he got an unassisted triple play. You don't see that a-hole Jeter doing that. He also recently hit a cycle against the Cubbies of Chicago. He also has, like, a thousand homeruns. He rules.

Todd Helton, future Hall-of-Famer, is also having one of his best years of his career. He's batting above his already impressive career average of .325, and has always been a very clutch player, and a solid defenseman. More than I can say about old brittle-bones Delgado. Certainly better than that d-bag Teixeira. He also has about 20,000 career doubles. He rocks.

There are a whole slew of amazing characters that make up the active roster of this outstanding team. I could wear myself out talking about such titans of the game, so I'll leave you with this, readers. If you're looking for a team to dominate the playoffs this year, look no further than the team of your neighbors 1,800 miles to the west. If they can make the playoffs, and win all their games, then they will be world champs. And that is totally going to happen...probably. Then the Yankees and Mets will be just chumps.



The All-American Page

America's Greatest Pastime:

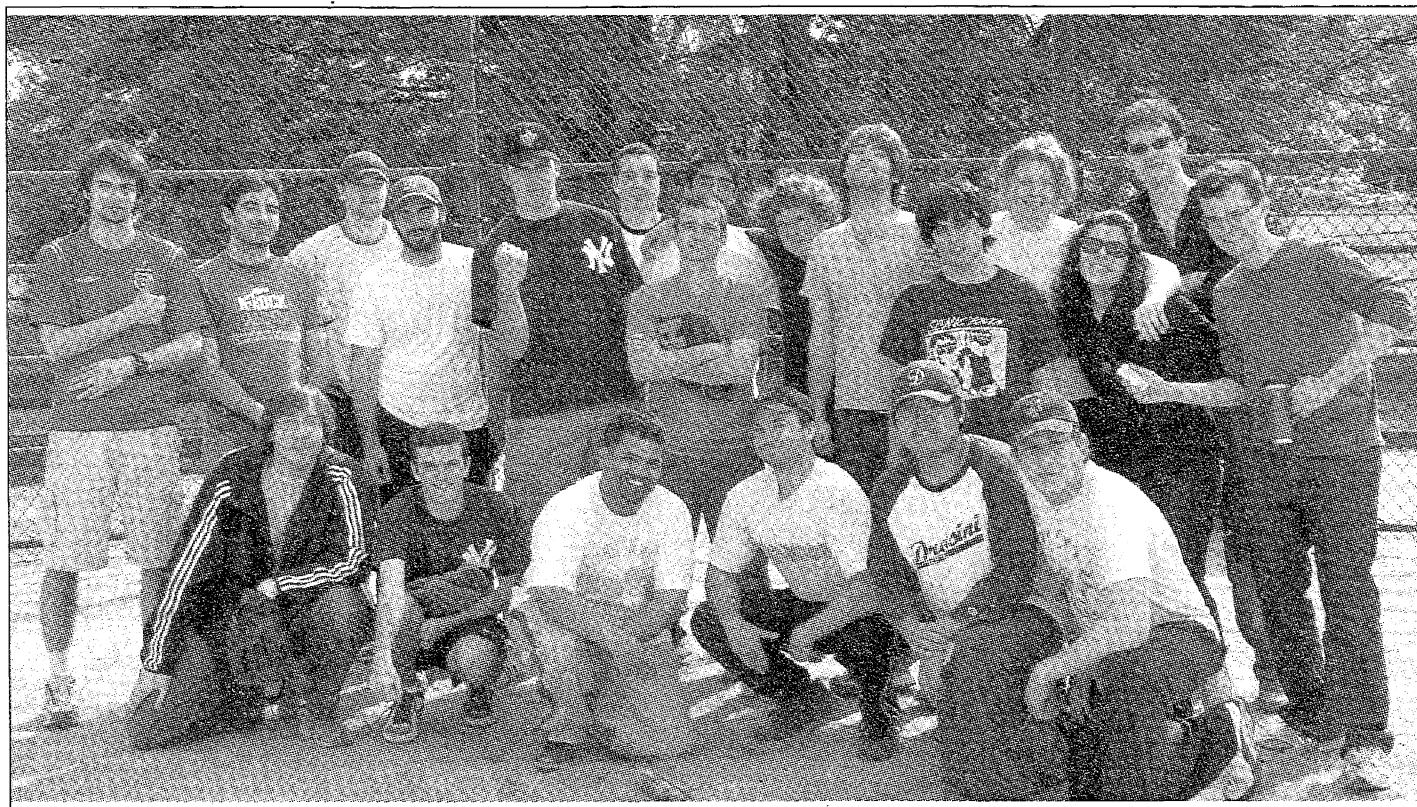
An All-American Softball Game Between Two All-American Teams

A couple months ago, the editors of *The Press* sent out an all points bulletin to all the media organizations on campus. It was a challenge to anyone able and willing to accept. In a tradition that dates back nearly 30 years to the origins of *The Press* and its history of friendly rivalry with *The Statesman*, another campus publication, the challenge was a friendly game of that good 'ole all American sport, softball.

There are now nearly a million publications on campus, so we extended our challenge to everyone in the campus media scene. *The Statesman* editors and writers were—god love them—far too busy making the best damned paper on campus to make an appearance, so we forgive them. *The Patriot* staffers, on the other hand, also failed to show. Probably because they hate America. Maybe they were too busy undermining our core American principles with their rag newspaper. Or maybe they were working on another demonstration of contrived populism with their silly teabagging parties. Who knows? Who cares?

The one organization that did provide was the red blooded, all American *Independent*, Stony Brook's on-line publication. Captain Mike Kelly brought a full roster of his rag-tag *Indie* crew. The epic battle that followed featured some pretty hardcore softballing.

Team *Indie* took an early lead and maintained it throughout most of the game. Despite team *Press*' most noble efforts, we couldn't overcome the early lead. A brief rally in the seventh brought a small modicum of hope, only to be dashed to the ground in the eighth, when the *Indie* crew pulled ahead, cementing

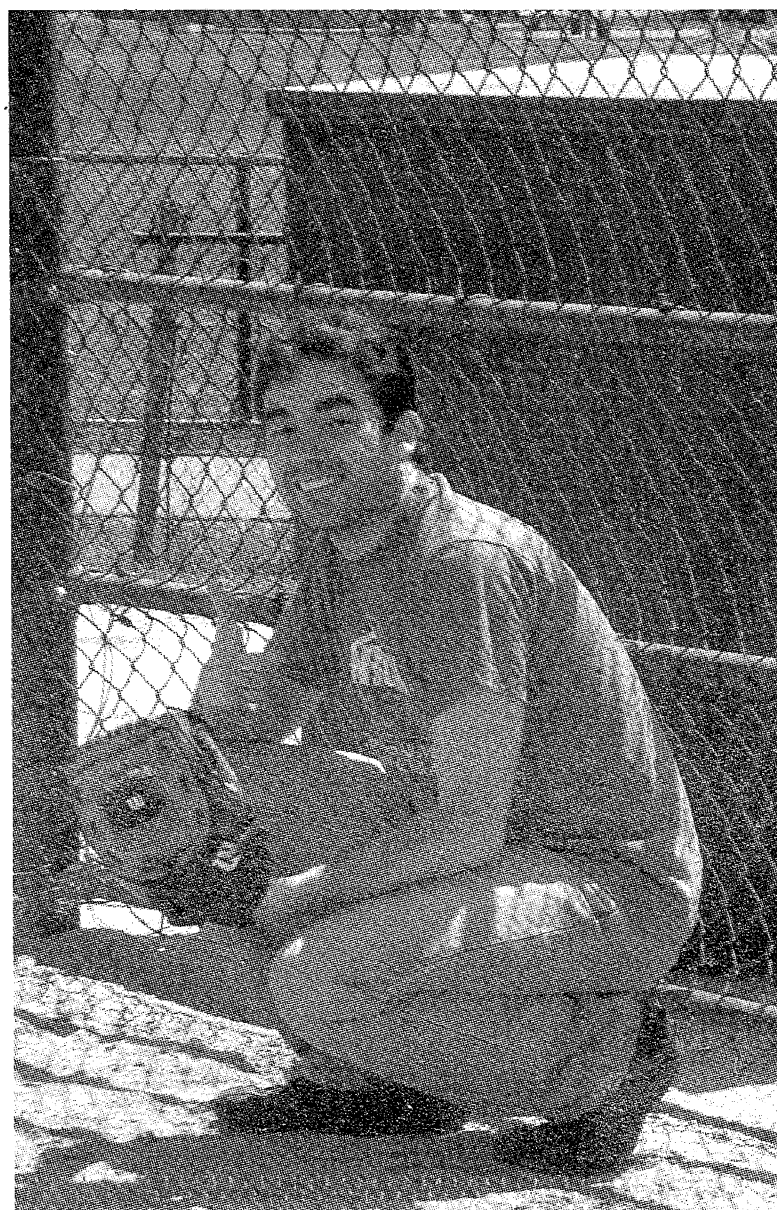


Featured is team *Press* and team *Independent*. Not featured, due to an acute lack of American-ness, team *Patriot*.

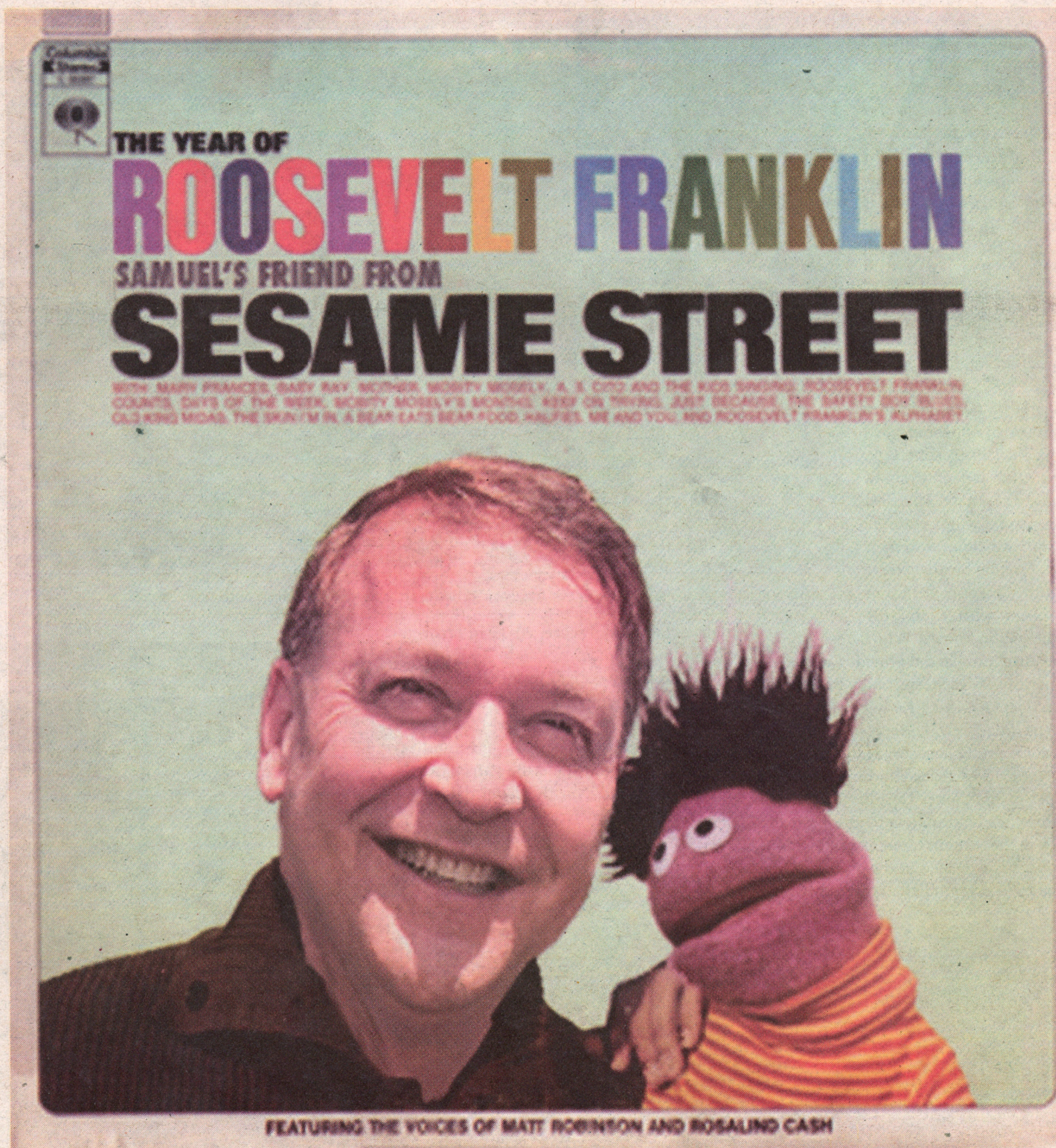
Justin Meltzer

their victory. Final score, 20-13 in favor of team *Independent*.

A fun time was had by all, however, and that's what's important. Also, displaying your manliness and pure red-blooded American-ness, which both *The Press* and the *Independent* did—and the *Patriot* utterly failed to do—on that cool day in May. God bless America.



**Come Sing Along With Roosevelt Franklin
and All of his Friends!**



**Stony Brook Press' Open House!
Wednesday September 9 at 1pm
Union 060
Free Pizza!**

Death Egg Zone

The Freshman Guide



Greetings From *The Stony Brook Press*

Welcome to Stony Brook University! You are officially fucked, or something like that. Be prepared for shitty food, even though as a freshman you missed out on the evil corporation known as Chartwells, provider of fatty foods and salad sold by the ounce. Now SBU's foodstuffs are courtesy of some guy who calls himself "Lackmann Culinary Services." Delicious tacos and hot dogs, ole!

Eating is important, but now to move onto the reason you are at college, to learn stuff. From HIS 101 (European History: from Antiquity to Revolution), to BIO 101 (Human Biology) to ECO 108 (Introduction to Economics), freshman classes are best spent looking at all of the hot college girls, as opposed to learning about medieval times, the human genome and market behavior.

A lot of freshmen have never experienced the amount of freedom granted by going to college. No more curfews enforced by your parents, not to mention marijuana use that is usually kept at or above the hooray! level. Party all night long, while listening to "college rock" musicians such as Dinosaur Jr., Yo La Tengo and Sonic Youth.

Joining a club is important, because it will help you make friends. Friends are important - especially those who like the same Japanese animated cartoons as you, enjoy table tennis just as you do, or are also a fan of your favorite religious figure or political per-



This picture was the first result in a Google Image Search of "Stony Brook University."

sonality.

A lot of freshmen have never experienced the amount of diversity associated with going to a state university, but expect to see plenty of people who don't look or act like you. Get over it, because Stony Brook has diversity, diversity and more diversity. There are Asian Americans AND African-Americans, Muslims AND Jews, as well as foreign students hailing from countries all over the world.

Even Stony Brook University's

faculty members come from all over the world. They come to SBU to win Nobel Prizes and stuff like that. There is even a cadre of crack musicians who call themselves the "Emerson String Quartet" These guys have even won a Grammy, although it is well known that a Grammy award is worthless. Not to worry, because the "Emerson String Quartet" has also won an Avery Fisher Prize, an award that most college freshman have never heard of.

A lot of people outside of Long Island know nothing of Stony Brook University. This may be because our football team is not famous, and neither is our basketball or baseball team. Not even our campus newspaper is well known, but you are reading *The Stony Brook Press* right now. For that we thank you, and we hope you make the best of the next four (or five) years of your college experience.

Freshman Guide Contributors:

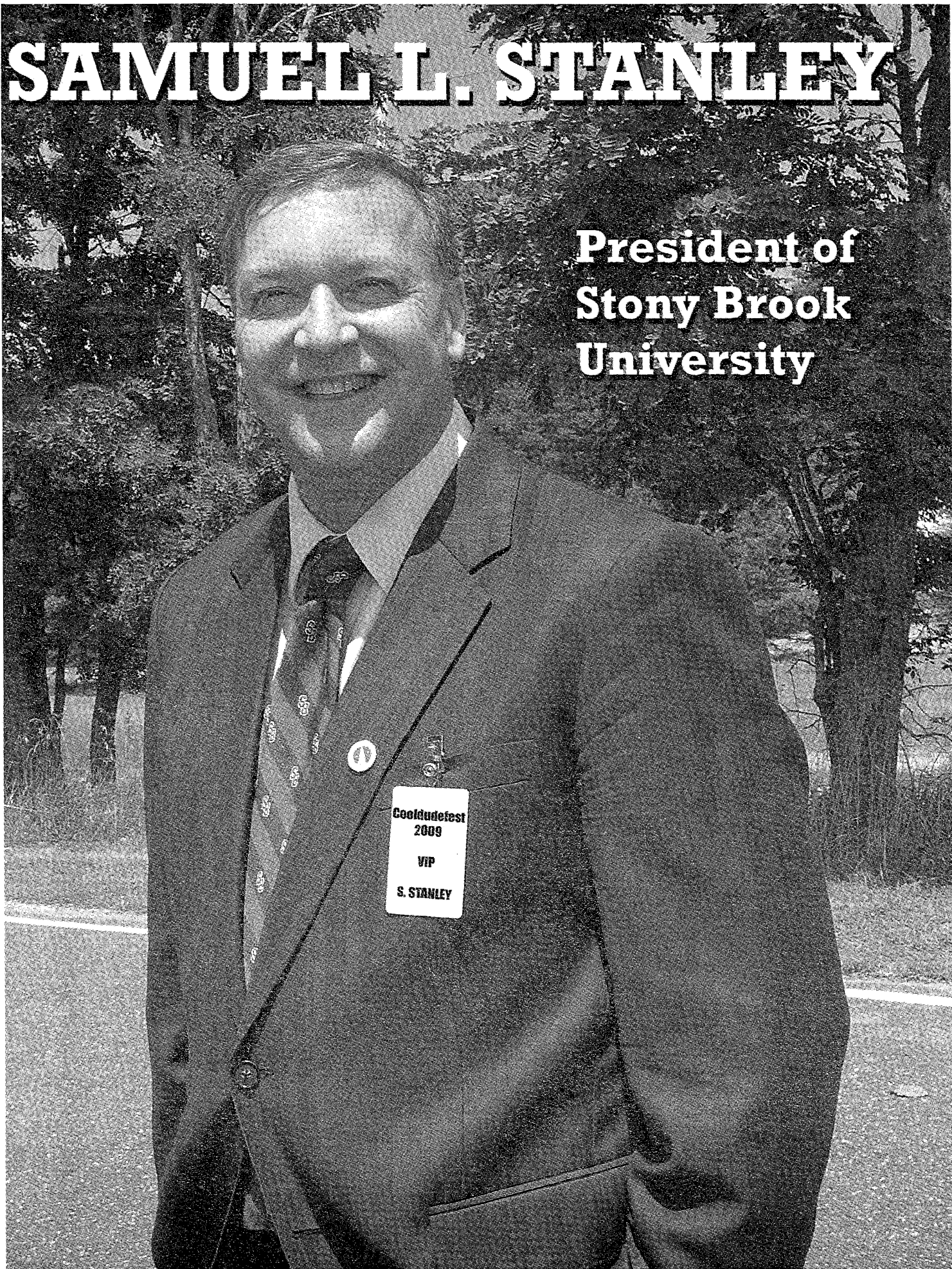
Najib Aminy
Ross Barkan
Raina Bedford
Andrew Fraley
Alex H. Nagler
Cindy Liu
Tia Mansouri
Roman Sheydvasser
Jonathan Singer

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SAMUEL L. STANLEY

**President of
Stony Brook
University**



Name: Samuel L. Stanley

Date of Birth: 11 January 1954

Eyes: Dreamy

Hair: AWESOME!!!

Undergrad: University of Chicago, Biological Sciences (1976)

Doctorate: Harvard Medical School (1980)

Post-Doctoral: Washington University School of Medicine

Area of Expertise: Infectious Diseases (helping people cheat death)

Entered Stony Brook University: June 2009

Where We Live...

Tabler Quad

Personal Skills: Tabler seems to keep to itself going as far as constructing a physical barrier of 54 steps to keep out unwanted influences. Though not its most immediate neighbor, Tabler has a close, physical bond to the West Apartments. Tabler maintains its distance from the academic quad, with its closest collegiate contact being the Heavy Engineering building. Tabler needs to stop listening to music in its own room and open up to other quads.

Academic Performance: Tabler is home of the Honors College, which is home to the academically rigorous students and music majors, which are not as often times academically rigorous. This is not to say they are not rigorous with other things, as evident from the multiple practice rooms. Tabler should seek to balance its behaviors.

Appearance: Tabler takes pride in its appearance as noted by the presence of actual greenery, something sorely missing in its fellow quads. The hills make for good sledding in the winter, as are willing to dress appropriately. Tabler is to keep up the good work in this area.

Social Skills: Tabler is under stricter authority from various supervisors. Though they have attempted to crack down on certain behaviors, they have not been wholly successful in curbing what they wished to curb. Subsequently, aforementioned behaviors remain.



Roth Quad



Welcome to Roth Quad where the geese roam free and you are but a visitor. Roth Quad is home to the man made pond, which houses the yearly regatta in the Spring and the only residence halls with air conditioning besides West Apartments. In terms of location, Roth is practically the closest you can get to the academic mall without living in the fountain outside of Administration. An approximate three minute walk to Javits and five minute walk to the SAC, it's a late wakers dream.

In terms of food, the Roth food court has recently been renovated in a big way and has reopened with four different dining options. If you're looking for a cheap meal at 11:30 p.m., Wendy's is the best option. It's open until 12 a.m. (while all other Roth concepts close around 9 p.m.) and has virtually all of the same menu items as an off campus Wendy's. However, with the long lines late at peak hours and a bullshit rotating dollar menu, don't expect to live on chicken nuggets all semester. There is also a general pizza, sandwich, and international foods place (a.k.a. rotisserie chicken and whatever random dish they feel like making that day). All in all, Roth Food Court is a great place to eat at a reasonable price on a college student's meal plan.

Although Roth has its perks, air conditioning, new food court, geese safari, it pays for these benefits with its rooms. Big enough to house a gnome, these suite style rooms can barely accommodate one person let alone the mandatory three for tripled freshmen. The best advice to Roth Quad residents? Be smart about how you use your space and where you put everything because trying to jump from your bed, to the desk, to the front door is a task best reserved for ninjas and Indiana Jones.

Roosevelt Quad

Welcome to Roosevelt Quad, the quad everyone talks shit about, not that they don't have a reason. It's like the ghetto, well no, it is.

Roosevelt Quad has some of the smallest rooms the University offers and is plagued by ongoing construction. On top of this, if you're a freshman or a transfer student, you'll likely be tripled. Stack the beds up high so you can store things under them, utilize the shelf above the closets, and make sure your space is well organized if you want to fit everything you've brought.

Unfortunately, the small rooms of Roosevelt discourage large parties, not that people don't attempt them. Fortunately for residents, the West Apartments are just a short walk across a parking lot.

There has been ongoing construction around Roosevelt Quad for over a year. The university is expanding. During the construction, residents have been woken up to the sound of jackhammers at the crack of dawn, had their hot water turned off several times, their electricity turned off for a full day, and were encouraged to evacuate when they lost their heat for three days.

Living in Roosevelt Quad can be very frustrating, but you won't be alone. If you make some friends and focus on other things, you'll barely notice how much your quad sucks. Oh, and there's a pretty sweet bamboo forest you should probably check out.



H Quad

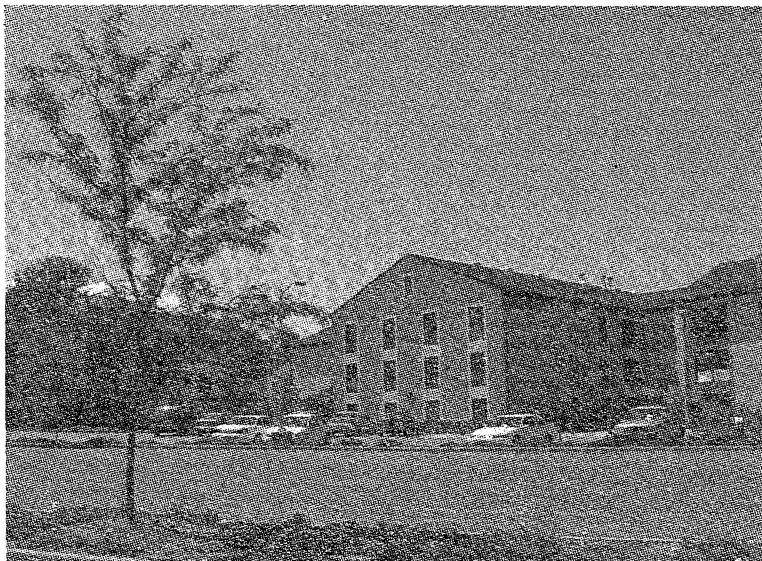
H Quad is very much similar to all that Mendelsohn has to offer, only it is about the same walking distance to the academic buildings as Tablar and Kelly.

Every day is like participating in an *Ironman* competition, only each field is divided up between walking, trying to not poke your brains out from people who walk irritatingly slow, and not stepping on geese shit. Watch your Air Force One's, brah!

While some dorms present the luxury of going back to between classes, by the time you get back to the dorm, your next class would wind up starting in the next five minutes, depending on the class schedule.

The rooms are corridor style, so be mindful of who is in your hall and keep your door open, more often than not this is how you will break the ice and get to meet some of the coolest people on campus.

Be wary of making friends with people on the other side of campus as well, it is very easy to seclude yourself into this area of campus and not have any idea of what is going on around campus. The same could be said for others in different areas of the campus.



Kelly Quad

Kelly Quad is a riot! No, literally. During Stony Brook's unintentional annual blackout series, usually created by some malfunctioning electrical transformer installed in the 70s, students collectively joined together in setting issues of the *Stony Brook Statesman* on fire and mass hysteria, which the police were there to peacefully observe.

In terms of proximity to food, like the SAC and Kelly Deli, Kelly Quad isn't too bad. The rooms are a little tight, with barely enough living space for two prison house-inmates, let alone three. You at least have a balcony where you can soak up the morning rays looking into a courtyard of chipped cement, an unpleasing landscape, and to the sounds of constant construction. When that does finally finish, you will probably notice no change.

When it comes to proximity to classes, expect a scenic walk past some ongoing construction, the never-ending shits on campus (what outsiders refer to as geese), and if it rains, don't be brave but wise, carry an umbrella. It's a lot of walking.

But don't worry, it could be worse, you could be living in Roosevelt.

Mendelsohn Quad is awesome if you have a good roommate, a cool bunch of hall mates, and if you enjoy Taco Bell's value menu.

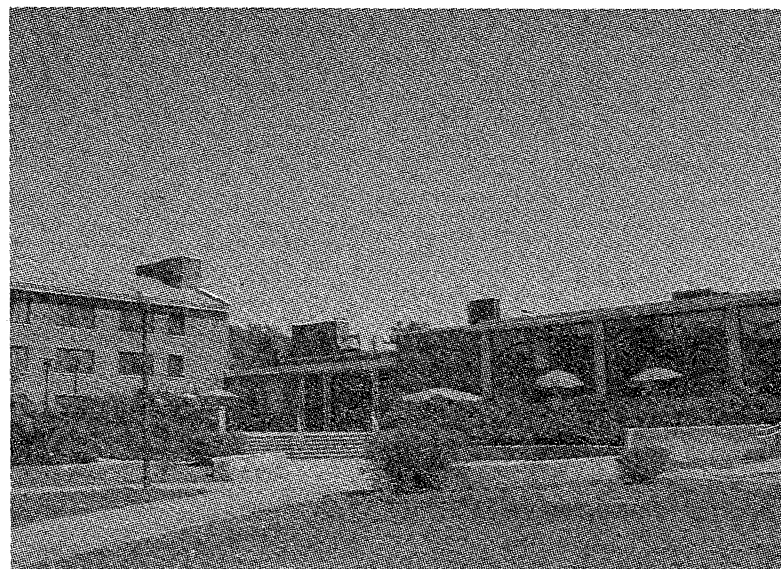
On what is the complete other side of campus from most dorms except H Quad, you either will be disconnected from what is going where other students live depending on how social you are.

The rooms are luxuriously big compared to most other dorms on campus, take advantage of that, just have fun sharing a bathroom with 100 other people. That's exaggerated, but still, have fun with it.

If you can't starve yourself and wait for Benedict's selective hours, the union is just a short walking distance away where you can buy some of the most expensive foods the campus has to offer. The quality ranges from: "Shit, I can't believe I just bought that" to "shit, this sucks."

The proximity of this quad is far from most of academia, though it's probably the closest dorm to the library. And if you enjoy cheering a Division 1-AA football program that has had millions poured into it while vast programs around the university have been cut, LaValle stadium is just a parking lot away.

Go! Fight! Win!



West Apartments

West Apartments are the crème de la crème of housing options the university has to provide, only its shit far from anything. If you thought Tablar was far or that H Quad was in the boondocks, think again.

Reserved for juniors with a high academic standing, like above a 3.0 average, residents are entitled to single rooms (though there some doubles), a kitchen suite, air conditioning and a spacious bathroom or two. There are comfortable couches to take a quick nap on or to have friends crash in the common area as well.

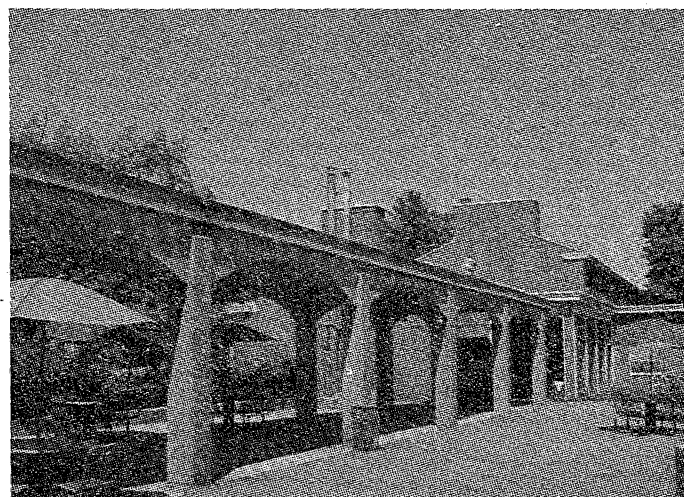
But if you don't have a car or bike, don't live here, simple. Too far to walk from class, you will have to rely on the bus system on campus, which is satisfactory, until you miss it, then you're shit out of luck.

Some of the best parties happen here, in that there is room to breathe and you don't feel like you are in a hipster dive bar. For the most part the RAs here are chill and aren't as bad as most other quads, but RAs are another story, since they all vary.

But one interesting place West Apartments is in proximity of is the illustrious bamboo forest. Just a very quick walk, and there you are to the closest thing to artificial forest you will find on campus. Tall branches of bamboo towering above a ground of mulch and dirt, this hovering shade is a good place to go from time to time and smoke pot/have sex.



Mendelsohn Quad



Parking Guide

Faculty/Staff Parking Lots

Stony Brook University faculty members put a lot of time and effort into their work, whether it results in Nobel Prizes or new ways to cheat death. That being said, **DON'T PARK IN THEIR PARKING SPACES, YOU WILL GET A TICKET, BECAUSE YOU ARE A PISS STAIN COMPARED TO THESE STARS OF ARTS AND**

SCIENCES.

Looking at the parking map, it is obvious that these faculty parking lots are situated in the best areas, adjacent to the academic mall so that professors can get to office hours quicker. The only problem is that nobody goes to office hours, leaving professors all alone in their offices to play Nintendo.

Commuter Parking Lots

Commuter students have a number of places to park, the largest lot being South P. Looking at the parking map, it is apparent that South P is very far away, so far away that (gasp) it's in a magical land called Inset A! For those commuters who are willing to show up early, green colored lots on the same map scale as the academic mall

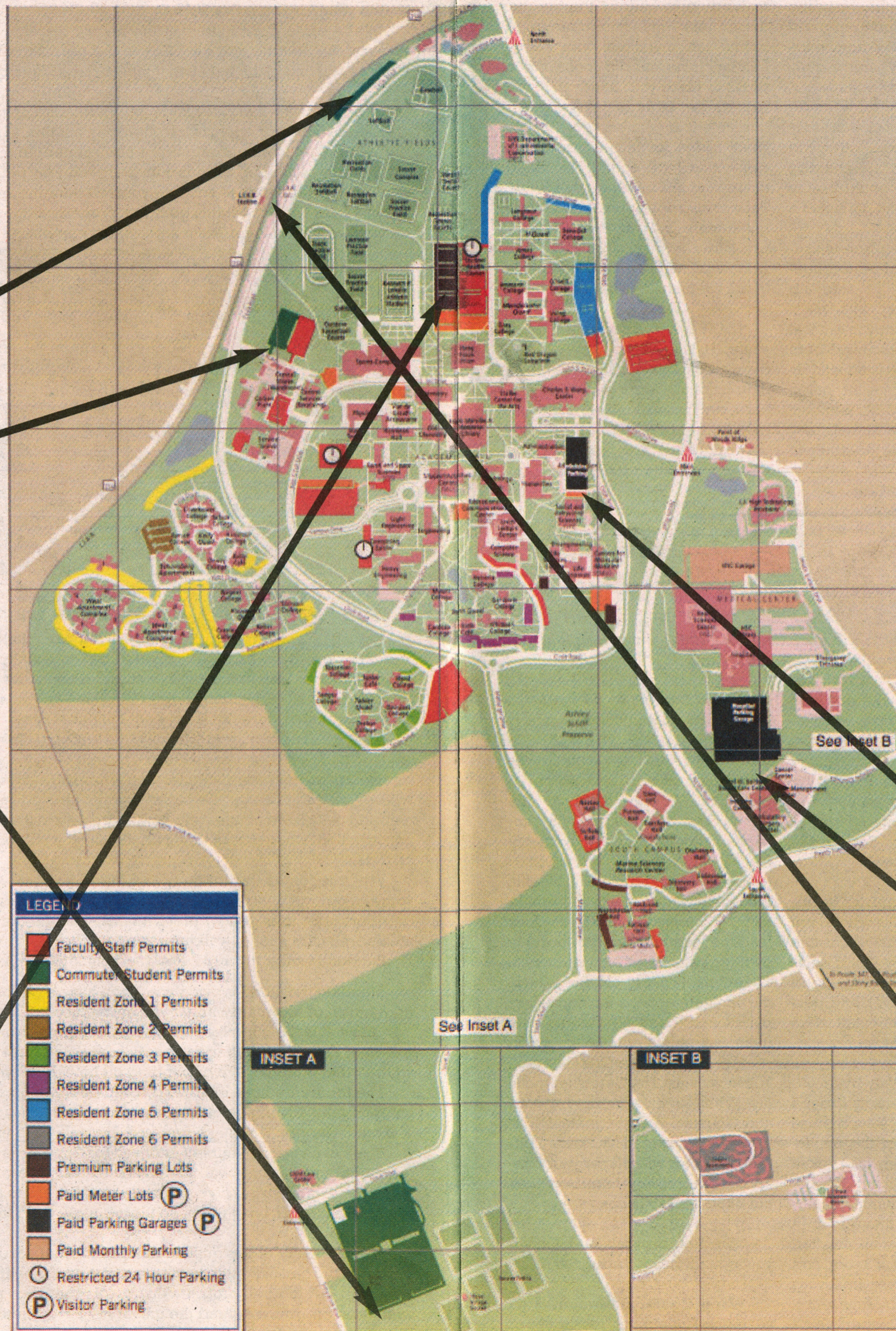
are available. These lots are North P and the Gym Road Lot. However, even these commuter lots are in baseball land and the industrial park, respectively. These nicer spots fill up quick; North P and the Gym Road Lot are usually filled by 9 AM. After that, the only option is to take your \$0 commuter parking pass and park in South P.



Stadium Lot

Stadium Lot parking passes cost \$150, and the waiting list to get one of these permits is over 1000 students long. That being said, the Stadium Lot's posh location near the center of campus may make the \$150 worth it, provided you have an extra \$150 lying around. But then you need to be lucky enough to

be called off the waiting list. This lot is frequently patrolled, and a fine for parking in the Stadium Lot without a permit is \$30. However, the lot opens up to the general public after 4 PM, making the Stadium Lot ideal for students with evening classes.

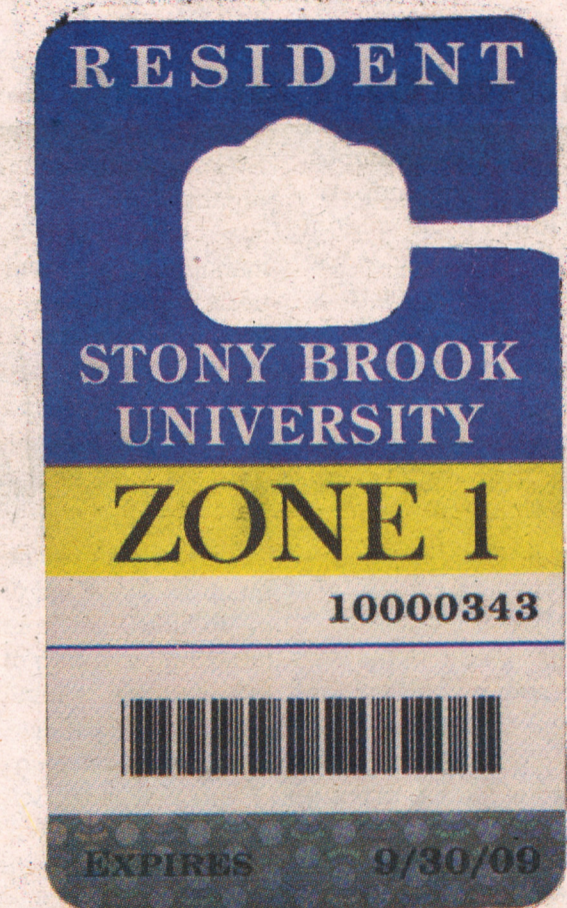


LEGEND	
[Red Square]	Faculty/Staff Permits
[Green Square]	Commuter/Student Permits
[Yellow Square]	Resident Zone 1 Permits
[Orange Square]	Resident Zone 2 Permits
[Light Green Square]	Resident Zone 3 Permits
[Purple Square]	Resident Zone 4 Permits
[Blue Square]	Resident Zone 5 Permits
[Dark Blue Square]	Resident Zone 6 Permits
[Black Square]	Premium Parking Lots
[Orange Circle]	Paid Meter Lots (P)
[Black Circle]	Paid Parking Garages (P)
[Light Blue Circle]	Paid Monthly Parking
[White Circle]	Restricted 24 Hour Parking
[Red Circle]	Visitor Parking

Resident Parking Lots

Resident lots come in six different colors, and resident students come in two different varieties. There are "suitcase" students who use their cars to drive home on the weekends, and there are students who choose to stay at Stony Brook on the weekends. Of those who choose to stay, the ones with cars use can use them to drive

to the Smith Haven Mall, Port Jefferson village and that big duck. That being said, the parking space allocated for residents is actually located in the same area as their respective residence halls and apartment complexes. This makes for a quick escape to home, the Smith Haven Mall, Port Jefferson Village or that big duck.



Parking Garages

If you are parking in the hospital parking garage, expect to die. If you are parking in the

parking garage next to the administration building, expect to administrate.

L.I.R.R. Parking Lot

The train station lot, though not visible on this map, is another excellent spot for commuters. It's adjacent to the North P Lot, so it's only far away, as opposed to really far away. One caveat: it's supposed to be for the train commuters going into the city to work. But fuck 'em,

right? That just means it's always open, no worries about tickets. It fills up quickly though, later than the Gym Road Lot, but earlier than the North P Lot. It's also the obvious choice for parking if you want to take the train. Who knew?

Where to Nap

By Cindy Liu and Roman Sheydvasser

If you are a commuter, there are times when you may as well be homeless. Here's a way to give that homeless brain a rest once in a while!

Humanities Lounge:

You just got out of your 8:05 a.m. class (yes, there is a class THAT EARLY) and you're so sleep-deprived you could throw up. The walk from Javits to the SAC does not take more than seven minutes, but just as you are passing Humanities, your body lurches and you are overcome by a strong nostalgia for the womb. Ridiculous as it may sound, you deem it physically impossible to make it to the SAC for breakfast this morning.

Luckily, you can drag yourself inside the Humanities building, one of the newer constructions on campus. Situated inside the clean, temperature-controlled lobby is the student lounge, where if you are lucky, you will be able to snatch a couch to lie down on and die for a while.

SAC Commuter Lounge:

See: Humanities Lounge. The only downside is oversleeping and embarrassingly waking up to bright fluorescent lights in the middle of campus lifetime with the studying couple sitting across from you silently judging your sloth-like tendencies. The same thing can, of course, occur in the Humanities Lounge, but with less people present to watch you while you sleep.

SBS Lounges:

SBS is usually deserted, so one doesn't have to worry about noise or many passersbys.

Unfortunately, due to my lack of experience in resting activities at that location, I cannot say for certain that professors and faculty condone such bouts of energy resupply. There are cushioned couches and chairs fit for a Starbucks on almost every floor, so availability shouldn't be an issue.

Animated Perspectives:

I can, from personal experience, say that the couches in the AP club are comfortable and somewhat maintained, but there have been reports from females about B.O. issues from some of the members contaminating the whole place.

Also, as they are used for napping every day by various members and such (and all you have to do is sign up to be a member, though they probably wouldn't even question your presence), your napping wouldn't be interrupted or scowled upon. However, the noise from video games and possibly anime may keep some from falling asleep.

Starbucks:

Speaking of Starbucks, one may assume that a location with good ventilation, comfy furniture, and very nice ambient aroma would be the top choice of anyone in pursuit of a nap.

Unfortunately the place is usually packed with Long Island coffee-ignorants and studying over-achievers, along with often loud and incessant trendy music that makes sleeping impossible. Not to mention the heat that is produced by various jam-packed pushing going on. And despite the well-known obligingness of Starbucks staff, they probably wouldn't take too kindly to sleeping patrons.

Engineering Buildings:

If you're someone who doesn't mind sleeping with their head on a

desk, an often overlooked place (or even places) are the various science academic buildings. Often empty, as no one seriously wants to spend their time looking at formulas or making something of themselves, these buildings feature conference rooms left unlocked with comfy leather chairs and big cool wooden desks to place your head on. Buildings such as Light Engineering feature little lounge areas, even with a small fridge for faculty use I presume, that have comfy cushioned chairs and are infrequently visited. They're also open areas and I figure much more unlikely to attract anti-nap Nazis or various building staff who might mind homeless students (read: commuters) like you.

Let's face it: If you can picture yourself falling asleep in any of these places, chances are you're a pretty indiscriminate sleeper. In fact, this perfectly describes me and I am ever-so-appropriately about to pass out on the keyboard 'cause it's 4 a.m. G'bye!

Where to Poo

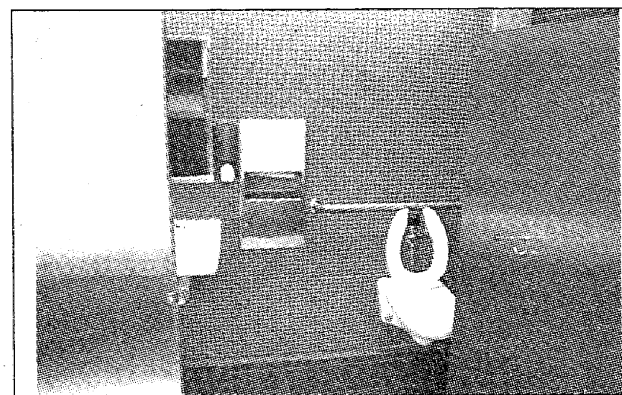
By Ross Barkan

Dearest freshmen, at last! You made it to college. Congratulations! This is undoubtedly an exciting and nerve-racking time. You are making new friends, finding news classes, and exploring your new-found freedom. You can only wonder what will this year hold for you. College is truly a glorious time. One of the most important decisions a new student will make is not what class to take or what boy or girl to talk to. Nay, the most important decision, my freshmen, is where to *take a shit*. Let's be real. We all shit (yes, even girls). Everyday our bowels will burble with the potential for a fecal revolution. The pants drop, the levee breaks, and the bowl is bombarded, splashing ecstatically onward. Ah, the leonine roar of the toilet after a job well done...nothing quite like it, right? Young ones, allow me to teach you. I present the best (and worst) places to shit at Stony Brook University.

Library 5th Floor Bathroom:

This is a hidden gem, the equivalent of using your thirteenth round draft choice on a fat kid from Missouri named Albert Pujols. People don't

go up to the fifth of the library all that much because it's un-American to go up more than three floors for anything, unless a bag of Doritos and a lottery ticket is involved. Enjoy an un-crowded SINC site and, when you feel that special thing growing inside of you that most definitely is *not* a baby, saunter down the hall to a clean, two-stall bathroom. Shit in peace on somewhat clean toilet seats. Smile at the unblemished walls, which unlike the 4th and 3rd



The award winning Wang Center bathroom. Banzai indeed!

floor bathrooms don't remind you to call Frank if you want a good time or that Mark and Linda loved each other in 2004. It is truly a pleasure to be in this bathroom and feel your feces slip slowly from your asshole. **Rating: 45 Stars out of 49 stars**

1st Floor SAC Bathroom: Don't

go here. Located next to the store and the unyielding surge of hungry students, this bathroom is a veritable Hiroshima. Open up the one and only stall and discover that your fellow man is a dirty savage, not above leaving his fudge lizard in the murky waters for you to flush. Everything smells. Urine cries from the floor. Despair blinds you. Toilet paper is sparse. Don't. Shit. Here. **Rating: 433 stars out of 10,000 stars**

Humanities Building:

This is where you take your high-tech *Brave New World* shits. Human cloning, light-speed travel, and perpetual motion all seem possible as your zeppelin-shaped shit is flushed away by an automatic sensor. No need for hands, you primitive whore! Let the omniscient cyber-toilet do the

dirty work for you. Walking the glistening floors of a Humanities bathroom conjures up images of a utopian society where all are free from the drudgeries of labor and tiny happy robots ensure the joyous survival of the human race. Also, there's always toilet paper. Once again, the bare hand is not neces-

sary. **Rating: 7 thumbs-up out of 9 thumbs-up**

Javits Center: Avoid the Javits Center like you would avoid a raging overweight feminist. If the SAC bathroom is Hiroshima, the Javits Center shitting complex is like a bombed-out World War I trench, if only the trench was a fissure of steaming, ancient shit, oozing the lumpy brown magic of countless misguided prophets. Keep in mind that this shit, though holy, still reeks something awful. Each Javits stall (Javits does lead the league in this category) is outfitted with its own unique stench. There's the two-day-old-shit stench, the can't-aim-for-the-fucking-toilet-piss stench, the stale fart stench, the fresh fart stench, the leaky colon stench, and, of course, The Colossus. You know what The Colossus smells like. When someone mixes Tex-Mex and Chinese, you get yourself The Colossus. Be warned. The Javits Center bathrooms will shatter your consciousness. **Rating: -3 Smiley Faces out of 90 Smiley Faces**

Your Roommate's Bed: Only if you're really antsy. **Rating: N/A**

Wang Center Bathroom: Two years ago I celebrated the virtues of the Wang Center bathroom, the true

apex of shit-taking extravagance. Imagine Eden, only with sparkling countertops, bliss-white toilet seats, and endless, endless rolls of toilet paper. Defecating in this holy sanc-

tum of shit is like wandering into the eye of God. You achieve a universal peace, an understanding of all that is and ever will be, a true satori, an enlightenment that would make any di-

arrhea Buddha proud. I ask you only to shit once in the Wang Center bathroom before you soul departs for the celestial plain. It is there you will find the Answer. Also, you look slightly

skinnier in the mirrors. **Rating: Holy Christ Fuck Numbers and Symbols and Ideas Are Too Puny to Truly Capture the Essence of Such a Realm.**

The Foodstuffs Section

News, Analysis and Commentary on Commissaries and The State of Cafeterias

Campus Coffee: Your Incredibly Limited Options

By Cindy Liu

Starbucks:



Price: \$\$\$

Location: Student Union, 2nd floor

Ambience: Your eyeballs are consuming Starbucks the second you walk into the store.

Menu options: If you are a Starbucks customer, then you fall into either one of two categories—the customer who goes to Starbucks to get coffee, or the customer who goes to Starbucks to get Starbucks. When it comes down to it, to the average college student a cup of coffee is a cup of coffee, and let's face it—the Caramel Macchiato is a Starbucks-fabricated drink, which makes it not so much coffee as it is coffee-flavored milk mixed with syrup.

Lines: The lines at Starbucks are insane. For some reason, they still move painfully slow considering that

there are six people working there at any given time. To avoid the crowd, go before noon or in the late evenings before they close.

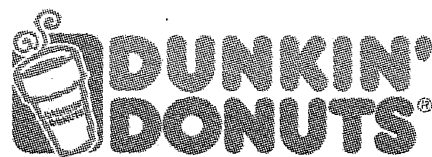
Product Quality: If you strip the made-up beverage of its whipped cream, caramel drizzle, and almost 20 ounces of milk, what you have left to evaluate is the coffee and espresso itself. Here is the truth: Starbucks coffee beans are over-roasted. There is a very fine line between bold coffee and bitter coffee, and Charbucks crosses that line. It's fine to indulge your sugar craving once in a while, but when it comes down to straight coffee, be nice to your palate—don't get that Starbucks drip of the week.

Dunkin Donuts:

Price: \$\$

Location: Tabler cafe

Ambience: Decent. A nice place to sit quietly and talk to friends or get some work done. If you want to take a smoke, there are the outside tables



and chairs too.

Menu options: Run-of-the-mill coffees, lattes, cappuccinos, dunkacinos

Lines: A reasonable wait.

Product Quality: At best, Dunkin Donuts has a placebo effect, but in

that case, a cup of brown swill from the nearest bodega could do the trick. Their coffee leaves a weird sour aftertaste in the mouth. Aside from that, I could sum it up by saying that although Starbucks drinks are particularly more fun to consume, Dunkin Donuts beverages are exactly what you pay for with minimum frills.

Seattle's Best:

Price: \$\$

Location: SAC Cafeteria, Student Union Deli, Kelly Café, Kelly Food Court



Menu Options: A run-of-the-mill drip coffee, a run-of-the-mill decaf coffee, a run-of-the-mill chemically mutilated flavored coffee.

Lines: Since you can find these guys everywhere, there is practically no wait.

Product Quality: There's nothing particularly fantastic about this coffee. It's what you're stuck with if you're getting breakfast or lunch and forget to buy a better cup of coffee beforehand. Since it'll probably be

stale and three hours old by the time you get to it, make sure to lighten it up with your favorite dairy and sweetener—you sure as hell won't be able to drink it black.

Green Mountain:

Price: \$

Location: Seawolves Marketplace, Harriman Café, Roth Food Court, Administration Building



Menu options: Seawolves offers the widest variety of Green Mountain drip coffees, ranging from a French Roast to chemically mutilated flavored beans. For some reason, everyone goes batshit crazy over the Fair Trade and Organic coffees.

Lines: The line is pretty incredible at the Seawolves Marketplace between classes especially in the afternoon or during Campus Lifetime. To avoid them, try going when everyone else is in class.

Product Quality: Of all the places you could possibly go to on campus for a cup of coffee, this would be the recommended spot—no pretension, no bullshit.

Tabler Arts Center

By Alex H. Nagler

The Tabler Arts Center, or TAC, is home to a 20-iMac computer lab, the largest performance space outside of the Staller Center, multiple practice rooms, classrooms, and an art gallery. There is also something that is called by various people a "café" in the ground floor level. It is said to have a Dunkin Donuts and other assorted foodstuffs. Tabler,

though a great place to practice and print less than 20 pages a day, is not home to a café. A café implies that the area is opened at convenient hours, not between 8 a.m. and 10ish and once again between 5:45 p.m. and Midnight. A café assumes there is more than just the aforementioned Dunkin Donuts for sale. Yes, there is pizza. Tasteless, cardboardy, you-don't-want-to-eat-it-unless-you-absolutely-have-to pizza. There are also chips and sodas for sale that are wholly appropriate for the evening

atmosphere of needing a snack. The TAC is not a dining hall and it should stop pretending that it is.

This is not to say that the Tabler Arts Center is not a good place to congregate. On the contrary. The TAC is home to a biweekly open mic night that brings out a variety of interesting acts (no drums, please) and is the perfect spot to steal a seat on one of the couches for a prolonged period of time, leech off the wireless internet and get some work done.

You stick around long enough and people will learn your name. There's a dedicated culture of the TAC, complete with inhabitants and people who should have better things to do with their time, but don't. They are the people who sit inside and in front of the TAC regardless of the time of day, the people who have designated machines in the computer lab, whose parties are the interesting ones, and who normally make up a decent chunk of open mic night. Feel free to talk to them.

Do Everyone a Favor, Don't be a Douche

By Najib Aminy

College opens a new chapter to one's life. The high-school drama is curbed at the door; the opportunity to redefine one's image presents itself like no other. Just like in high-school, there are stereotypes that define the many thousand faces you'll see on this campus, such as the blue-tooth talking dickhead, the obnoxious dweeb with the rolling backpack, the shirtless, Frisbee throwing tool with high hopes of landing a spot on *Sportscenter* with a behind-the-back toss to his toolbox friend in

ing partners and only chooses to go during peak hours at the SAC to compensate for his chicken legs. His shirts are tight and his collars flap up providing drag to enhance his identifiable swagger—step followed by step with a synchronous movement of the shoulders of each pace. Each step, loaded with self-importance, self-absorption.

Unless you are pledging for a frat, you should try and avoid being a douche for many reasons. In this economic time, it's best to spend money on necessities other than hair products and axe body spray. Let's face it, being a douche is harmful to one's finances, health and academics—you don't think you can party all the time and ex-

dated news, that's a good place to start.

Go easy on the protein, champ. It's cool to be into health and fitness, no doubt about it, but everything in moderation. Working out is a great way to keep in shape, attract some hotties, and become a douche. So be careful. When shopping, try to get shirts that have sleeves, and on that note, reach the proximity of your elbow.

Limit the amount of *Entourage* re-runs you watch. It's the same shit over and over, if you think about it. Chances are, studying in accounting won't land you on some Caribbean island with scant-

grade anymore.

Look over Facebook photo shoots. Throwing gang signs, flipping the bird, promoting world peace...whatever happened to a nice smile? Your facebook profile tells a lot about the person that you are and if you are looking for "whatever you can get" or, worse, "networking", switch it now or simply deactivate your profile. You'll be doing everyone a favor.

If you accessorize your outfits, stop. College is simple, jeans, sweats, t-shirt or hoodie. If you are contemplating what pair of sunglasses to wear through Javits or what scarf would best match your v-neck sweater with a new pair of Air Force 1s, stop. You go to school to learn, not for a fashion show.

Be courteous, especially when in the library. Nothing yells douche like a broski blabbering away in the library and hugging every fellow douche that walks by his table. Manners go a long way, there may be 20,000 plus students on this campus but chances are you'll run into one another again and again from time to time.

Be yourself. It's hard, if not impossible, to be a douche when being true to yourself. Though it has yet to be proven scientifically, it is rare to act, talk and dress like a douche if one is truly genuine, has a mind of his or her own, and isn't so quickly influenced by their surroundings.

It's ok to think, it doesn't bite.

Take this advice and you will look forward going to parties and playing the college pastime, "Spot the Douche." Remember, friends don't let friends become douche bags. So if you find yourself remote side of a Madden tournament with gamers who wear jerseys of the team they play with, in a shouting match over a beer pong game or in a room filled with guys listening to epilepsy-inducing music, chances are, you are a douche. But you can change that.



sandles on the Staller Lawn. Try the asswipe in WST 103, you're not the first hormone raging bro to consider taking a class with all girls on the Women's Rights Movement in Eastern Europe. The pinnacle of the college stereotype is the douche, or "le douche" in French.

He is the self-proclaimed greatest *Madden* player of all time, though he chooses the Patriots, runs a Moss-fly every play, and shouts at the game console when he misses a tackle. He is the loudest supporter of underage keg stands. He has developed a number of bromances with weigh-lift-

pect to pass WRT 101 do you?

Here are some tips to prevent one-self from becoming a douche:

Stop playing practice mode in *Madden*. Chances are, if you purchased the new version of *Madden*, you have probably convinced yourself that it is awesome despite the fact that nothing has changed since the 2003 version. Read a book, watch the news, expand your talking points from solely sports to other topics that will allow you to hold a conversation for longer than two minutes. Go by the School of Journalism's newsroom, they have a ticker with up-

ily clad women surrounding you, nor will watching a marathon every time it comes on HBO.

If the only rapper you listen to is Lil' Wayne, start watching more *BET*. His music is shit. He is not a rapper, only a corporate tool. He does not give you thug points. "They cannot see me, they are like Stevie." Really? What's next, Governor Paterson? Avoid music that is heavily played on the radio or on MTV for that matter. Nickelback is a definite no.

Curb the "no-homo" comments. You are not in the fourth

Damn, It Feels Good To Be A Transfer

By Kleinhautasaurus

Transferring is no fantastic cakewalk. Even students who have been attending Stony Brook since their freshmen year have trouble keeping track of the credits. Luckily, we are accomplished translators of bullshit, and we have provided you with a translated copy of the most difficult parts of the Transfer Office's website (stonybrook.edu/transfer).

What they say: "Credits for all courses passed with a letter grade of C or higher at regionally accredited institutions or recognized by the Program on Noncollegiate Sponsored Instruction of the State of New York and recorded on official transcripts are accepted and evaluated for applicability to specific Stony Brook University degree requirements."

What they mean: Counselors in the transfer office evaluate your past transcripts. However, they look only at your college transcripts. If you've

taken the foreign language Regents' exam and received over an 85, make sure to point it out to them; you might not have to take the mandatory six credits of foreign language. That's half of your first semester, completed!

What they say: "Evaluation of your previous work towards other degree requirements involves different processes depending on which Stony Brook requirement you are looking to satisfy."

What they mean: You'll be left to fend for yourself for most of the time; expect a lot of shuttling between the Administration Building and your Academic Advisor's office. The funny thing is that the Transfer Office does not really trust you to take care of business yourself. Although they make you hand deliver your transcript to your academic advisor, they place it in a sealed envelope, put tape on top of the seal, and then sign it to ensure that if you tamper with your transcript, they will find out.

Perhaps this is what they mean by "processes."

What they say: "Transfer credit will be entered on the official University transcript."

What they mean: Don't freak out when you view your unofficial transcript on SOLAR. Your transfer credits appear as a "T" on your degree report. Those credits might also come up as a big fat zero. Don't be alarmed; you have received the credit. They just haven't thought of anything better to put there, such as a number higher than zero.

What they say: "To receive transfer credit, 'Fill out a transfer credit evaluation form (available at the Transfer Office) and attach an official description of the course from the previous school's course catalog. Some departments may require a course syllabus as well.'"

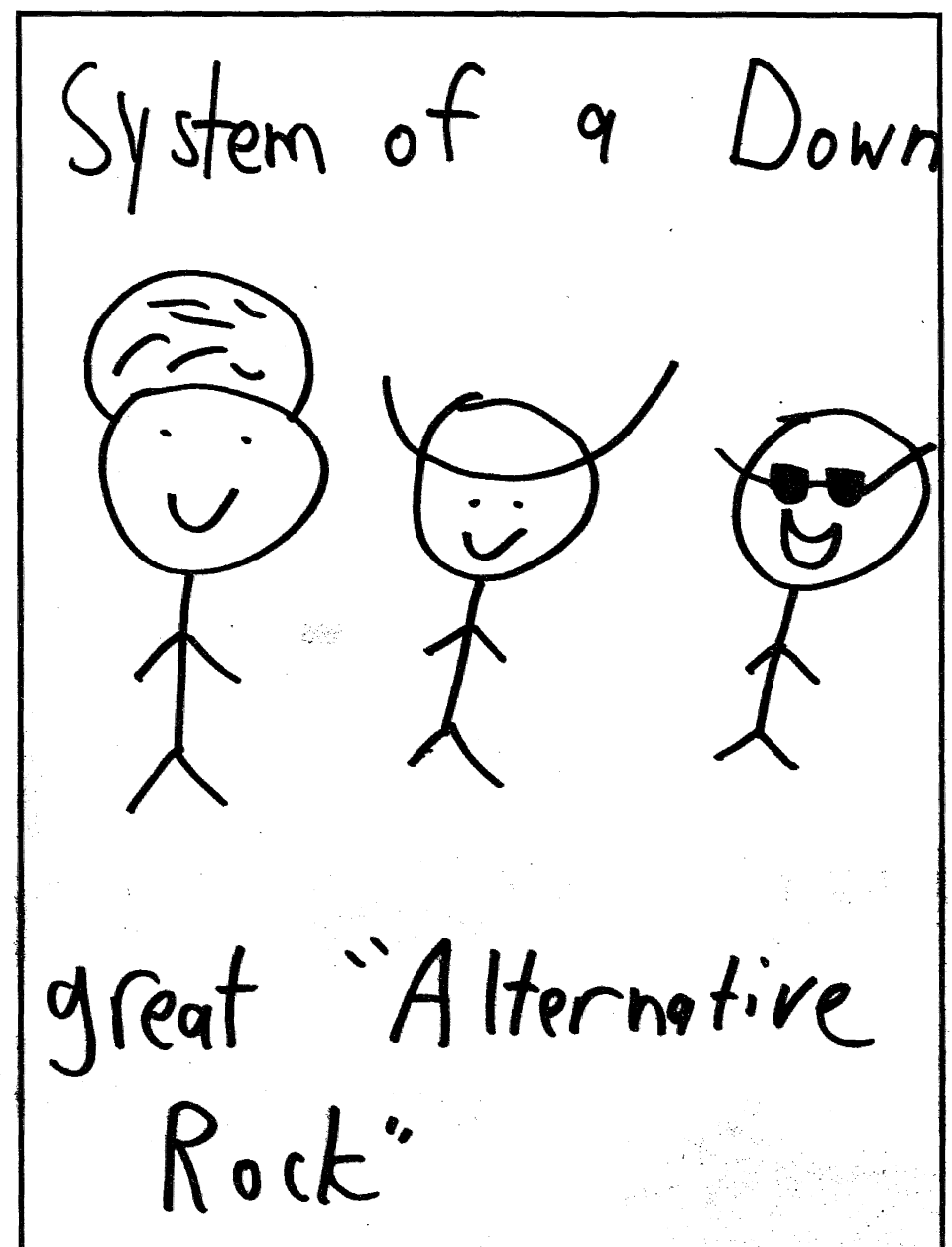
What they mean: The "course syllabus" bit is a loophole provided to any academic department. They can easily turn around and deny you

credits because your old school is vindictive and slow in sending you a syllabus. Stony Brook can also get snooty and decide that the class you took was not up to the same caliber as theirs. If you choose to fight this, you need to be articulate when explaining why you deserve these credits. Otherwise, you'll simply back up their claim that Stony Brook is superior.

What they say: "Click here for details."

What they mean: For the love of God, click the link! Most of these links lead you to a list of degree requirements. Print them out, get a highlighter, and go to town. However, understand that these requirements are, to a certain extent, arbitrary. Bother the crap out of any and all of your advisors. They might groan every time they see you, but hey, they're not the ones digging into their pockets to pay for credits they should have already received.

Great Poster Ideas For Your Dorm Room Wall

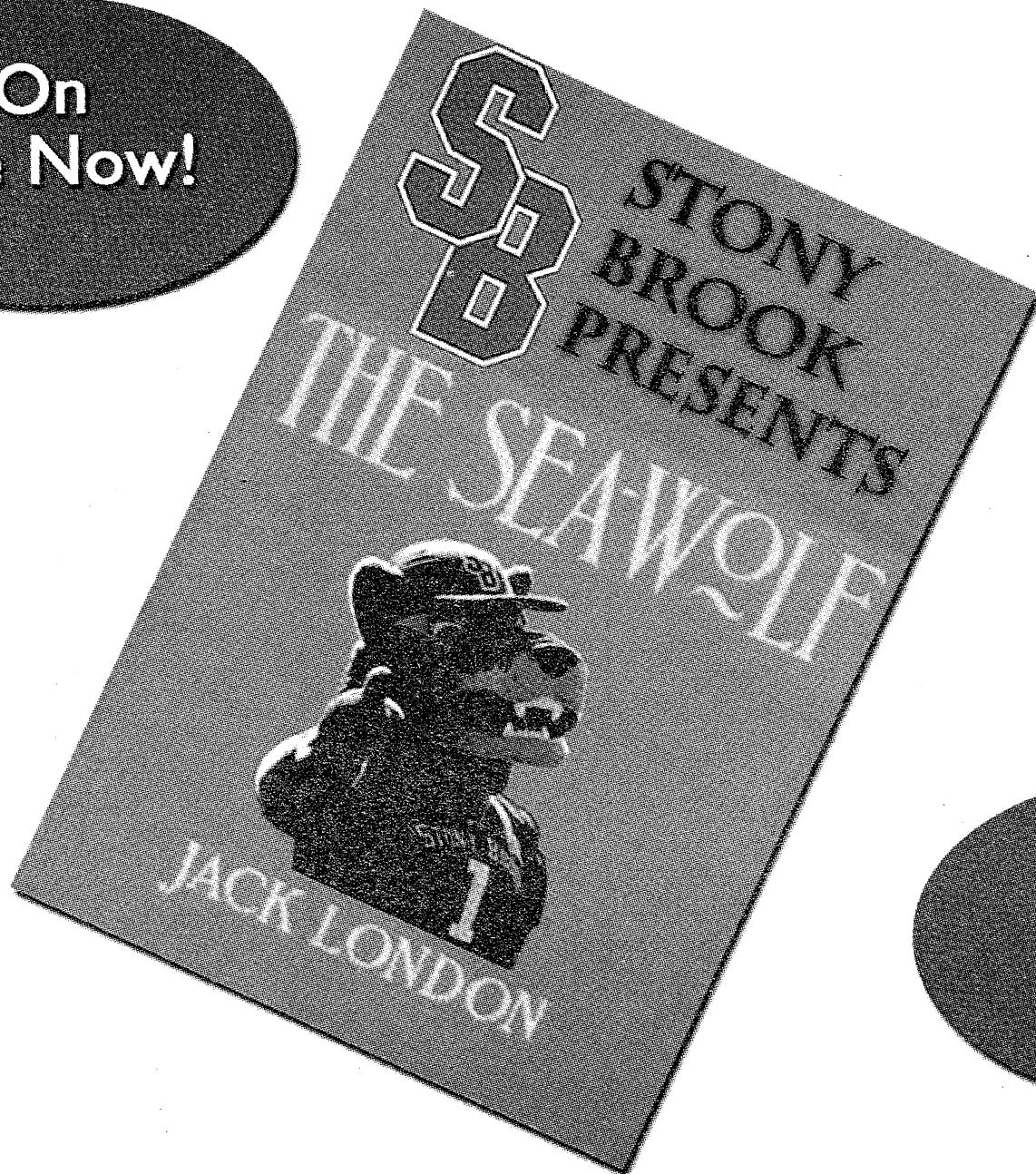


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